EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

COMING SOON—"My Four Years A Prisoner in Belgium" —By Jeanette Beland Mathieu

Albert

KING OF THE BELGIANS

BUY VICTORY BONDS AND HASTEN THE RIGHTING OF BELGIUM'S WRONGS

AP5 E83 xx fol Reserve

NOVEMBER 1918

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TWENTY CENTS

We Shall Not Sleep

"In Flanders fields
the poppies blow
Between the Crosses,
row on row,
That mark our place;
and in the sky
The larks still bravely
singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst
the guns below.

We are the dead.
Short days ago we lived,
felt dawn,
saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved,
and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel
with the foe,
To you from falling hands
we throw the Torch-
be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith
with us who die,
We shall not sleep,
though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

In behalf of the brave men who have enlisted in the fight of right against might we reprint the above lines by Col. McCrae.

As an inspiration to war giving and war sacrifice, it strikes a major note. There is no war appeal to which it is not applicable.

This beautiful lyric of the war was written by Lieutenant Colonel Dr. John McCrae of Montreal, Canada, while the second battle of Ypres was in progress.

The author's body now lies buried in Flanders fields.

Is it conceivable that we shall "break faith" with those "who die" for us?

From a painting by Philip Lyford

Contributed toward the Winning of the War by

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This Page Is Worth Your Reading

But Don't Take Our Word—Investigate For Yourself

WITH the November issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, you will remark a decided change in policy. It is the belief of the Editors that in these days when there are so many activities to engage the attention of each one of us, it is necessary that we assimilate as much knowledge, entertainment, practical education, news, as we can, in the briefest manner possible. It should be presented to us so, and in the most acceptable, exhilarating form.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has always striven to give its readers just what they want when they want it. But its new mission is to condense this to save their time without making the contents of the magazine less pleasing in effect.

Everywoman's World is now a Semi-Pictorial Magazine

You will note in this month's issue the vast number of short, illustrated articles. Herein lies our plan of presentation. The eye will grasp the whole idea of an article, when it is written in pictures, in a far less time than it could be understood through reading a page of type. Witness the marvellous success of the "movies." They tell stories in a half hour that would take two in the reading. Consequently—

From now on, Everywoman's World will be a semi-pictorial magazine, giving the women of Canada as concisely, pleasingly and intelligently as possible, the news of the moment, in every channel in which they are interested.

The whole magazine will be written in language all can understand. That is—there will be nothing in these pages too scientific or too extreme for the taste of the average reader, and at the same time there will be something—many things—to appeal to the appetite of all.

Lady Aberdeen and Mrs. Lloyd George will Write for Everywoman's World

There will be a constant improvement in the type of Fiction published. The brevity of other articles will make more room for an increase in this department. Readers will already have noticed such names as Ellis Parker Butler, Jeffery Farnol, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, E. F. Benson, Katherine Tynan and other famous English and American authors.

Every month some new features will be listed. They will carry their own endorsation. In the very near future (as soon, in fact, as the English mail arrives safely with them) will appear in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD two articles over names well known throughout the British Empire—Mrs. David Lloyd George, wife of the Premier of Great Britain, and Lady Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, beloved by Canadians when and since she resided at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, as

Reaching the Heart of the Housekeeper

the wife of the Governor-General. Further and more complete announcements of these features will appear at a later date.

Reaching the Heart of the Housekeeper

THIS is how it happened. On the President's desk one morning was a letter from an old subscriber, enclosing a "delicious recipe." It "had been in the family for years," she wrote, "and possibly some of your readers would enjoy it." Being a mere man, the President rang for Marjorie Dale. "Take it away," he said, "I've just had breakfast, but it makes me hungry." Marjorie Dale took it away—she took it home and tried it. Then she pronounced it perfect. So did the men about the office who sampled it. And that's how it started. The recipe was published with the story of how it came to us. Other housekeepers began to send in their favorite recipes, and soon Marjorie Dale's Page of Famous Recipes became a regular feature of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Every recipe you use of Marjorie Dale's has passed a double test with flying colours—the test of long years of family use and Marjorie Dale's personal test. Not a recipe is published until Marjorie Dale has tried it out herself. And Marjorie Dale knows—she is a Pure Food Expert—a Domestic Science Graduate and several other imposing things as well as one of the most charming members of our staff.

And EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has had the assurance of their readers that they have indeed "reached the Heart of the Housekeeper" and incidentally the heart of the Head of the House, as well. We feel it is a commendable "reach." Marjorie Dale's page will come to you each month for the next twelve, as well as fifty other pages of selected departments and reading matter. All you have to do is to indicate that you want them, by enclosing a $2.00 bill with your name and address, directed to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Continental Building, 253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

He's Done It, He Has! Robert W. Chambers—

Has done it again. Done what? Why written another fascinating tale of romnce and young lovers. He has taken a dash of the fire of youth, mixed it well with man's undying adoration for a certainly beautiful young widow, seasoned it with soft spring breezes and whispering streams and added spice and piquancy in the form and figure of a devoted white bulldog and the public "is served, madame," with one of the best stories Robert Chambers has yet written.

The Pilgrim is coming in an early issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Watch for the white bulldog—he's a winner—and as for the young widow—well, we know what we think about her. You must decide for yourself.

The Port of Missing Boys and Girls

Where do they go—those boys and girls who are "missing" from the home fires each year? Those pitiful but brave young crusaders, who leave us in such increasing numbers—to seek fortunes in the port of dreams come true. How many weather the storms of life and make a safe harbour and how many are just missing and never come back? That all depends on the wise father and mother back home—it all depends on how much somebody's boy or girl had been taught at home about life as it really is—not as it is imagined. If you have a boy or girl whom you do not want to make "the port of the missing" give them the self-help and self-knowledge that will be their safeguard. Turn now to page 64 and let us send you the books that will help you to help them.

You Are Invited to Join

Everywoman's Book and Music Club. No Expense Attached—Great Benefits to All Members

THE publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD have formed a Club for the exclusive benefit of their subscribers. This club will be known as

"Everywoman's Book and Music Club"

Neither care nor expense will be spared to make it the most useful and beneficial club to which any woman can belong. The enthusiasm with which the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are greeting the idea ensures the fact that the Club will soon become what we intend to make it—the greatest boon Canadian women have ever had.

The object of EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB is to give its Members the opportunity of securing the latest books and best music without cost to themselves. Special books that every woman should read, as well as the best music for the home, are published by the Club. Each Member is given, on joining, a $1.00 selection of either books or music free of all csot. Furthermore, Members are given an opportunity of securing an additional $1.00's worth of the Club's books or music each month, also free of all cost or expense of any kind.

Then there is another great benefit which Club Members will enjoy. Any favourite book or loved song, if not listed by us, will be secured by the Club for Members at from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. discount from the published price.

This special buying-privilege which is made possible through the co-operation of the Branch Offices of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD throughout Canada, the United States and England, is extended to Members absolutely free of cost.

All These Special Privileges for Members Only

WE desire to emphasize that membership in EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB. is not for sale The much sought-for books and music offered in the Club's catalogues cannot be bought. These books, as well as many other special privileges, are for Members only.

Membership in EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB is given at once to each new or renewing subscribers to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD whose subscription is mailed direct on one of the Club Coupons which appears throughout each issue.

By sending your subscription now, or your renewal, if you are at present a member, on one of the coupons which you will find elsewhere in this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, you not only receive EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for a full year, but you are at once elected a Member of EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB, and may receive at once, postage paid, your own selection of $1.00's worth of any of the Club's publications, free of all cost. In addition, you are also given the opportunity of securing $1.00 of the Club's newest publications or music each month during the year. That is one of the finest features of the Club.

Turn now to the list of books offered this month, on page 60. Fill in the coupon, mark the books wanted by their number, then enclose it in an envelope with $2.00 to cover your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and mail it to us to-day.

Your membership and the books chosen will be sent to you by return mail.

Privilege to Your Friends—Benefit to Yourself

TO make EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB of greatest benefit to all, every Member should help to extend the scope of its influence and power for good just as far as possible. You have friends who will welcome this great opportunity. Please tell them all about EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and its great Club. Each new member you secure whose subscription is sent in on one of the Club's coupons, will receive her $1.00 selection of books and full membership in the Club at once, and in addition, you will receive an extra $1.00's worth of the Club's publications (your own choice) absolutely free of all cost.

You can easily think of two or three of your friends who will gladly join the Club at once. How easy and pleasant it will be for you to secure an extra $1.00's worth of books or music free for each one you send! And remember, each will also receive a selection of $1.00's worth of the Club's publications free.

Great Future Value in Membership

MEMBERSHIP in EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB is an unusual opportunity and privilegeright now, but remember that the benefits to you will increase and multiply as the months go by. Many wonderful new books are now in the course of preparation and they will be offered to our Members as rapidly as they are ready.

Similarly, the Club's Music Department is busy on new compositions and securing the rights for some of the most famous standard and popular compositions to offer its Members. From time to time, as these new books and music are added, a catalogue will be sent to you so that you will have the fullest advantage of your opportunity of securing your $1.00's worth of books each month free.

If your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has not yet expired, you should renew at once anyway, and receive your membership and books without delay. Your subscription will be continued a full year from date of expiration and you will receive all the Club advantages without further delay. Send in your renewal to-day.

Where to Find the Coupons

THROUGH this and other issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are several of the Club's announcements. At the bottom of each announcement is the Club's Membership Coupon.

Look for these coupons and read carefully announcements made by the Club in each issue.

For any other particulars you may wish, please address:

THE SECRETARY,
EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB,
Continental Publishing Co., Ltd.,
259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

CAUTION—CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

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MARY M. MURPHY, *Editor-in-Chief*
Associate Editors - JEAN BLEWETT, KATHERINE M. CALDWELL (Food Dept.), HELEN CORNELIUS (Fashion Dept.)

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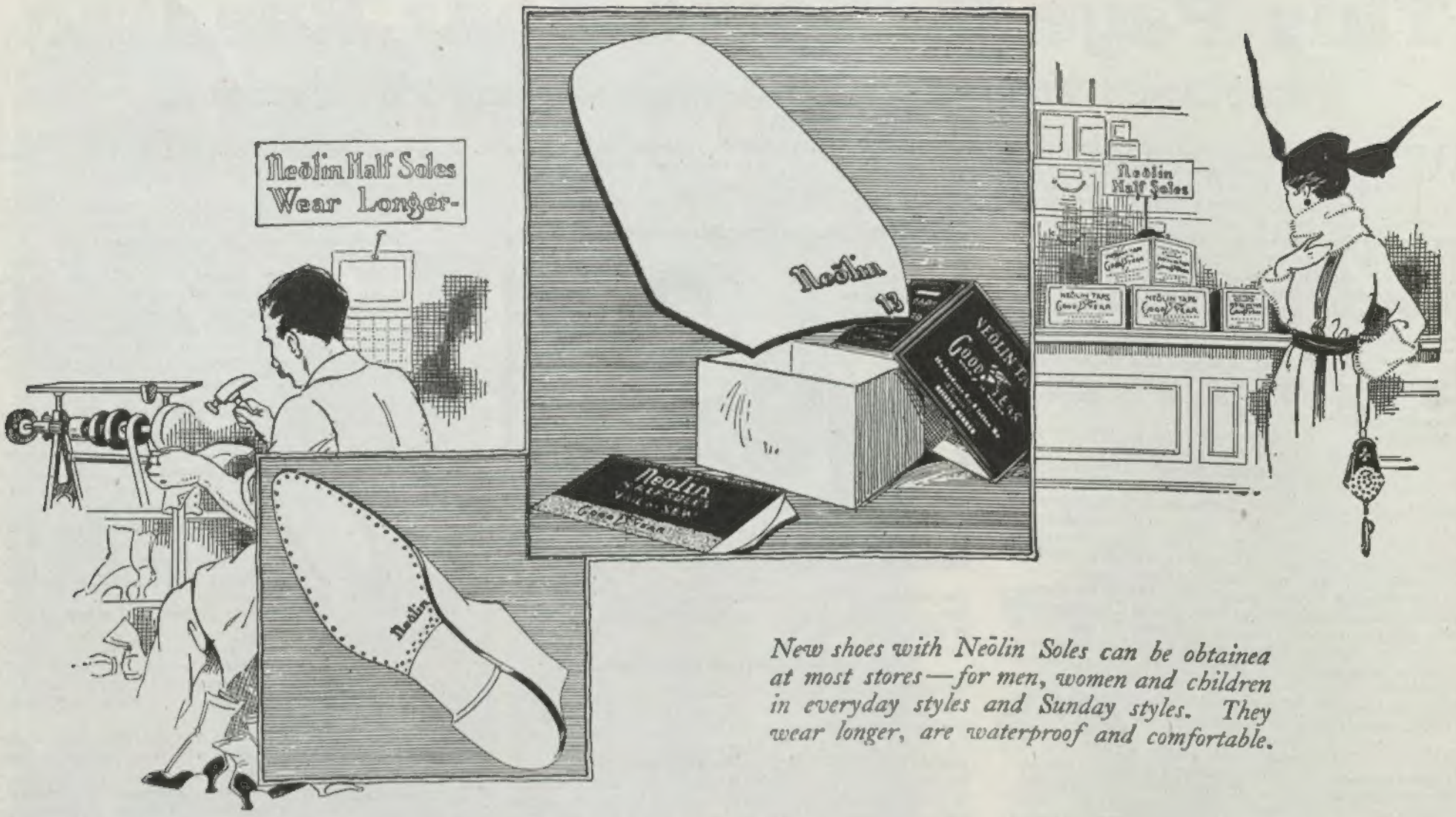

New shoes with Neōlin Soles can be obtainea at most stores—for men, women and children in everyday styles and Sunday styles. They wear longer, are waterproof and comfortable.

Neōlin Now in Half-Soles

Every subscriber to Everywoman's World has read about Neōlin in these pages.

Probably you, like thousands of other Canadian women, have tried these better soles on your own shoes and on the children's.

You will welcome, then, Neōlin Half-Soles.

For Neōlin has now entered a broader field. It is now *easily* available for worn shoes as well as on new shoes.

You can go to your repairman and have Neōlin Half-Soles put on your shoes, your husband's shoes, the children's shoes. It doesn't matter what the style. And the soles can be nailed or sewn.

Or if you prefer you can go to the nearest hardware store and buy Neōlin Half-Soles—and apply them at home.

Many people get more wear from shoes *after* Neōlin Half-Soles are put on than they got before the original soles wore through. Neōlin was invented to give greater wear and so lower shoe-costs.

But there are other advantages. Neōlin Half-Soles are flexible and do not slip easily.

Start now to save money and get greater shoe-comfort. Get Neōlin Half-Soles.

The genuine have the name "Neōlin" on the bottom.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

Neōlin Half Soles

'Tween You and Me

MY OWN PAGE

Whereon I will Discuss with You the Bits and Bobs of News that Drift in to Me from Everywhere

Jean Blewett

Fair Play Versus Bouquets

LAST MONTH Mrs. Ralph Smith, M.P.P. for Vancouver, paid a flying visit to Toronto on her way home from New York. In addressing a score of women at a luncheon tendered her by Mrs. Hector Prentor, President, Political Educational Society, Mrs. Smith said:

"I was never so proud of being a Canadian as I am to-day, never so glad and proud of being a Canadian woman as I am right now. My nation has proved its loyalty with its blood; my sex, its worth to home and state by a service not only whole-hearted and arduous to a degree, but marked with the intelligence found only among thinkers. Sometimes I have it said to me: "'The average woman does not reason, does not think—she would rather use the lure of her sex than her brains at any time.'

"I answer: 'But the average woman is well-nigh extinct. Woman no longer wastes her time courting the admiration of some lord of creation. She demands his respect for what she does and what she is—and gets it. It is the thinking woman's day.'"

"What are your divorce laws like?" was a query put.

"The worst in the world—almost. But," with the optimistic ardour characteristic of this womanly, motherly member of parliament, "they are going to be better. The women in our Province may not get as many bouquets as in the olden days, but they will get a lot more fair play, thank Heaven!"

Writers Ask Is Housekeeping Humdrum

IN A LATE NUMBER OF EVERYWOMAN'S we dwelt on the solid satisfaction found in the world-old art of "keeping" house, making a real home for himself and the bairns. We wrote from personal experience and felt every sentence we penned, but if we had known the storm of discussion we were stirring up, we might have thought twice—who knows?—before touching on a profession which of necessity lies so near a woman's heart that it is bound to be either a joy or a burden too heavy to be borne.

Letters have come from the four corners, letters of praise, of protest, of pathos, yes, real pathos. You see, when the woman out in the world finds herself a failure in one profession she can take up another, but when the wife comes to a like knowledge, there is no second chance. Her duties claim her, her home holds her. She must e'en do her best—and so often she does not know how.

One bitter little letter runs: "You and your 'joy' of planning and working for those you love! Love is great, but it can't work miracles—and only a miracle could make housekeeping anything but humdrum. You've evidently gained your rosy knowledge of it from books written by authors who never 'tried it out' personally."

Now "rosy knowledge" is right, but books never furnished it. We gathered it and garnered it in the best school in the world, the busy old home and under the best teacher any girl can boast, the born home-maker who answered to the name of Mother. Do you wonder that we still maintain that all service rendered holds more of satisfaction than of sacrifice?

'Tis the Work that Women Love Best to Do

"I AM A BRIDE OF LAST YEAR and already I've developed nerves—and a temper—trying to live up to my own (and friend husband's) ideal of a housekeeper," writes another. "I've no time for the lovely things I had planned to do. 'Keep up some study,' you advise. Heavens! I don't have opportunity between getting meals, sweeping, dusting, baking, entertaining a few friends and a lot of relations—these and half a hundred other duties equally uninteresting—to even read a book intelligently. We are looking for a baby soon, and the very thought of the amount of work this will mean almost takes the happiness out of his coming. By sheer force of will I make myself an efficient housekeeper, but a happy one I never hope to become. The humdrumness hurts."

Sabine's epistle made me smile. I think she meant it should. It ran: "Keeping house is imperative in the country, but in town where Teapot Inns, restaurant and boarding-houses flourish, why make one's self a prosy old Martha cumbered with many cares? Why should a girl be supposed to marry a house when marrying a man? If I were beginning all over again, I'd keep the man my lover for at least a couple of years longer by setting up my lares and penates in some pleasant boarding-house instead of becoming a slavey. Take joy in the work that makes your face red, your hands rough, and the wearing of your wedding finery out of the question? Go to! To find joy in it one must be cursed with a humdrum heart. Eh, what? you dreamer of beautiful, impossible dreams."

The piquancy of these letters challenges our admiration (say what you will, the woman of to-day is so bright no one can help loving her), but we still keep our faith in the old traditions and in home-making, and believe with all our heart not only that it is the work woman does best, but loves best to do. From out a full experience we have brought the simple truth that there is nothing humdrum about housekeeping unless we put it there ourselves. What do you think?

Beware of Men Who Mean Nothing

LISTEN, GIRLS, this is a word for your ears alone. I think the world of you and know you are good as gold, and here and now I want you to stop cheapening yourselves as some of you are doing.

"How cheapening ourselves?" you ask indignantly. I'll tell you: by allowing yourselves to drift into the equivocal position of being "supposed to be engaged to," or "as good as engaged to" any man, no matter how clever, handsome, good, and lovable he may be.

Harvest Home

* * *

Praise God for blessings great and small,
For garden bloom and orchard store,
The crimson vine upon the wall,
The green and gold of elm trees tall,
For harvest field and thrashing-floor.

Praise God for children's laughter shrill,
For clinging hands and tender eyes,
For looks that lift and words that thrill,
For friends who love through good and ill,
For home and all home's tender ties.

Praise God for losses and for gain,
For tears to shed and songs to sing,
For blue of skies and mist of rain,
The year's full joy, the year's deep pain,
For grieving and for comforting.

—JEAN BLEWETT.

Let the relationship be openly defined—a friendship, or a formal engagement. Once in a while a tragedy stirs us wide-awake to this weakness in our social system—makes us call to mind the fact that man has never actually abjured his world-old creed: "All's fair in love and war."

"She took too much for granted," was the defence the faithless lover put forth in the late pitiful suicide of Miss Edwards at Woodstock, Ont. "I wasn't meaning matrimony." Sordid, yes, and selfish but, sentiment aside, it is what more philanderers than you wot of are thinking on this very subject of enjoying the companionship of some charming girl (to the exclusion of other men if he can arrange it) while he looks about a bit to see if there is some one whom he would rather choose for a life partner.

So-Called Platonic Friendship

IT IS A CHEAPENING PROCESS, girls, and if some nice youth has gotten into the habit of giving himself (and incidentally you) a pleasant time by being your escort here and there, occupying the shady seat on the home verandah summer after summer, a place by the fireside winter in and winter out, and at the supper table the year round, try the effect of some wholesome indifference. Be too busy to give him so much of your time—the world is full of work these days—too proud to put up with his air of cool proprietorship, too womanly to let him take for granted the love he has never troubled to ask for. His conduct makes it tolerably certain that what he desires is to carry on a pleasant monopoly and keep quite free of bonds at the same time. The platonic friendship is delightful, I dare say, but you are going to feel hurt to the heart when he marries some one else. And those who love you will sympathise without daring to say so, while the ones who do not love you will whisper, "Jilted."

"The girl of to-day can look after herself," you say. "She is not sentimental, she desires comradeship, not love and a home and husband. Economic independence enables—" Stop, my dear. Progress has carried the girl of to-day far; and economic independence has done much for her. But at heart she is just girl, normal girl, pure-hearted girl, and when you tell me she is indifferent to home ties, I know better.

Circumstances change fashions but not natures. The girl of to-day is the same home-hunter, and yes (of course you'll be furious with me for saying it, but it's true), husband-hunter as was the girl of yesterday and the day before.

All Patched Up But Keen to Carry On

I WONDER IF EVER BEFORE there was a war where the private soldier was so often the hero? Our nearest neighbour's boy, writing home of late, tells how his comrade, after losing an eye, a part of his cheek, and two fingers, besides being gassed, refused on coming out of the hospital, an offer to return to this country as an instructor in one of the cantonment camps. "What!" said the officer, "not keen on getting back home?"

"Keen enough," with a brusqueness meant to hide the tremor in his voice, "but—well, I'd like to go over the top a few times yet, if you don't mind. There are lots of the boys who'll never be able to fight again—boys as 'up' on the subject as I am—and the safe jobs belong to them, don't you think? You see, I'm patched up most as good as new. I was always a lucky dog."

We venture to say there is not a mother in Canada but would love such a son, and thrill at the thought that he owed some of

"His undimmed faith, his courage strong
To her who sang his cradle song."

Personality An Open Sesame

"BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN-DEEP, but ugliness goes to the bone," might be amended to read: "Beauty is only skin-deep,, but personality is from the heart out." It is not a mere accomplishment to be acquired, this personality. It is a birthday gift and a dower in one. It opens doors, it finds a way to high places and lives of rounded usefulness and beauty.

Mark the number of our women it has led across the line to fill premier positions in hospitals and training schools, in the world of arts and letters, in the educational and business life of the Republic. I have in mind a group of our women holding places of trust in the country to the south of us. Among this group is Miss Ida Powell of Chatham, Ont., Dean of Women for Dearborn University, Ill.; Miss Mason of Stratford, Ont., Master of Arts from 'Varsity, Toronto, who, after being Dean of Belmont College, Tennessee, for four years, and of the State University of Indianna for a like term, has of late been made Dean of Women in the State University of Illinois, perhaps the highest paid position of its kind in America. These and many others who in winning distinction for themselves are winning it for Canada, are possessed of wonderful personality.

A Girl's Conspicuous Bravery

ANOTHER INSTANCE is Miss Gordon Brown, Ottawa, who with three other women, won the Military Medal:

"For gallantry and conspicuous devotion to duty when an ammunition dump and the ambulances in reserve for moving the wounded having been destroyed by the enemy," runs the official record, "these women came dashing to the rescue with three ambulances, and despite the gravest peril from bursting shells, succeeded in carrying every wounded soldier to safety."

"Their conduct was splendid," said no less a person than King George.

The personality of Miss Gordon Brown makes itself felt so soon as one comes within her circle, say those who know her best.

And so it is with our born leaders, at home, overseas, or loaned to our cousins across the line. They go far because their personality carries them. If you doubt it, just follow the life history of these and other "splendid" women, nursing sisters, Red Cross nurses, V.A.D.'s, W.A.A.C.'s, and the mothers, wives, and sisters, who keep the home fires burning—a task as splendid as any other.

Don't Make a Baby of Your Boy

"WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT? His mother always made a baby of him?" How often we hear this remark about some lad who bids fair to make a failure of life. Once in awhile a gentle voice is raised in defence of this mistaken way of raising him, or rather in excuse of it. "She loves him so much, it seems impossible for her to see his faults.

I have in mind one of the brightest boys. He was mother-raised, mother-spoiled, humored until his own will was all the law he followed. "Poor fellow!" remarked the family friend. "How sick his wife will get of him and how the men he works with will detest him! I'll wager he never keeps a place long enough to advance in it."

"Nonsense!" returned the mother. "Affection never hurt any one. The more love I give him now, the harder he will try to make it up to me later on."

"The later on" never came. Of course he was a failure. The business world is free, or supposed to be, of partiality, and ungoverned emotions of either love or hate. And the training of a youth to take his place in said world, must be free of them as well.

So make your skin fine in texture
- *lovely even when seen closely*

MANY a face that is attractive at a glance, loses all its charm when seen closely.

For your face to be truly lovely, even when seen closely, the texture of your skin must be fine and smooth, the pores should be *hardly visible.*

Take your mirror in hand, now, and examine your skin closely by the strong light. Notice the pores on the cheek, on the chin, on the wings of the nose. Compare them with the pores on the inner surface of your arm.

The skin of your face is more exposed to wind and dust and cold than any other part of the body. Its delicate pores contract and expand under the influence of cold and heat. Irritating dust is carried into them. They clog up and become enlarged. If you neglect your skin, it becomes in time quite coarse. The pores lose their power to contract again.

This is why it is so important, in order to keep your skin fine in texture, to use the proper method of cleansing and stimulating it with a soap prepared especially to meet its needs.

This famous treatment has helped others: Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a *piece of ice.* Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently

This treatment, if used persistently, will strengthen the small muscular fibres and gradually rebuild a smooth-textured skin. Within a week or ten days you will notice an improvement, but, remember that you cannot correct in a day what years of neglect have caused. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you that greater smoothness and finer texture you *can* have.

For a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general cleansing use for that time, you will find that the 25c cake of Woodbury's is ample. Get a cake, and begin tonight the proper treatment for your skin. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Blackheads—How to get rid of them

If you are troubled with blackheads, try the treatment given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. It tells you the cause of blackheads and how to get rid of them

Conspicuous nose pores—How to reduce them

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MADE IN CANADA

Pirut Crue of The Red Dagger

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

HAVING raised a boy to the age of ten years, Mrs. Carter had learned that whenever boys hung a banner on the outer walls it was well to go to the barn and give a warning. A banner is by its very nature, an advertisement of concerted effort and Mrs. Carter believed that whenever two or more boys gathered together with a set purpose, something exceedingly unpleasant from an adult point of view, was reasonably sure to happen. She had tried, from his earliest years, to make Eddie a good boy, but "there are such bad boys in Riverbank," as she often said, "and boys will play with boys."

If Mrs. Carter had been able to read the legend on the white banner, she would have gone to the barn immediately, scenting dime novel influences at work. The words the banner bore in straggling letters and in a hue only six shades lighter than blood, were:

PIRUT CRUE OF THE RED DAGGER
E. CARTER, HEAD PIRUT

Except the Red Avengers of the Plains, Mrs. Carter dreaded the pirates more than any other game her son indulged in. She felt it was all bad for Eddie; it coarsened him. She did not want him coarsened; he was by nature such a dear boy.

In the hay-loft the ten boys had gathered together that morning like conspirators avoiding the police. Eddie had ordered them to be there. He had planned the affair with his closest friend, Ernst Swartz, known better as Dutch Swartz.

"Well, but they are, aren't they?" he had insisted. "They've got German names, haven't they? Your name is German itself, ain't it? Your father is a German, ain't he?"

"No, he ain't, neither! He's American. He's as American as you are. He was born here just as much as you was. My grandfather come from Germany, but that don't make me German, does it?"

"Well—"

"Well, it don't, does it?"

"Well, how do you know how German everybody in town is? I bet there's lots of Germans in town that are as German as anything! I bet there are hundreds of Germans in town. And how would they like to see you and Smitty and Doodle and Hanky and all the other fellers with German names helping to win this war against them? How would they like that, hey? I guess I know what they would say!"

"What would they say?"

"They'd say you was traitors, that's what!"

"Well, what if they said it? Who cares what they say?"

"You'd care, I guess, if they got together and said 'Dutchy Swartz, he's one of the traitors to the Kaiser; he's working against us. We got to kill him one of the first we kill, because he's a traitor.'"

"Gee!" ejaculated Dutch Swartz. "That's what would happen!"

"But they can't scare old Eddie Carter! I can fool 'em!"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, wait, can't you? You got to wait if you want to hear anything, haven't you? We'll get up a pirate gang."

"But I thought—"

"All right, if you want to interrupt me every minute! How can I explain, if you go interrupting—"

"I just said—"

"Well, do you want me to tell you, or don't you? I don't care if the Germans call you a traitor and kill you. I don't care!"

"Aw! Go ahead, Eddie! I won't butt in!"

"Well, we'll get up a pirate gang," said Eddie. "We'll get up a Red Dagger pirate gang, and have it up in my barn and all the kids of our gang can be in it. Them German spies won't suspect anything about a pirate gang, will they? I guess not!"

Dutch considered this thoughtfully.

"But what about helping to win the war?" he asked.

"Why, gee!" said Eddie. "That's what we'll be doing, ain't it? That's what it will be for—to do those things. We'll go ahead and do them, but those old German spies won't know it. They'll just think we are pirates, pirating around and sinking ships and everything. And all the time we'll be Red Cross, only we'll be Red Dagger. Then you and Doodle and Smitty and Hanky and all the German-name kids can be in it."

"All right," said Ernst. "When'll we begin?"

"To-morrow morning," said Eddie.

The call and the warning were passed in whispers and Saturday morning the pirates gathered. They came stealthily, pausing at the corner of the barn to glance here and there before they moved around it, pausing again at the door to see that no German spy was on their trail, darting inside the barn hastily. At the top of the stairs Ernst stopped each daring youth and put him through a cross-examination.

"You wait, Smitty! You can't come up until I find out who you are," Ernst said. "What's your name? Where were you born? How old are you? Where do you live?"

ONCE on the deck of the ship—the floor of the hay-loft—the recruit was in the hands of the pirate chief, and was given the oath of "al-leige-ie-ance."

"Eddie! How did you get your hands all paint?" his mother demanded when he came in for noon dinner. "You'll never get it out from around your finger nails. What have you been doing?"

"Well, I can wash it off, can't I?" Eddie demanded. "I can scrub it off with sand, can't I?"

"I'm not scolding you. What were you and all those boys doing this morning?"

"Well, if we can't play a little in our own old hay-loft, I'd like to know where we can play," Eddie complained sullenly. "First you say 'Don't run all over the neighbourhood,' and then you say—"

"That will do!" said Mrs. Carter. "Wash your hands and go eat your dinner."

The Pirut Crue of the Red Dagger had a busy afternoon. The deck plan of the good ship Red Dagger had to be marked out on the hay-loft floor with red paint, leaving the four corners of the loft outside the red lines to represent water—the briny deep through which the sinister, low craft was cutting her way—and a deadly five-pounder had to be mounted forward. There were cutlasses to be shaped out of laths, barrels of grog to be hoisted aboard, tomato boxes and chunks of wood to be carried aboard for seats for the swaggering, hardened pirates.

"Eddie, what you got under your coat?" Martha asked late in the afternoon, when she caught Eddie returning from a raid on the attic.

"Well, I guess I can have some old rags out of the rag-bag, can't I?" he demanded. "I guess you ain't got the say of all the old rag-bags in this house."

"You let me see what you're toting out to that barn, or I'll tell your mother on you when she gets home."

Reluctantly Eddie showed his loot. Martha examined the rags, but found no just cause for complaint. They were scraps of red calico, part of an old red cotton skirt, and a moth-eaten red flannel undershirt. A few minutes later they were bound around the heads of the ten blood-thirsty pirates.

"Shiver my timbers, mates!" cried Eddie. "We ought to have earrings, like Old Blood-and-Bones of the Sweet Susan."

"Well, you've got some copper wire, haven't you?" Ernst reminded him. "We can make some earrings, can't we? Gol-swiggle my eye, yes!"

So they made earrings.

"Well, I guess that's all we can do to-day," said Eddie, as the sun lowered and supper time approached. "We got to put all these things in the corner and pile the boxes on them, so the old German spies won't find them when they come snooping around. And Monday we got to start doing the deed no eye must see. Hey, maties all?"

"Aye, aye, Captain!" said the murderous nine.

"And you'll all bring your weapons—you know! Two daggers."

"Aye, aye, Captain!"

"And your—your ammunition."

"Aye, aye, Captain!"

Mrs. Carter, seeing them come out of the barn, saw only ten boys coming from their play. She did not like to annoy Eddie by speaking to him again, but she did ask advice of her husband that evening.

"George," she said. "Eddie had at least a dozen boys in the barn to-day."

"Well, the barn is still there, isn't it?" her husband asked.

"Yes, but I think they are playing pirate. Eddie is so touchy when I speak to him that I hate to do it. I think he knows he is getting too old for such games, and is ashamed to be asked about it. But they do use such language when they get together and play pirate. Not the words, but the way they say them. And they think such cruel things—murder and shooting and killing, and things like that. I know it is not good for boys of their age."

"I don't know," said Mr. Carter. "I killed millions—like that—and you married me. I ran them through and through! But when I was an Indian! Ah! I cut the quivering flesh of my captives and tasted it and said, 'This is sweet!'"

"George!"

"I got that out of dear old Fenimore Cooper," he laughed.

NONE the less, Mrs. Carter fretted over the pirate crew in the hay-loft. After school in the afternoons the pirate crew gathered there and the rollicking; ribald songs of the tough old sea-dogs came to her ears. Worst of all were the silences, when the songs ceased, and Mrs. Carter imagined the pirate crew performing unholy pirate rites. They might even be chewing tobacco!

On Wednesday afternoon she could bear it no longer. From the hay-loft where the good ship Red Dagger scudded before a stiff breeze, the good old deep-sea chanty, "Over There," was ringing with all the vigour of ten lusty chests. Mrs. Carter put down her knitting, and stole out to the barn.

"Once more, men!" she heard Eddie order. "Get some go into it this time or, shiver my blasted timbers, there'll be no more grog for a week! Now, all together, hearties—"

Under the cover of the singing, Mrs. Carter stole up the stairs. She put her head just above the floor and observed the horrid scene taking place on the deck of the death-ship, Red Dagger.

Ranged in a circle on the afterdeck of the ship, the nine blood-thirsty members of the pirate crew sat on boxes and chunks of wood, with their captain in their centre. They were a murderous-appearing lot, their heads bound round with red rags, their copper earrings in their ears, their pine pistols and cutlasses stuck in their belts, and flowing or stubbly moustaches traced on their cruel faces with charcoal.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Ernst pettishly as the song ended.

"What's the matter, Ben Bloodshaw?" demanded the pirate chief. "Shiver my timbers, don't you know how to do it yet? Well, fetch me your daggers and I'll show you again."

Ben Bloodshaw arose, spat like a pirate, and swaggered across the deck to the captain's side, and Mrs. Carter stole noiselessly down the stairs.

The daggers were knitting needles and the pirate crew of the sea-scourge, Red Dagger, were learning to knit "wristlets" for the soldiers, under the deep, dark, daring eye of their dauntless captain!

"'Get some 'Go' into it this time or, shiver my timbers, there'll be no more grog for a week! Now, all together, hearties!—'Over there! Over there!'"

"My Lady Caprice"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Illustrated by T. V. McCARTHY

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NEW READERS BEGIN HERE

SIX months' respite is demanded by Aunt Agatha before Dick Brent shall declare his love for Lisbeth. Aunt Agatha, meanwhile, exiles the girl to Fane Court in the hope of wedding her to Horace Selwyn, a richer man. Dick follows, meets Lisbeth and wins the good-will of her small nephew, the Imp. Through the machinations of the Imp he becomes entangled in an altercation with Mr. Selwyn, coming off with flying colours. Later, Mr. Selwyn fails to keep his engagement to take Lisbeth on the water and is supplanted by Dick. Lisbeth attends a ball, and the Imp, incarcerated for his misdeeds, sends to Dick a plea for rescue. This is effected, and Dick and the Imp enter by stealth the grounds where the ball is taking place, where they meet Lisbeth from whom Dick wins a kiss. While Lisbeth is asleep in an old boat, the Imp cuts the rope and sends her adrift down the river towards the weir. From this danger Dick rescues her at the risk of his own life.

DON'T you think you ought to be punished?" He nodded. "Very well," I answered, "I'll punish you myself. Go and cut me a nice, straight switch," and I handed him my open penknife. Round-eyed, the Imp obeyed, and for a space there was a prodigious cracking and snapping of sticks. In a little while he returned with three, also the blade of my knife was broken, for which he was profusely apologetic.

"Now," I said, as I selected the weapon fittest for the purpose, "I am going to strike you hard on either hand with this stick—that is, if you think you deserve it."

"Was Auntie Lisbeth nearly drowned—really?" he inquired.

"Very nearly, and was only saved by a chance."

"All right, Uncle Dick, hit me," he said, and held out his hand. The stick whizzed and fell—once—twice. I saw his face grow scarlet and the tears leap to his eyes, but he uttered no sound.

"Did it hurt very much, my Imp?" I inquired, as I tossed the stick aside.

He nodded, not trusting himself to speak, while I turned to light my pipe, wasting three matches quite fruitlessly.

"Uncle Dick," he burst out at last, struggling manfully against his sobs, "I—I'm awful' —sorry—"

"Oh, it's all right now, Imp. Shake hands!" Joyfully the little, grimy fingers clasped mine, and from that moment I think there grew up between us a new understanding.

"Why, Imp, my darling, you're crying!" exclaimed a voice, and with a rustle of skirts, Lisbeth was down before him on her knees.

"I know I am—'cause I'm awful' sorry—an' Uncle Dick's whipped my hands—an' I'm glad!"

"Whipped your hands!" cried Lisbeth, clasping him closer, and glaring at me. "Whipped your hands—how dare he! What for?"

"'Cause I cut the rope an' let the boat go away with you, an' you might have been drowned dead in the weir, an' I'm awful' glad Uncle Dick whipped me."

"O-h-h!" exclaimed Lisbeth, and it was a very long-drawn "oh!" indeed.

"I don't know what made me do it," continued the Imp. "I 'specks it was my new knife—it was so nice an sharp, you know."

"Well, it's all right now, my Imp," I said, fumbling for a match in a singularly clumsy manner. "If you ask me, I think we are all better friends than ever—or should be. I know I should be fonder of your Auntie Lisbeth even than before, and take greater care of her, if I were you. And—and now take her in to tea, my Imp and—and see that she has plenty to eat," and lifting my hat I turned away. But Lisbeth was beside me, and her hand was on my arm before I had gone a yard.

"We are having tea in the same old place—under the trees. If you would care to—to—would you?"

"Yes, do—oh do, Uncle Dick!" cried the Imp. "I'll go and tell Jane to set a place for you," and he bounded off.

"I didn't hit him very hard," I said, breaking a somewhat awkward silence; "but you see there are some things a gentleman cannot do. I think he understands now."

"Oh, Dick!" she said very softly. "And to think I could imagine you had done such a thing—you; and to think that you should let me think you had done such a thing—and all to shield that Imp? Oh, Dick! No wonder he is so fond of you. He never talks of any one but you—I grow quite jealous sometimes. But, Dick, how did you get into that boat?"

"By means of a tree with 'stickie-out' branches."

"Do you mean to say—"

"That, as I told you before, I dropped in, as it were."

"But supposing you had slipped?"

"But I didn't."

"And you can't swim a stroke!"

"Not that I know of."

"Oh, Dick! Can you ever forgive me?"

"On three conditions."

"Well?"

"First, that you let me remember everything you said to me while we were drifting down to the weir."

"That depends, Dick. And the second?"

"The second lies in the fact that not far from the village of Down, in Kent, there stands an old house—a quaint old place that is badly in want of some one to live in it—an old house that is lonely for a woman's sweet presence and gentle, busy hands. Lisbeth!"

"And the third?" she asked very softly.

"Surely you can guess that?"

"No, I can't, and, besides, there's Dorothy coming—and—oh, Dick!"

"Why, Auntie," exclaimed Dorothy, as she came up, "how red you are! I knew you'd get sunburned, lying in that old boat without a parasol! But, then, she will do it, Uncle Dick—oh, she will do it!"

CHAPTER VI.

The Outlaw

EVERYBODY knew old Jasper Trent, the Crimean Veteran who had helped to beat the "Roosians and the Proosians," and who, so it was rumoured, had more wounds on his worn, bent body than there were months in the year.

The whole village was proud of old Jasper, proud of his age, proud of his wounds, and proud of the medals that shone resplendent on his shrunken breast.

I sat down, and as I did so she picked up the handkerchief and tucked it beneath the lace at her bosom.

Any day he might have been seen hobbling along by the river, or pottering among the flowers in his little garden, but oftener still sitting on the bench in the sunshine beside the door of the "Three Jolly Anglers."

Indeed, they made a fitting pair, the worn old soldier and the ancient inn, alike both long behind the times, dreaming of the past, rather than the future; which seemed to me like an invisible bond between them. Thus, when old Jasper fell ill and taking to his bed, had it moved opposite the window where he could lie with his eyes on the battered gables of the inn—I for one could understand the reason.

The "Three Jolly Anglers" is indeed ancient, its early records long since lost beneath the dust of centuries; yet the years have but served to mellow it. Men have lived and died, nations have waxed and waned, still it stands, all unchanged beside the river, watching the Great Tragedy which we call "Life" with that same look of supreme wisdom, that half-waggish, half-kindly air, which I have already mentioned once before.

I think such inns as this must extend some subtle influence on those who meet regularly within their walls—these Sons of the Soil, horny-handed, and for the most part grey of head and bent with overmuch following of the plough. Quiet of voice are they, and profoundly sedate of gesture, while on their wrinkled brows there sits that spirit of calm content which it is given so few of us to know.

Chief among these, and held in much respect, was old Jasper Trent. Within their circle he had been wont to sit ensconced in his elbow-chair beside the hearth, his by long use and custom, and not to be usurped; and while the smoke rose slowly from their pipe-bowls, and the ale foamed in tankards at their elbows, he would recount some tale of battle and sudden death—now in the freezing trenches before Sebastopol, now upon the blood-stained heights of Inkermann. Yet, and I noticed it was always towards the end of his second tankard, the old man would lose the thread of his story, whatever it might be, and take up the topic of "The B'y Jarge."

I was at first naturally perplexed as to whom he could mean, until Mr. Amos Baggett, the landlord, informed me on the quiet that the "b'y Jarge" was none other than old Jasper's only son—a man now some forty years of age—who, though promising well in his youth, had "gone wrong"—and was at that moment serving a long term of imprisonment for burglary; further, that on the day of his son's conviction old Jasper had had a "stroke," and was never quite the same after, all recollection of the event being completely blotted from his mind, so that he persisted in thinking and speaking of his son as still a boy.

"That b'y were a wonder!" he would say, looking round with a kindling eye; "went away to make 'is fortun' 'e did—oh! 'e was a gen'us were that b'y Jarge! You, Amos Baggett, were 'e a gen'us or were 'e not?"

"'E were!" Mr. Baggett would answer, with a slow nod.

"Look'ee, sir, do'ee see that theer clock?"—and he would point with a bony, tremulous finger—"stopped it were—got sum'mat wrong wi' its inn'ards—wouldn't stir a finger—dead it were! But that b'y Jarge 'e see it 'e did—give it a look over 'e did, an' wi' nout but 'is two 'ands set it a-going good as ever! You, Silas Madden, you remember as 'e done it wi' 'is two 'ands?"

"'Is two 'ands!" Silas would repeat solemnly.

"An' it's gone ever sence!" old Jasper would croak triumphantly. "Oh! 'e were a gen'us were my b'y Jarge. 'E'll come a-marchin' back to 'is old feyther, some day, wi' 'is pockets stuffed full o' money an' bank-notes—I knaw—I knaw, old Jasper bean't a fule."

And herewith, lifting up his old, cracked voice, he would strike up "The British Grenadiers," in which the rest would presently join full lustily, waving their long-stemmed pipes in unison.

So the old fellow would sit, singing the praises of his scapegrace son, while his hearers would nod solemn heads, fostering old Jasper's innocent delusion for the sake of his white hairs and the medals on his breast.

But now he was down with "the rheumatics," and from what Lisbeth told me when I met her on her way to and from his cottage, it was rather more than likely that the high-backed elbow-chair would know him no more.

On the old fellow's illness, Lisbeth had promptly set herself to see that he was made comfortable, for Jasper was a lonely old man—had installed a competent nurse beside him, and made it a custom morning and evening to go and see that all was well.

It was this reason that I sat upon the Shrubbery gate towards nine o'clock of a certain evening, swinging my legs and listening for the sound of her step along the path. In the fulness of time she came, and getting off my perch, I took the heavy basket from her arm, as was usual.

"Dick," she said as we walked on side by side, "really I'm getting quite worried about that Imp."

"What has he been up to this time?" I inquired.

"I'm afraid he must be ill."

"He looked anything but ill yesterday," I answered reassuringly.

"Yes, I know he looks healthy enough," said Lisbeth, wrinkling her brows; "but lately he has developed such an enormous appetite. Oh, Dick, it's awful!"

"MY poor girl," I retorted, shaking my head, "the genus 'Boy' is distinguished by the two attributes, dirt and appetite. You should know that by this time. I myself have harrowing

(*Continued on page* **57**)

THE PRICE

By A. C. ALLENSON

Illustrated by GEORGE D'ARCY CHADWICK

IN a long lounge chair, set beneath the broad-leaved foliage of the trees, Peggy Langham lay, her eyes closed, though she was not sleeping. She wore a dainty dress of some thin, white material, for the Egyptian day was hot. Delicately fragile as some piece of exquisite porcelain, she seemed. Her face was ivory-white; the luxuriant dark hair, sweeping back over the blue-veined temples, emphasizing its marble pallor. The ample forehead, firmly chiselled nose, decided mouth, and well-rounded, strong chin, had the classic beauty in which mental power and spiritual fineness are wedded to physical charm. A deep crimson rose nestled in the bosom of her dress. Her hands folded over the open book on her lap, moved, now and again, nervously. Her eyelids twitched uneasily.

Suddenly, with an impatiently restless movement of her languorous body, she opened her eyes. They were large, black, tender. One saw in them, oddly enough, both courage and fear, the nervous fear of a naturally courageous woman, stricken down.

The garden was a high-walled, shrubberied yard, rather than a place of flowers. Beyond it the Nile and the far-stretching flat landscape merging in the desert. Between this and the Langham's house were the dotted tents of a British Highland regiment, giving a comforting sense of strong protection. She was still day-dreaming when the light, quick footfall of her maid roused her. The girl was not alone; there was a man's heavier step too.

Peggy was about to rise from the chair, when the visitor called to her:

"Don't rise, Peggy, it is only I!"

A new light came into her eyes, a glow of colour spread beautifully over her face.

The man was good to look on, young, sun-tanned, vigorous, an air of quick-moving eagerness about him. He was dressed in well-cut white cloth, that set off his compactly-knit figure to great advantage. In Peggy's eyes he was much better than good-looking.

Power, success, seemed to radiate from Hugh Dunstan. He was in big business, New York his head-quarters, the world his field.

Sometimes she half wondered whether he were not too absorbed in business; he appeared to think of nothing else. In this she did not include herself. She was not jealous of his commercial interests, for he was a most devoted lover, the loyalest of them all. She dismissed the thought when it rose, attributing it to the fact that she was a Southerner, temperamentally and traditionally of a more leisurely race. There was something invigorating in his wonderful energy. Always some problem to solve, some conquest to achieve, some great end to gain, some rival to overcome. Life was all action—quick, strong, decisive—with one purpose in view—trade, victory, dollars.

"Hugh! Hugh!" she exclaimed, and the welcome in her words, in her eyes, would have satisfied the most exacting lover.

He glanced around. The maid had left. There were no windows on that side of the house. The wall was very high. There came the light of shy laughter into her eyes. He bent down, lifted her in his strong arms, and held her close to his breast, his kisses raining on her closed eyes and sweet trembling mouth. It was nearly three years since he had seen her. She had gone abroad with her parents after a motor accident that had nearly proved fatal, seeking in change of scene to recover her health of body and mind. He had, at about the same time, been sent on a long business journey to Japan and China to develop the Pacific trade of the house with which he was connected.

HE now restored her, a little breathless, to her chair, and seated himself by her. She asked him about his travels. He had written and cabled her very frequently, but she wished to hear all about them from his lips, China, Japan and India, on his way to see her. It had been a most successful trading pilgrimage. His house had greatly praised him, and there was promise of rich, permanent reward when he reached home. He proposed to visit Spain, and then there were France and England, with their rich war contracts. Contracts and Dollars!

The War! Yes, it was horrible, hideous, but the world would soon come to its senses and realise the crazy wastefulness of it all.

"But Egypt has not done much for you, Peggy," he said. Her fragility had shocked him more than he had permitted himself to show. The colour came back again to her cheeks.

"No," she answered. "Sometimes I get a little discouraged and—and—" she paused.

"And—what, Peggy?" he asked.

"I think it is not fair to you, Hugh," she answered. "I don't get any better. Day after day, week after week, and now year after year."

"Fair to me!" he exclaimed. "I am going to take you away from this land, a graveyard turned into a barracks. Why, Peggy, don't you realize that life would not be life without you? I have been hungering and thirsting for you. You will come with me away from this place, and business shall stand aside until you are yourself again. It has been a long, long waiting, but there shall be no more separation. I want you, Peggy, and I am conceited enough to think that you want me," and he bent over and kissed her again.

"Don't rise, Peggy, it is only I."

It was very comforting to listen to his assurances, but Peggy was very nervous and uneasy.

"There is something I want to ask you, Hugh," she said. "You cannot understand what rank, bleak cowardice is. If you could perform another Egyptian miracle and cleave the Mediterranean as the Red Sea was divided, I think I could go. Since the accident at home there has been a great change in me. Before that, fear was something I hardly understood, since that time life has been crowded with it. It is a shameful confession to have to make."

"As shameful as a fever or a paralyzed limb," he replied.

"You dearest comforter!" she said gratefully. "I want to get away from this Egypt. It has been a land of nightmare alarm to me. The war caught us here, and I was very ill, so ill the doctors, you know, would not allow me to be moved. Then came all the evil rumours. The Arabs were to sweep over the land, there was to be a Holy War, Mohammedan against Christian, following the proclamation of the Turkish Sultan, the Nationalists were to blot out British rule. Then came the advance of the Turco-German forces against Suez."

"And all came to nothing," he smiled.

"Yes, that all passed," she said. "We thought we could get away, as Americans and neutrals, under our own flag. You know what happened.

"We saw ships sail away, in some cases with friends aboard. They were torpedoed. Women and children escaping in boats were shelled. We have seen some of the survivors brought back here, wounded women, maimed children! It was too horrible for words—and the fears came back again to me. I have tried to conquer them; I have reasoned with myself, but they remain. I am not afraid of death itself. Sometimes it seems terribly easy. But that death in the sea! The sudden death rising from the waves, stealthily, murderously killing and leaving one there to drift in the wash of the dreary sea!"

She sat up and leaned forward and he knew how real the fear was to her brave heart.

"No one shall force you, or try to force you to go, Peggy," he said, taking and holding her hand.

"You mean it, Hugh?" she asked eagerly. "Don't let them try to persuade me or reason with me, or be practical and strong-minded. Champion me in all my silly unreasonableness. Will you, Hugh?"

"Can you doubt it, dearest?" he answered. "You shall stay here and I will stay with you until you wish to go away."

She lay back in her chair again, a great quiet and content on her face.

"And business? That great, all-absorbing business?" She laughed quietly.

"I deserve a holiday," he returned. It was not the answer she had expected. Then she rebuked herself for seeking assurances of that which she knew beyond all doubt. "And there are greater matters than business. There is you, Peggy, greatest of all," he added.

She was satisfied. Then her father and mother arrived and the intimate conversation ceased.

DUNSTAN cabled home for leave of absence. He had been three years without a holiday. His long trip had been practically concluded. It had been a great triumph in the difficult field wherein business, politics, diplomacy blended. After the war, the hour of the Far East would come. European nations, war-impoverished, trade-hungry, organised as never before for business conquest, would turn to the vast, scarcely-touched fields of the East—China, with her huge territory and her 400,000,000 population greatest among them. The day of the Pacific had come. The canal was open. Not only to the western shores of the American Continent, but to the Atlantic seaboard, had the road been made. Japan was making tremendous efforts to get the lion's share of the feast. The war had vastly enriched her. She had kept full faith with her Allies, but this had not been costly to her, either in money or men, and trade control in China was her purpose.

In this field, Dunstan had done his work, laying foundations for after-war trade, and securing all the present business that shipping could take care of. The reply to his wire left him to take what holiday he wished. He desired to marry Peggy at once, but she put his importunities aside. It was a great temptation. The absoluteness of his devotion touched her deeply, but her sense of justice was strong as her love. He should not be burdened with a sick wife, that she was fully resolved on. A whimsical, nerve-shaken woman should not be allowed to handicap his energy and freedom. He was very persistent and no woman yet, in love with the man of her choice, found fault with this highest tribute to his affection's ardour.

Egypt was new to Hugh; a fascinating treasure-house, the vigour of the new time touching and linking hands with the crowded ages, now so still and quiet in their eternal calm. The changing time and the (*Continued on page 58*)

Coming—Biggest Story of the War

WAR experiences have been written by hundreds of returned soldiers and statesmen. But not until Jeannette Beland Mathieu contracted with Everywoman's World to write the chronicles of her four years' internment in Belgium under German rule, has promise been given of the most interesting war book of the day. Mme. Mathieu is the daughter of Hon. Henri Beland, former Post Master General of Canada. When he was put behind bars in Berlin his wife and daughter were kept in Belgium. The latter's experiences there constitute many chapters of intense realism. Her story will begin in the near future. Don't miss a single issue containing it!

Sergeant Hector Macknight has Written the Most Thrilling War Chronicle of the Day in

Behind The Barrage

A Description of the Somme Offensive

The Story is Overpowering—Unbelievably Realistic

SOMEWHERE a bugle blew Reveille. It seemed as though this were the signal for a hundred other bugles to show their prowess. From all sides the dismal notes of "Get out of bed" sounded.

I lay in the closely-packed bivouac which we had thrown up the previous night and swore under my breath.

My comrades-in-arms were still sleeping—poor, tired, mud-encrusted chaps—their attitudes were anything but restful.

I lit the piece of candle stuck on the bowl of my shell helmet and drew on my sodden boots. I thought of a morgue and a number of bodies laid out for identification before burial.

Squawkingly, an artillery trumpeter in the distance rounded off the last of the warnings to waken.

A holiday I had once spent in a Kentish village came back to me. The buglers' notes were like so many of the village cocks crowing in defiance of each other.

The recollection has made me so homesick—or is it war-sick? that I have thrown my greatcoat aside, and crept out of the reeking bivvy.

Our camping ground is only one of many marked off by wooden fingerposts. This place is known as "the brickfields."

All around are tarpaulins spread "cottage roof" style. Each bivvy houses from fifteen to twenty men. It is a veritable Tarpaulin City, with an odd bell-tent here and there to break the monotony. Thousands on thousands of citizens it holds. Tired, reeking, muddy humans. Hoboes in appearance, Heroes in actuality are they.

The road which leads to Albert is alive with traffic even at this early hour. Has it ever been otherwise since the Great Push started?

An indescribable medley of vehicles, horses, and men, passes in procession. These are the necessities produced by the exigencies of modern warfare.

Most of the traffic is "going out," that is to say towards the rear.

A long string of empty ammunition limbers is followed by several London motor omnibuses, those ludicrous but welcome freighters of Tommydom.

A giant gun—a fifteen-incher, it looks to be—with its attendant train ponderously grinds by. It is occasionally overtaken and passed by motor-lorries and other quicker-moving vehicles.

A sadly battered aeroplane passes on a float, followed by a military policeman on horseback. The policeman's presence is explained by a handful of German prisoners plodding along in his rear. In the rear of the prisoners again is a "Tommy" with fixed bayonet. He is sauntering along, smoking a fag, as though he thoroughly relished his position.

Even though the Hun rabble bears the ear-marks of the Hell it has passed through, I envy them and everything else "going out."

A KILTED infantry battalion is next to pass. These men are "coming out" after taking an enemy trench. Wearily plodding their painful, yet welcome way, they arouse both admiration and pity. There is a plentiful sprinkling of German helmets among them and some are even cheerful, but the prevailing impression they leave with me is mud and filth unspeakable, and eyes—hideously fixed, staring eyes. Eyes that have seen the Valley of the Shadow of Violent Death. The taste of the dregs of the Wine of Wanton destruction is still on their lips. To-morrow they will be smart and shining, laughing and playing football. But this morning—ugh!

Before I turn away from my survey of the Albert Road a convoy of Motor Ambulances, honk-honking for the right-of-way thrusts this straggling crowd to the side of the road. The Red Cross cargo of mutilated freight has precedence.

A golden gleam has caught my eye, for the rays of the sun have broken through the morning mist. It is the wonderful Basilica of Albert that I see—The Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her extended arms. A German shell has struck this massive gilt statuary, and Madonna and Child hang at right-angles from the Cathedral dome, as though the Mother would fain drop her Holy Child to those who pass below.

The French engineers have shoved up the leaning Basilica. Rumour has it that with the fall of these Sacred Ones will come the end of the war.

I can see a river threading its way through the town of Albert; it is lost in the valley to the westward.

And camps, camps, camps—there are thousands of camps all around. What a vast army is gathered here! A greater aggregation of men, machines, and animals than the world ever dreamed could come to pass.

UP and away, loam-coloured hills mark the westerly and south-westerly horizon. Beyond this horizon—the enemy!

Men are stirring around me now.

Poised in the air, a hawk waits for its prey. Like an arrow it swoops down, and a little field-mouse home becomes tenantless.

Cookhouse Call blows, summoning us to the travelling field kitchens—"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow——"

I sit and eat my breakfast with my chum, We have nothing to do until noon, then there is kit to clean. So we arrange to borrow a pair of field-glasses and take a walk over the old French trenches that line the green of the hillside with zigzagging streaks of white.

Under the grass all is chalk on this part of the Somme Sector.

And so we take our stroll, glad of the sun and the birds and the green of the moor.

The trenches are now peopled only by rats. They have fallen into disuse since the advance. Chalk is new to us, for we are fresh from the Salient. (I say "fresh" perhaps unwisely, for six months of Ypres can scarcely be said to leave a man "fresh"!)

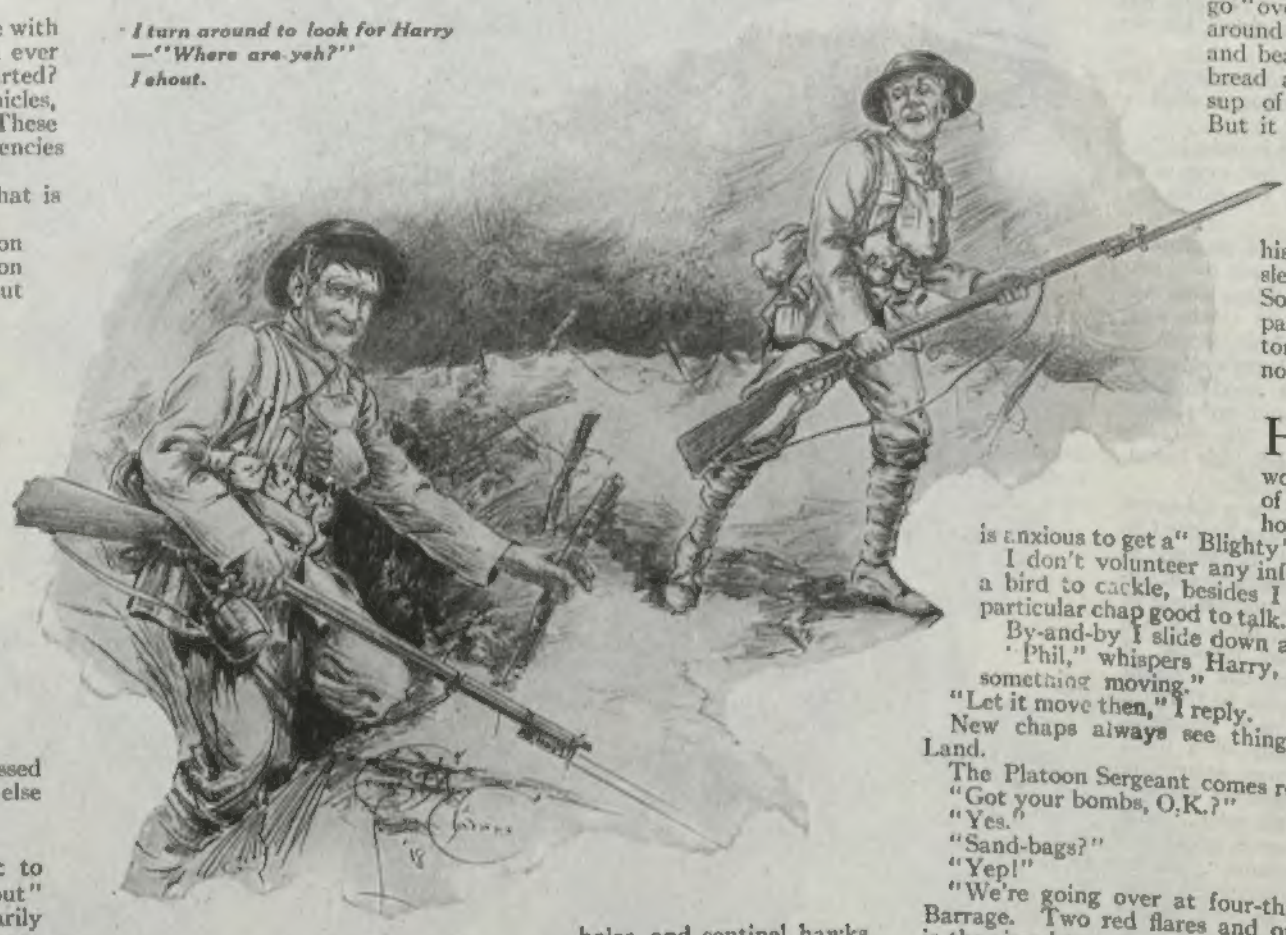
We decide we would rather have chalk than soil to dig trenches in. Chalk requires no sand-bagging and practically no riveting or shoring-up of parapet and parados. The dugouts are ideal as dugouts go. We dislodge a piece of the chalk in a dugout wall, a score of other pieces are loosened, ready to lift away. The dugouts, too, are comparatively dry, though frogs are numerous in the damper places.

Up, on, and over them we go, however, for we are anxious to gain the summit of the slope.

We startle game fowl and hares, and now and again stoop to pick some of the beautiful wild flowers that flourish in patches of colour. Heather grows here too.

The ground is literally honeycombed with field-mouse-holes and sentinel hawks hang poised, or dart arrow-like after their prey. Poor little inoffensive mice, so like infantrymen, with their earthy burrows and their scudding for safety—and their eventual fate.

"I turn around to look for Harry —"Where are yeh?" I shout.



We are now at the top of the slope, and wonderful is the panorama that discloses itself.

In the foreground little patches of woods with the inevitable church spire gleaming in the sun. Farther back, the woods are blasted and stricken with shell fire, the fields torn and scarred with holes, and trenches zigzag everywhere.

Beaumont Hamel—completely undermined and blown up by the British but not yet taken by them—is to the north.

Ahead of us, where the shells are falling on the reverse side of the next ridge, lies————. Our Canadians are within a few hundred yards of this town, we have been told.

The River————twists round picturesquely, passing through the peaceful and undamaged village of———— and thence through Albert on the south.

Back of Albert is Tara Hill, covered with canvas towns, and back of that again, trenches.

EVERYWHERE there is action—men and horses, carts and convoys, limbers and lorries.

On the moorland to our left, cavalry is out exercising. It is a gladdening, hopeful sight.

Above, our winged squadrons of the air are blinding the enemy, and playing peekaboo with enemy batteries.

This makes us feel hopeful too, for our 'planes are everywhere, but there are no Bosche 'planes to be seen.

With the aid of our field-glasses we can see the Carnival of Death proceeding in the far distance.

The flash and smoke of our batteries, and the flash and smoke of enemy shells exploding are visible to the naked eye.

With the glasses, however, we can see the infantry silhouetted from time to time on the skyline.

I hand the glasses to my chum:

"Yes, I can see them," he says, "funny, isn't it?"

We retrace our steps. To-morrow we shall be "going over" over there.

Funny, isn't it?

* * * * * *

Every one is dog-tired and mud to the eyebrows. But we have arrived at last, and the troops we have relieved are half-way back to Death Valley by this time. My chum is resting in the Sunken Road, 'way back. He got "his" on the way in. Fritz's artillery certainly gave us Hell as we passed through Death Valley.

Suitable name, that, for the valley is strewn with corpses. Sometimes they lie in heaps at the sides of the road.

Who invented the phrase "Cannon-fodder"?

The trench we occupy was taken from the enemy less than twenty-four hours ago. Our job is to take the next trench in which the enemy confronts us. Then we will be relieved.

Step by step, trench by trench, this offensive is relentlessly carried on. When a trench is taken, it is consolidated against counter attack. The infantry that took and consolidated the position is relieved by fresh troops. The artillery moves up.

Repeat the process *ad infinitum*, but don't dare to count the cost in flesh and blood or weight of metal.

How the Devil must be enjoying it all!

I am busy making life livable with my new chum. He is tasting his first battle and is grateful to be beside an "Original." He has been drafted from a later battalion.

We are eating all we have except our emergency rations. It may be our last meal, for we go "over the top" somewhere around daybreak. A tin of pork and beans between two, some bread and marmalade and a sup of water is our menu. But it is a banquet after the tiring march.

I have offered to do the first "relief," but my new chum—Harry his name is—says he can't sleep 'til it's over anyway. So we both look over the parapet, talking in low tones about various things not related to war.

HARRY has a farm "Out West." His wife worries that he will be one of the "missing,"—her pet horror he explains. So he is anxious to get a "Blighty" to ease her mind.

I don't volunteer any information. I am too old a bird to cackle, besides I know it will do this particular chap good to talk.

By-and-by I slide down and light a cigarette.

"Phil," whispers Harry, above me, "I can see something moving."

"Let it move then," I reply.

New chaps always see things moving in No Man's Land.

The Platoon Sergeant comes round with instructions.

"Got your bombs, O.K.?"

"Yes."

"Sand-bags?"

"Yep!"

"We're going over at four-thirty. Stick behind the Barrage. Two red flares and our artillery opening up is the signal to go over. Don't go past the first trench, that's all we've got to take. A 'mopping-up' party will come along behind and we'll all be relieved at nine o'clock to-morrow night. *Compree?*"

"Sure thing."

"Got a clean mess-tin?

"Well, here's a tot-o'-rum apiece to warm you up before you start. Share it up fair, now. That's all. Good luck!"

"Thanks, 'Sarg.' Good-night!"

There's nothing unusual happening, so I cover up our "Warmer" and resume the enjoyment of my fag.

Suddenly I realise that Harry is in trouble, so I get up on the firing step and tell him to take a rest.

No Man's Land looks the same old Hell to me, in the light of Fritz's flares. But I can't help thinking about Harry's wife and the little kiddie he has never seen. Everything is misty somehow and my throat seems to be full of dry biscuit dust.

Harry is sobbing like a kid. He is saying "Oh! my God! Minnie!" I suppose Minnie is his wife. Poor devil, he will soon get hardened to it.

He has a luminous wrist-watch, and I ask him the time for the sake of something to say.

"Three o'clock," he answers after awhile.

"An hour and a half to go," he adds, kind of hopelessly.

"Have a fag," I suggest, "it'll do you good!"

"I never smoke," he answers.

"Well, take a snort of the rum."

"I never drink."

We are silent awhile.

Presently he breaks the silence—"Phil," he asks, "ain't you afraid?"

"Sure," I answer, "but I'm used to feeling that way."

Silence again.

"Say, Phil, you won't mind me saying a little prayer?"

"Don't do it, Harry; it's unlucky."

"But I've been in the habit of doing it, Phil!"

"Well, 'carry on' then."

Harry stands up beside me, a deep sigh breaking from his lips. His resolution is

(*Continued on page 46*)

With the Canadian Poets

In Times of Strife and Stress

The War has not Robbed Us of Wholesome Sentiment

Autumn in the Northern Bush

Green of the pine on the dark hillside,
Glory of gold on the lea,
Purple and scarlet the last leaves bide
On the dead and the yet to be;
Where Autumn's lingering sunbeams glide
To comfort each dying tree.

The white creek winds with many a fold,
Silent and still and deep,
Where gaunt crags paint their shadows bold
On wood-strewn strands and steep,
The bare, brown banks, all scarred and old,
Slope down where the rapids leap

A lone bird poised in the cold blue sky
Moves on wide wings and slow,
Breathing farewell ere he wheels to fly
Far south from winter's snow,
A murmurous stillness throbs on high
And broods in the woods below.

O summer rain-drops, O summer sun,
Come back yet a little while,
Cheer the chilled maples one by one
With old-time tender smile
Light with pale green the poplar's dun
And the birch's silvery aisle

The bleak wind stirs all dank and drear
Our hearts with pain are numb
We have sorrowed so much in the passing year
And we dread the year to come
The lure of the woods has turned to fear—
And your voice, O summer, is dumb.

LIN WILLIAMS

You Will Not Dance

You will not dance when I am gay,
You will not mourn though wild my grief,
On sorrow you obtrude relief,
You haste to cloud the sunshine's ray.

And you would chase my tears away
Inveigh against my unbelief,
You would not dance when I am gay,
You will not mourn though wild my grief.

Perversity's your name, I say;
Ah! could you learn this lesson brief—
"My moodiness needs no relief."
So you must learn to pipe my lay
And you shall dance when I am gay.

HUGH S. EAYRS

GEN. FOCH

Le Petit Marechal

A prophetic tribute to the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in France

Spirit of France embodied in one man,
Gladly we follow wheresoe'er you go;
We have been with you since the fight began,
And now with faith and hope we face the foe.

Dark skies have frowned upon us in past years,
Yet have we prayed for strength to meet each hour:
Now, when our needs are keener felt than tears,
We choose the man to unify our power.

Though strife goes on as if it ne'er would end,
While Death walks faster o'er the weary land,
Yet still in him round whom our colours blend,
We feel the cause has found a guiding hand.

So when the days of triumph shall appear
And our proud banners make their last advance,
A free world's voice will hail in accents clear
The gallant son of an immortal France!

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

A Cradle Song

N.B.—"Lennavan mo" is Gaelic for "My little child."

Lennavan mo, lennavan mo,
Mother is rocking you to and fro;
Hush, my baby, the cradle swings,
And a sleepy song your mother sings;
Winds from the coast of Dreamland blow—
Husheen lo, husheen lo!

Lennavan mo, lennavan mo,
Out on the waves of sleep you go,
Drifting on tides of dream afar
Where the islands of slumber are.
Hark to the sleep-call, soft and slow,
Husheen lo, husheen lo!

Lennavan mo, lennavan mo,
Little brown head, with curls arow,
Baby fingers, of play so fain,
Rest till the daylight comes again;
Softer, thicker, the shadows grow,
Husheen lo, husheen lo!

NORAH M. HOLLAND

Do You Remember?

Do you remember golden autumn days,
Woods leaved in amber-coloured splendour,
We wandered, happy through October haze
Or lingered by the sumac's sun-kissed blaze—
Do you remember?

Do you remember short days sullen-skied,
Rain thro' leafless branches of November,
Long hours of dreaming by the safe fireside,
While ruddy flames flared forth and leaped and died—
Do you remember?

Autumn's fleet interlude is here again,
With sunlit mocking days which bring no rest,
And sodden hours of ever-falling rain—
All bring but memories which blind with pain
Since you "went West."

R.G.V.C.

Among the Looms

There is tumult, there is tumult in the boastful Magog looms,
There is deaf'ning clash of iron in the long vibrating rooms,
Where they crowd like angry men
Who must shout and shout again,
Who must beat upon the ear-drums their stentorian refrain—
Labour's song

There are rioters dismembered in each protestant machine,
There treadling shanks and jointed knees and crooked fingers lean
Ceaseless clutch and pass and tread—
While the hurried web is daily bred
That they pay, live and fly in such a hurried, haunted dread
Long day long?

There is gruesome, grinding triumph in the textile Juggernaut
That long since crushed the wheel and loom within the weaver's cot—
Bore down lifted arms of flesh—
Are these men the frames enmesh?
In these grumbling iron workmen do dead strikers strive and thresh
Ancient wrong?

Grim Industry, is progress but a vampire hell that feeds
On human blood—new Magog but old Manchester and Leeds?
Is this rumbling but the ghost
Of old issues won and lost?
Or is Labour's dirge-like rhythm manufacturer's vaunt and boast?
It is strong!

MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

The Sick Child

My child is sick, my child with the rose-sweet body,
The bud-sweet body, dewy and fragrant and tender;
The mouth I have kissed so oft in the midst of laughter
Is hot, is parched; and his eyes, new stars of the morning,
Are strange in the heaven of his face, are fever-lighted;
His shining hair, like the milk-weed silk for softness
And sheen and fineness, is tossed and dry and disordered;
And his curving brows, like the wings of the flying swallow,
Are drawn, are distressed, as the swallow's wings were wounded—
Were sorely wounded, staying flight and gladness

Where is the Evil hath stricken my child, my cherished?
Let the Lizard crawl forth in his claws and his scale like armour—
Let him rear from his belly, the Worm, the Prince of Serpents,
And grapple—And I, the child's mother, will slay, will throttle,
Will stop his horrible breath, with my hands destroy him!
But he hides and plies his traffic, and dares not meet me,
My child suffers and tosses, crying faintly,
And I, his mother, must knot my hands and hear him,
Must wait and hear him, must wait and listen, tortured,
Must wait while Evil works and succour tarries.

My heart drags like a stone in my rending bosom,
My limbs are lead, and my bitter, bitter anguish
Mounts like a flame that is all my life within me,
And the flame is my voice and my tears and my burning passion
Of Love, of Hate, of Entreaty—O Almighty,
Let him not suffer, the child for whom I travailed,
Let him not wither, the Flower that I have cherished!
Show me the Foe that I may Fight and vanquish,
Let me find and destroy the covetous twisting Presence
Invisible, close by the cradle of my first born

MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

The Angels at Mons

The silent legions of the Lord
Came riding by
The blinding flash of the flaming Sword,
Under the flaming sky.

A handful passed from the jaws of death
And stumbled by,
But a host was quelled by a fiery Breath,
Under the flaming sky.

MARGARET HILDA WISE

The Heroes of Gallipoli

No epitaph is theirs—yet need they none;
But in some future time their flag, unfurled,
Shall float above them, and a British sun
Shall warm this newest corner of its world;
And comrades' cheers with British bugles blent,
This—this shall be their greatest monument.

MARGARET HILDA WISE

Lines on an Old Flanders Battlefield

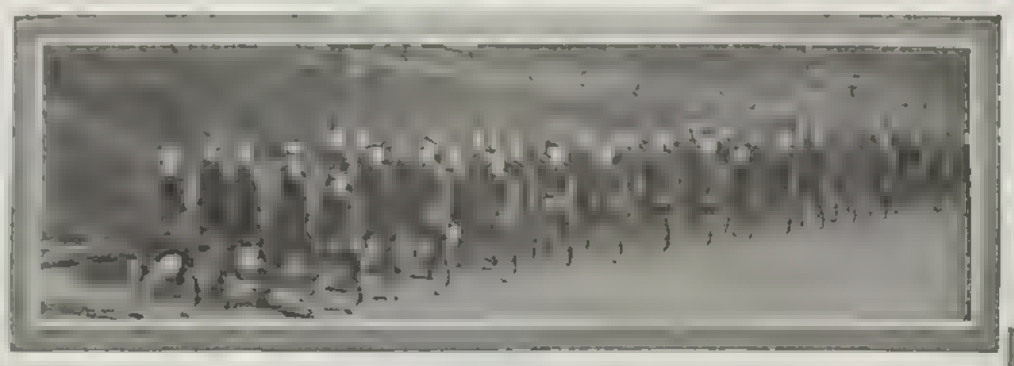
Only the echoes of bugles blown,
Here, where the boys have been;
Only a myriad poppies sown
Bright on a field of green,
Here, where the wooden crosses hide,
Silent, and poppy-crowned,
This is a spot where brave men died,
This is their hallowed ground.

MARGARET HILDA WISE

Were You Responsible for Spreading Influenza?

Hints that May Help Others to Avoid the Disease

Did you cough like this, with your handkerchief held to your mouth, thereby preventing the spreading of germs?



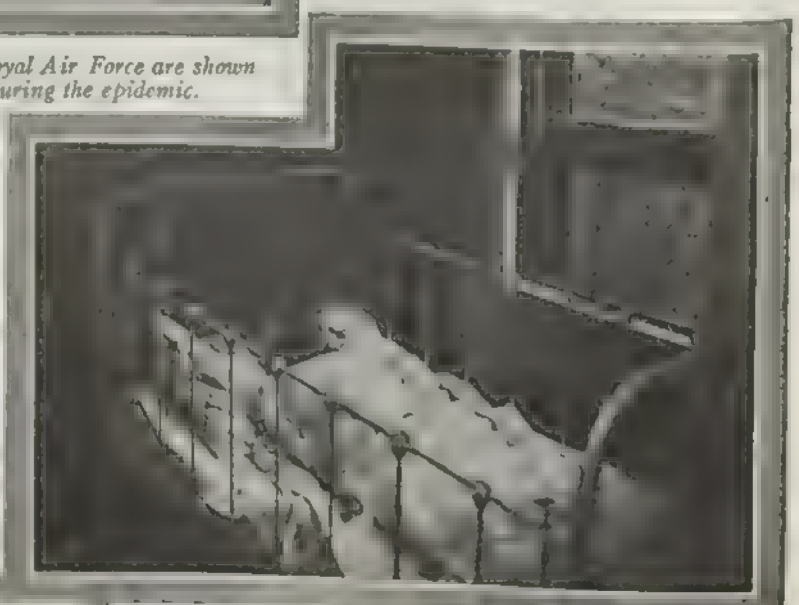
Walking in the open air is beneficial. The Cadets in the Royal Air Force are shown above on one of their long marches scheduled regularly during the epidemic.

Or like this, without a handkerchief, thus circulating the germs, with evident danger to all breathing the same air?

Did you avoid crowded street cars? (photo to left).

Did you keep your bedroom window open? Note in photo to right how small a chance the child would have in this alley room if the window were closed.

Below—Forcible talking with the listener in close proximity is inconsiderate at all times, but especially if you have "flu" germs to distribute.



The wearing of camphor is an old-fashioned remedy, but it proved rather ineffectual this time

During the epidemic in Boston, even the policemen wore these protecting "masks".

On page 31 of this issue will be found some interesting facts about influenza, its history, prevention and treatment.

The Growth and Development of a Normally Healthy Baby

By CONSTANCE NICHOLSON LEA

THE importance of weighing your baby regularly has been mentioned before in these articles. Every young mother should invest in a good pair of scales, or at least make arrangements at the home of a friend or neighbour, who has such an article, to have her baby weighed each week. Keep a record. Not only is it most interesting to turn to afterward, and encouraging to watch the steady gain in weight if your baby is thriving, but by the regular record you can tell at once whether your little one is receiving sufficient nourishment and developing as he should.

A baby always loses from four to eight ounces during his first week of life. After that there should be a steady increase in weight of from four to eight ounces weekly until the sixth month. From six months on the gain is not so great, but it should be fairly steady. An infant of average weight at birth (which is seven or seven and a half pounds) should weigh at six months fifteen or sixteen pounds; at nine months, seventeen to eighteen pounds, and at one year twenty to twenty-two pounds. There will, of course, be occasional variations. Sometimes during the teething period and in the very hot weather your baby's gain will be small. If, however, you are careful of his diet, and he seems healthy and well, you will notice that when the weather grows cooler, or when the slight disturbance caused by the advent of a troublesome tooth has passed, he will go on gaining steadily as before.

An increase in weight alone, although a most important sign, is not always an indication that your baby is thriving. The fat is not always healthy fat. This is often the case with bottle babies fed on certain prepared infant foods that are too rich in sugar and fatty substances. To ascertain that your child is gaining just as he should, you must not only watch the weight record, but look for regular muscular and mental development also.

The measurement of the chest is another way of testing the proper growth of an infant. A baby of average weight at birth will have a chest measurement of a little over thirteen inches. By the fourth month this should have increased to fifteen inches; by the sixth month, sixteen inches, and a healthy child of one year should have a chest measurement of seventeen or eighteen inches.

Babies love to kick and stretch and throw their limbs about. This is Nature's own exercise, and by this means their muscles are strengthened and made to grow. After his bath, when he is sweet and fresh, and smelling of fragrant talcum powder, let him lie on your knee, or on a mattress or thick blanket, carefully out of a draught, with nothing on but his little shirt, and let him kick away to his heart's content. He will sleep so much the better for it and the exercise will do him a lot of good.

Isn't It Wonderful?

"Isn't it wonderful when you think
How the creeping grasses grow
High on the mountain's rocky brink,
In the valleys down below?

Isn't it wonderful when you think
How a little seed asleep
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?

Isn't it wonderful when you think
How a little baby grows
From his big, round eyes that wink
and blink,
Down to his tiny toes?"

J. S. C.

USUALLY during the fourth month, and occasionally during the third, a baby will be able to hold his head erect when the body is supported. From the fifth to the seventh month he will begin to reach for toys. At about eighteen months the fontanel should close (the fontanel is the soft spot on the top of the baby's head). If it is not closed by the time the baby is two years old, you may be pretty sure that something is wrong with the child's nutrition; he may possibly be suffering from rickets.

Generally from the third to the fifth month a baby will laugh aloud, though it is claimed that they show pleasure by smiling sometime before this.

"Smiles before the age of six weeks," says an eminent baby specialist, "are not smiles at all. They are merely an automatic movement of the facial muscles caused by wind on the stomach."

Oh, well! He can call it that if he likes—Poor man! He never brought a baby into the world, and he does not know the warm, delicious thrill of joy that surges over the mother-heart, when for the first time her baby looks up into her eyes and gives her that smile that repays a hundredfold all the suffering she bore for it. "Wind on the stomach," indeed! My babies have smiled at me when they were very tiny, and though I admire and respect the medical profession tremendously, not one of them will ever convince me that my babies' first smiles were not "really, truly smiles."

At seven or eight months a baby will make attempts to sit up alone, and at nine or ten months he will try to bear his weight on his feet. Beware of encouraging him to walk too soon. Some babies walk much earlier than others, but I can see no great advantage in this unless, perhaps, it is that they don't get their clothes quite so dirty as when they creep. Creeping is a splendid exercise. It is the first natural exercise the baby takes that brings all the muscles of his body into play. Let him take his own time learning to navigate any other way. In all good time you will see him pulling himself up by chairs and walking around articles of furniture that are low enough for him to reach. It will only be a little while then before he makes an attempt to walk all by himself.

If the baby learns to walk all alone, well and good—but he should not be coaxed to use his legs until Nature has made them strong enough to bear the weight of his body. Many a baby is bow-legged because of his parents' eagerness to have him walk as soon as some other baby of the same age.

It is annoying I know—I know so very well, because I have been through it myself,

(*Continued on page 49*)

The Path That Lies Before

By SIR WILLIAM HEARST

In which the Premier of Ontario Points Out what it Means to be a Canadian, and the Necessity for Unity of Action After the War

"Co-Operation Should Be Our Watchword," He Says

THE record of Canada during this war is one that on the whole gives us pleasure and satisfaction, but the record of this grand old Province of Ontario in particular, is one in which we feel especial pride.

It means more to-day to be a Canadian than ever before, because the bravery of our men at the Front and the generosity and courage of our people at home, *particularly our women*, have made the name of Canada loved and honoured among the nations of the earth. And when I speak of Canadians, I do not mean native born alone, but all who have made their homes with us, wherever born. We can claim a part in the honour and glory they have all won.

Henceforth a Canadian will be a citizen of no mean country.

I think it is Cowper who wrote "Time was when it was pride and boast enough to fill the measure of a common man in every land, travel where e'er he might, that the language of Chatham was his native tongue."

In future, it will be pride and boast enough for any man and woman, that he or she is a fellow citizen of the heroes of St. Julien, Givenchy, the Somme, Passchendaele, and Vimy.

WE cannot fail to take special satisfaction in what Ontario has done. Out of 552,601 enlistments from all of Canada up to the 30th of June last, Ontario furnished 237,512.

Public and individual subscriptions to the Patriotic Fund in this Province amount approximately to $19,000,000—only $500,000 less than the contributions of all the other Provinces put together.

Out of $417,000,000 subscribed for the Victory Loan, $203,000,000 was from Ontario, almost half the entire sum raised.

The response of Ontario to the appeal of the British Red Cross, the only institution that carried voluntary aid to the sick and wounded in the British forces on land and sea, in every theatre of the war, was particularly generous, and won warm praise in the Mother Land.

Sir Robert Hudson, in his report on "Our Day" in 1917, pays a high tribute to the patriotism and generosity of our people of Ontario.

"The result of the appeal in Ontario," he writes, "is £380,982. In 1916 the Province gave £352,115, and in 1915, £320,528—well over £1,000,000 in three years, an example of patriotism, generosity and practical

Sir William Hearst — *Premier of Ontario*

sympathy with the sick and wounded of the Empire which has not been surpassed in any other part of the world."

Equally generous has been the response of the people to the Canadian Red Cross, the Secours National and in fact to war funds of every character. Recently we had a magnificent response to the appeal of the Navy League for the men of the Merchant Marine throughout the British Empire.

Valour of Canadian Men

IT is right when opportunities offer that we should pay our respects to the memory of our heroic dead and our tribute to the gallant men who arestill fighting on the Western Front, the line that forms the bulwark of defence for Canada against the Hun.

Our soldiers have made the name of Canada immortal. Among all the men gathered from the best races and from the four corners of the earth engaged in the greatest war of all time, none are braver, than the men from Canada.

The fathers, mothers and wives of our soldiers overseas may well hold their heads high and let their hearts swell with pride for their loved ones have shown themselves among the bravest and best in the bravest and best armies on the Western Front. The names and records of the Canadians who went over with the first contingent are especially immortal, and the name of Canada has been exalted because of the valour of her sons on the bloody fields of France and Flanders, where alas not a few of them lie beneath white crosses awaiting the resurrection morn.

The Supreme Sacrifice

THERE'S many an aching heart to-day for the lads who will never return. To them I extend my heartfelt sympathy and pray that the Great Comforter may be with them in their hours of sadness and loneliness. **But I would say to these sorrowing ones, mourn not,** rather rejoice that to you has been given the opportunity of making such a sacrifice for country and for freedom. *To your son, your husband, your loved one, death held no terror,* it was but the entrance into a grand and glorious Immortality. *They were glad to die that the world might be free,* glad to die that you might be saved from the savagery of the Hun, and to-day they sleep peacefully in the land they were battling to make free. Their requiem was the roar of the avenging Canadian guns—their funeral hymn the cheer of their unconquered and unconquerable companions as they rushed to avenge their death. *If they could speak to you from their hallowed tombs* on that far off battlefield,

(*Continued on page 38*)

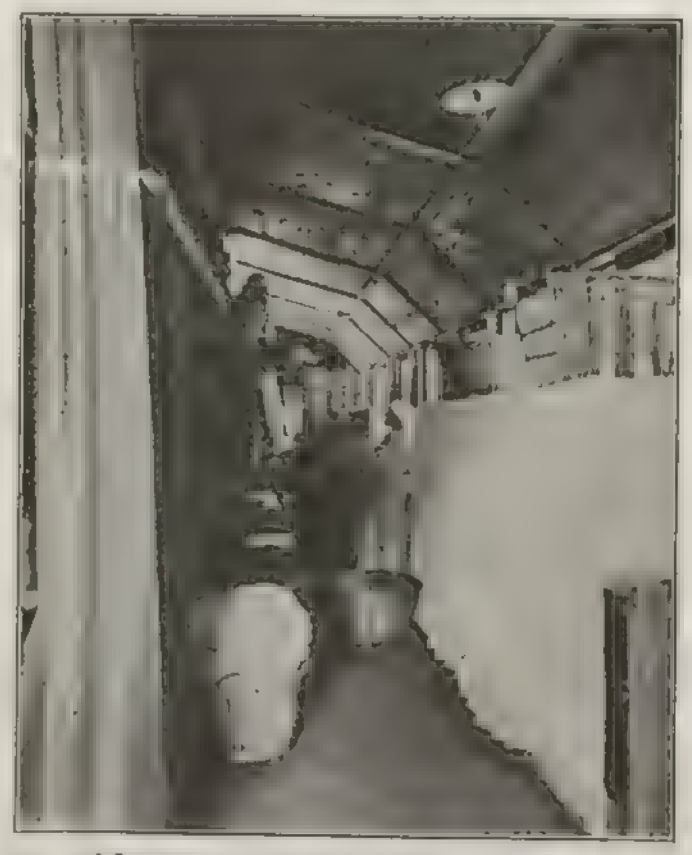
Canadian Women in Foreign Legions

By ESTELLE M. KERR

CANADIANS cannot be recognized at a glance. They have no distinctive marks or colouring, no definite accent even, yet we find them everywhere, from Scotland to Serbia, willing to serve under any of the Allied flags so long as they may serve! It is not that they have no predeliction for Canada—oh, no! Wherever they are, whatever they are doing—washing dishes, driving ambulances, or dressing wounds—they always say: "if we could only be doing it for our own men!"

How so many women not qualified as nurses have arrived in France is a mystery. The Canadian Government has put every possible difficulty in their way, yet here they are and here they will remain; and if others can obtain a passport by fair means or foul and so be allowed, like their brothers, to do their bit in France, you may be sure they will follow. Some crossed the ocean to be married, and when their newly-acquired husbands went to France, they followed. In several instances the husbands have returned to England on sick leave while the wives cannot be released from their six months' contract to join them, nor will they ask it if they find their work is urgent. Women as well as men must sacrifice their home-ties and personal inclinations if they engage in this international struggle.

You will find them in Paris, serving on the station canteens for soldiers on Paris leave, for the wounded evacuated from Paris hospitals, and for the refugees passing through the city. You will see them helping at the "Paris Leave Club," or "Blighty," working in surgical dressing stations and Red Cross packing-rooms, nursing in every variety of hospital. You will find a goodly number at Bastion 55. Here, on that No Man's Land, where somewhat obsolete fortifications separate the city from industrial suburbs and ornamental parks, the French War Minister has set aside a space for the



A Store Room at Bastion 55. Canadian girls may be found in the various huts looking after Hospital Supplies which are sent from Overseas

various war charities that work for the French, and the huts have been extended and multiplied as old societies outgrew their premises or new ones were formed.

If you enter by the proper gate, Bastion 55 will smile at you with its formal garden, neat gravelled paths, and rose-embowered sentry-box. The pretty sentry, with military cap stuck coquettishly on one side of her head, smiles too. Sometimes her dark eyes flash their greeting from above the mouthpiece of the telephone, sometimes they glance over the mirror on the table before her and she gives you a careless nod without interrupting the engrossing occupation of rouging her lips or putting an extra coating of powder on her nose. The only times she ignores you entirely are when the French-Canadian sergeant is near, so near as to obstruct her view. He is attached to the Red Cross, but still more attached to the pretty sentry. Who says the French-Canadians do not love the French?

Entering by the larger gates (reserved for motors) the place presents the appearance of a western shack town. Here the word "Canada" spreads itself in red letters across four of the largest huts, while in the sheds opposite stands a line of motors marked "Canadian Red Cross." A more industrious sergeant with a Maple Leaf badge and a cockney accent, is noting the contents of the big cases from Canada, which the French *poilus* are unloading.

"One hundred and twenty pyjamas," he sings out as you pass.

In the next garage space, reserved for the use of the French War Emergency Fund, you will see amongst other motors an ambulance marked with their insignia and below it the words, "Gift of the Canadian Red Cross." Still farther on are some huts that bear a freshly-painted sign, "Section Canadienne de L'Aisne Devastee."

That is all the signboards tell you of Canada, but you will find Canadian women working for many other societies as packers, clerks, and motor drivers.

Miss Ethel Clarke, of Toronto, is one of the most skilled and indefatigable workers in "Pour la Blessees," a society which is doing most valuable work in the manufacture of splints of *papier-mache*, made from plaster casts of injured bodies for individual cases. They also make quantities of standardized hospital gloves and splints with various devices for strengthening muscles or counteracting their shrinking tendencies. The workers, for whom there is an ever-increasing demand, are recruited largely from artists. Sculptors are particularly useful on account of their skill in taking

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A Motor Convoy belonging to the French War Emergency Fund starting from Bastion 55, Paris, with Equipment for a Front Line Evacuation Hospital Canteen

Waiting for the Wounded to arrive at a Paris Goods Station. Canadian girls are on hand equipped with immediate relief for our indomitable heroes

On the left: S A. Armstrong Deputy Minister of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment and Director of Invalided Soldiers' Commission, In the centre: F. G. Robinson, Director of Invalided Soldiers' Commission, Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment. On the right: F. B. McCurdy, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment and Chairman of Invalided Soldiers' Commission.

Canada's Machinery for Helping the Disabled Soldier to "Carry On"

Over 2500 Returned Men are Taking Courses in Industrial Re-Education; 3200 Courses have been Granted and 350 Men have Graduated

By WALTER E. SEGSWORTH, M.E.

Director of Vocational Training for the New Canadian Federal Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment
in an Interview with Owen E. McGillicuddy

THIS is the second article dealing with the "new light of hope" which Canada is holding out to her maimed warriors enabling them to take up the threads of civilian life where they left off. The first article on this subject appeared in the October issue of Everywoman's World.
—THE EDITORS

THE system of dealing with the re-training of war cripples in Canada is controlled and administered by the Federal Government through the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment, which has special authority conferred on it for the purpose of providing these returned soldiers with courses in industrial re-education.

The Head Office, which is necessarily in Ottawa, is charged with the general administration of the scheme, as adopted by the Government during the last session of Parliament, and in each military district throughout the Dominion there is a representative of the Department responsible for the carrying on of the work in that district. The work in each district is organized in much the same manner, and the description of the system employed will apply to each of these districts with such variation as may be necessary to meet local conditions.

In brief outline the main work of Industrial Re-Education in its various phases may be divided under six heads: (1) Interviewing. (2) Training. (3) Medical care. (4) Follow-up, or after-care. (5) Discipline, and (6) Social service.

The interviewing of the disabled men is conducted by a staff of officials who are highly trained in this work. They have been selected as much as possible from that class of returned soldiers who, before going to war, had had training in technical work in universities, and who, since graduation, have been through some practical experience in handling men in trade and industries. This necessarily gives them the best angle from which to review the various occupations a returned man would have to follow in order to earn a living. Their former close contact with men in industrial life puts them in direct touch with the ambitions, desires, and mental state of the men with whom they have to deal.

It is of the utmost importance that these officials should be close students of human nature, and it has been found that there is no way in which they can be selected except by probationary trial. As they show fitness for their work they are advanced until they become principal interviewers. I wish to point out that there is a certain psychology in this problem which makes it practically imperative that these men should have seen service at the front themselves; otherwise it is almost impossible for them to gain the confidence of the men whom they are interviewing. If the interviewer has experienced the same dangers and hardships as the man whom he is guiding he is able at once to establish a bond of sympathy and confidence that none other can achieve.

THE question has often been asked whether we allow the disabled soldier to select his own occupation? The answer to this is necessarily "Yes," because if the soldier is not satisfied with the occupation selected, he will not follow the course with interest. But while we allow the soldier to determine his own course, we do, to the utmost extent, use the power of suggestion in guiding him to select a course that would be best suited to him, from the standpoint of his previous occupation and his present disability. With successful interviewers it is found very easy to so lead the disabled man by the power of suggestion that he will of his own volition choose that course which the interviewer thinks is best suited to his needs.

As a result of training this returned soldier has become an expert toolmaker His attitude of interest is general among his co-workers

IN considering the subsequent training given conditions heretofore touched upon: That the men are of all ages, from immature youth to men of fifty years; that their previous education ranges from that of the illiterate to the university student; that their industrial experienec ranges from that of the unskilled laborer to that of the most highly trained mechanic and professional man; that the average age is thirty years and over; that the majority of these men are married and have children; that they must enter the courses at any time; that their chief desire is to get back to civil life in the shortest possible time, and that we are repairing an already existing structure, rather than building a new one. These governing factors indicate that the system of training must be so elastic that it can be adapted to the needs of all these conditions.

In order to bring this about, two distinct systems of training have been put into force: The first, in which the man is trained to an occupation in a factory or industry in which he is

(Continued on page 42)

Let Us Solve Your Health Problems

A Department Wherein Our Readers May Ask For and Receive Professional Advice on Matters of Health

Conducted by OSWALD C. J. WITHROW

QUESTION.—I am a girl of twenty-three years. I am five feet two inches tall, and although I am not ill, I weigh only eighty-seven pounds. Could you send me a list of foods to eat, or any such suggestions so that I may get a little stouter?—Miss M., Port Hope, Ont.

Answer.—I should like to know something more about your general health. If you are feeling fit and your appetite is good, it is probable that your weight is normal, as far as you are concerned. You say that you are taking raw eggs and milk. Very good indeed. And with the ordinary articles of diet which the food controller allows us these days, you should do very well. I am afraid you are worrying unduly because you are not the same size and figure as other girls you know and admire. Therefore you are possibly suffering from over-worry and not from under-weight. Be thankful you do not weigh 187 pounds instead of 87. Take plenty of sleep and as much physical exercise as your work will permit, and you need have no worry about your avoirdupois.

Question.—Warnings are constantly being issued about the infectious nature of syphilis and its being a treacherous disease, which may remain unsuspected in the system—statements which mean little more to the lay mind than a cause for anxiety. Four years ago I was in a home where I danced frequently with a young man with a reputation for fast living—a common fact but one which made me uneasy. During that time, my finger became slightly poisoned from an unknown cause. Two or three others in the house had a similar trouble at the same time. I have been worried ever since, thinking I might have syphilis. What do you think?—Miss M. I. S., Sask.

Answer.—I feel very sorry that you should have spent the last four years obsessed with the idea that you had contracted syphilis from this young man, and that it might show some of its horrible manifestations at any time. You are quite right when you suggest that there is too much scare and not enough real education along the line of venereal disease. I do not think for one moment that you contracted syphilis four years ago. You probably had a simple case of blood poisoning, and the rest of your letter would bear this out. However, if you cannot stop worrying about it, have a blood test made, which will forever set your mind at rest. I am hoping that the time may soon come when people will be given the truth about venereal disease and about sex problems generally.

Miss E. P. Chalsworth, Ont.—Your letter with its various questions has been answered through the mail. Your questions were so intimate and your confidences so sacred that I felt I ought not to have them printed in cold type. I hope that I have helped you, and I trust that you may be able to follow my advice.

THESE are the days when we find numbers of people suffering from influenza and bronchitis, with here and there cases of pleurisy and pneumonia. Pleurisy is an inflammatory disease of that delicate membrane which lines the inside of the chest wall and also acts as a covering for the lungs. Pneumonia is an inflammation of the lung tissue itself. Each is due to germs entering either the pleura or the lungs, and finding conditions there ripe for action, set up the disease. Both diseases are serious, pneumonia because it often proves rapidly fatal, and pleurisy because of its resulting troubles, fluid or pus in the pleural cavity with a long, tedious convalescence occasionally followed by tuberculosis. These diseases creep in when the resistance of the body is much lowered. It is well to watch every "common" cold or slight attack of bronchitis. See that this is cured speedily. Dress properly during these winter months. Ball-rooms, dance halls and skating rinks are responsible for many cases of pneumonia and pleurisy simply because young people will not take ordinary precautions when they are overheated after exercise.

Questions concerning sanitation, health, and sex will be answered by Dr. Withrow only if a stamped addressed envelope accompanies the request. Address Dr. Oswald C. J. Withrow, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Canada.

Question.—I am 49 years of age, 5 foot 8 inches high, chest 38 inches, weight 145 lbs., widower 9 years. I now desire to marry a woman twelve years my junior. Would it be safe for a spinster to bear children at that age?—G. J. Mc., British Columbia.

Answer.—I think I may say that it will be safe for a woman of 37 to bear a child, although the difficulties attending childbirth are much enhanced at such an age. Special care and oversight will be necessary, both during the nine months of pregnancy and at the lying-in period. What you tell me in your letter about your past and your deep sorrow over the worse than useless years spent in the company of vice makes me feel more strongly than ever that it is well worth while putting every ounce of energy possible into preventive work among young men and young women too. You say, "Alas, that there were no gentle stars published when I was a boy, such as you are giving the world." There is certainly a large field for education these days along sex lines.

Question.—In June of this year I had adenoids and tonsils removed. For a long time I suffered from severe nose-bleeding and it was only after this operation was performed that I got any relief. I still have some slight bloody discharge from my nose at times. Do you suppose that there are still some adenoids in my nose causing this? Miss N. O'D., New Brunswick.

Answer.—If the condition was as bad as before the operation, as you state, I should say that the discharge from the nose will now gradually cease, and presently you will be entirely free from nose bleeding. It was a pity you had to wait so long before having the operation. Delay in treating diseased tonsils and enlarged adenoids is always dangerous.

Question.—I am 39 years old and have two children, 11 and 7 years. My heart bothered me, and acting on advice, I had a small goitre removed. Three months later I had an operation for appendicitis. My heart still keeps beating too fast. I get tired so quickly and I am very nervous. Do you think through time I will regain strength, or what treatment is best? Is Viavi a good treatment?—Mrs. J. R. M., Manitoba.

Answer.—I do not think Viavi will be of any value to you or to any one else. From your letter I am not so sure that you may not be suffering from Graves' Disease. It is very important that you should know positively whether you are or are not. Have some competent physician go over your symptoms and your physical condition very carefully. Rely on his judgment.

Everywoman's Forum

To Our Women: A Personal Invitation from Anne Page

Dear Anne Page

I SYMPATHIZE with "Mavis" strongly. I am, like her, very sensitive, even to the point of being called a cry-baby by my nearest and dearest friends. As Mavis says, we cannot change our dispositions, and I certainly can't change mine. From childhood I have always had the peculiar habit of crying when alone. In company I am bright enough, but so soon as I am left alone I grow discontented and long for a higher life. Could you suggest something to occupy my time? Do you think keeping pets would help me to overcome this brooding? Please suggest something if you can. I remain, yours,

MERNE.

You are fooling, are you not? You surely have no cause for such unrelieved gloom—and if you have, crying will only make matters worse. Take physical culture and be much in the open air. Get a line on life that will inspire you. Open your eyes and ears to the crying needs of the world and those around you. Cultivate selflessness by striving to do for others and don't allow one opportunity to give the other fellow a helping hand to escape you. "Study to show thyself approved."

Dear "Lonely Mother"

DO not ask pardon for coming to us, or speak of "intruding" your grief. The fact that you have discerned the sympathy and the desire to be truly helpful which animates this page, and that you have come to us for a handclasp and a word of cheer when the world is dark, and "nobody seems to care" is the very sweetest tribute you could pay us. We thank you and we welcome you. Yes, your loss is heavy. Oh, the poor mothers, seeing always a lonely grave, and eating their heart out with loneliness for the hero (every soldier is a hero to his mother) who sleeps so far from home.

"The only son of his mother"—the cry of the widow of Nain goes echoing through the world as in that far-off day when Jesus met and comforted the mourner.

Words are poor and empty. We shall not hurt you with trite rules and mottoes, but we do advise you to realize that just so surely as the sun shines, you will find your way back to the old busy life of faith and service and that our sympathy and help are yours, now and always!

In the meantime we are sending you these lines from Claudia Cranston:

"I must make my mourning
Over into song;
To the one who left me
Mourning would be wrong,
Mourning would be wrong.

Work must be my grieving,
Smiles the only sign,
Weeping were unworthy
Such a grief as mine,
Such a grief as mine.

Work must be my grieving,
Love must hide my loss,
Still my lips be smiling
When they kiss the cross,
When they kiss the cross."

ANNE PAGE.

Dear Anne Page

I DON'T think you ever had or ever will have a letter like this. I am a steady reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and have taken the keenest interest in your help to others, little dreaming that I would come to you myself for help. Here is my case:

I am still in the twenties, and have never cared much about the opposite sex, they were all nice, until lately. I have met a young man whom I am very much in love with, although he does not know it, or at least I don't think he does, or even suspects my feelings toward him. He is very indifferent and is not very often where I am, although he calls me up on the 'phone at times. I have asked him to call; I am away from home, boarding and rooming—so is he—and find it very lonely at times. He never invites me out with him, but I understand that it might be hard, as he works every night but one in the week, but he has Sundays and is of the same religion as I am. I have asked him to come to our church sometimes, which he has done but never comes to speak to me after service or even waits outside to walk home with me, and whenever I meet him on the street he seems so glad to see me—always offers to shake hands and says he is coming to tell me all about his vacation sometime, but has only called once and that was before his holidays. I had not seen or heard about him for a long time so called him up to-day, only to learn that he had been summoned to his home by the death of one of his parents.

What should I do and how should I act? Really, sometimes, I ask myself, why do I love him? I am not considered bad looking, am of medium height and weigh 121 pounds. When first I met him I thought him ugly, but his manners, his conversation, and his voice make one forget his looks. He does not seem to have any girl friend and really it vexes me at times, as he treats all girls alike, although he told me once he was quite happy to have me sit beside him. Please help me. I am discouraged. What can I do to win his love?

Anxiously yours, —M. G.

Dear Girl

If this young man cares for you he will surely find a way to tell you so. If he does not, there is nothing you can do—except to be your old, bright self. As to your last query, you can do nothing at all. Face this fact, and hold fast to your womanly pride. You are young yet; if love does not come suing now it will, some day. Do not be in a hurry. Above all, never run after the young man. A wise old fellow wrote:

"Follow love and love will flee,
Flee, and love will follow thee."

Dear Anne Page

DO you believe in divorce? I am a young woman of thirty-four; seven years ago I married a man who professed to love me. He was a rancher and I a school-teacher, reared in a small village among an affectionate lot of brothers and sisters. I found the loneliness intolerable and succeeded in persuading him to sell out. Had I waited until older and wiser I would have stuck to my job at no matter what cost, for only trouble came from the move. He went into a business which took him much from home. He seemed to tire of me and of the children, of whom we have two. I was high-spirited, maybe I should say I am high-spirited, but circumstances have broken my heart and my pride. After the birth of my first baby my health failed, and I developed an irritability I could not overcome. The breaking out of war spoiled my husband's business, and he threw it up to me continually that I was the cause of his failure as I had made him give up the ranch. Things have gone from bad to worse, till now there are weeks when he doesn't come home, and being apart is as much of a godsend to me as to him, as we quarrel continually when together. Neither is jealous or has cause to be. It is a mutual dislike, neither more or less, and it is spoiling our lives. He even dislikes the little boy because the child is very like me. There seems no help for it and I hate the situation. So does he. Tell me, can two people get a divorce without proving infidelity? You've heard the expression, "hell on earth," that's what our life together has been right along. He hasn't hit me, except with hard words, my soul's black and blue with them. I'm so utterly tired of it, I want to end the farce. Please won't you or some of the other readers speak right out in meeting, and tell me if conscience and commonsense don't say divorce is the only remedy in a case like this?

THE QUITTER.

PLEASE CONSIDER—

IF your copy of Everywoman's World does not arrive on time—that present conditions are such that all transportation facilities are strained to the utmost, and delays are bound to occur.

It is our patriotic duty to cheerfully put our own personal comforts and conveniences in the background wherever they, in any way, interfere with the common good of all.

We mail Everywoman's World earlier than ever before, and hope that this will result in your receiving it at about the usual time. However, if it is late in reaching you, please be patient, as our Government is doing all in its power to handle the congested condition of the mails.

The Why of the Lather

IT is the Ivory lather that makes Ivory Soap so satisfactory for bath and toilet. It is thick, copious, lively; this is because it is one tiny bubble after another instead of a thin, slimy soap solution.

It does not irritate the skin; this is because Ivory Soap contains no free alkali to smart and burn.

It rinses easily; this is because Ivory Soap contains no unsaponified oil to make it stick to the skin.

It cleanses thoroughly; this is because Ivory Soap is so pure.

You owe it to yourself to see how Ivory Soap lathers, how Ivory lather feels and how Ivory lather acts.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

The Windsor Chair of the Eighteenth Century

Again It Flourishes Like a Green Bay Tree

DURING the romance-filled days of the Eighteenth Century, a master artisan whose genius had gone unrecognized for a half century or more, awoke one sunny morning in his quaint little cabinet shop, tucked away on an unassuming street in the old village of Windsor, England, to find himself the centre of kingly favour and admiration.

The famous Windsor Chair was the handiwork, the brain-child of this English cabinet-maker, whose praises are still sung, but whose name, inspiration, and history are buried in mystery. It has come down through the ages finding a welcome nook in kingly mansions and peasants' cottages and was the raison d'etre for the royal recognition of George II. and his courtly Queen on that memorable morning in the year 1750.

Advertising then had not reached the zenith it has to-day, but with the impetus furnished by the kind words and admiration of the King and his host of followers, the modest man's business increased beyond his fondest expectations. Further than this, his page in history is a blank.

UNTIL the visit of His Royal Highness, this product of perseverance was undoubtedly nameless. Thereafter it was christened the Windsor Chair, obviously because of the place of its birth. Reproductions of the original twelve varying patterns of this style of chair can be found in shops and factories throughout the country, being particularly in vogue again to-day. A chosen few individuals and collectors of antiques are in possession of the original productions. The first reproductions were made in this country previous to the year 1763, and since that date the Windsor Chair has intermittantly soared to popularity as the spirit of the time dictates.

THE originator of the graceful lines of this armchair was deserving of greater recognition than he has received in the history of furniture creators and makers.

Mahogany and walnut are the most favoured woods used in the Windsor Chair, but some interior decorators decree that red enamel touched sparingly with gilt shall furnish a finish. The effect is striking.

DRAWING, dining, and living rooms in many of the country's most artistic homes boast of these square-backed Windsor Armchairs, many of them cherished family heirlooms.

The quaintness in line and form of grandmother's Windsor Rocker is most apparent in the illustration to the right.

AN open fire-place, a grandfather's Windsor Rocker, and a copper kettle are as closely allied to-day as they were in the early Colonial era. Perhaps it was the dignity of the tall back and the commodious size of the seat of this rocker which caught King George's admiring glances, and his lovely Queen's hearty approval of her esteemed husband's artistic taste.

PERHAPS one of the little Princes or Princesses in the Royal Family found a lot of comfort in this child's Windsor Chair of 1770, which is illustrated on the left. The curved back of the rather dainty armless chair on the right introduces a new type of the old cabinet-maker's achievements.

One-Dollar Christmas Gifts

Make Your Christmas Presents Early and Avoid Worry and Expense at the Last Moment

By MARY A. ROBERTS

3¾ yards of lawn at 20c.	$0.75
4 yards cotton batting	.20
Lavender	.05
	$1.00

THE writer explains how to make ten acceptable and useful Christmas gifts at the cost of one dollar each, thereby remembering ten friends in a most satisfactory manner at the outlay of $10 and a little labor of love. We recommend these as a measure of economy and common sense. Try them now when you have more time than you'll have in December. THE EDITORS.

OF the ten gifts which may be made at a cost of one dollar each, which I shall describe, there is sufficient variety for almost any group of friends. The cost of materials varies from time to time, but the figures I quote are close to the average prices unless they change materially between this writing and the date of publication.

The ten presents include: Pullman apron. Bureau drawer linings. Shirtwaist case and shoe bag to match. Hat bag. Travelling writing case. Corset cover ribbons. Steamer chair cushion. Tabloid work bag. Suitcase bag. Dress covers.

A MOST convenient case for travelling is in the form of an apron with a great many pockets, in which to hold everything that you could possibly want. This you tie on when going from Pullman berth to the dressing room. The apron is made of cretonne with linen tape for the finish of the pockets. The foundation measures 24 in. by 24 in.; in each of the lower corners is a long pocket, one for the tooth brush, the other for the comb. Between these, along the lower edge, are two others that are quite square to hold soap and either a face cloth or brush. Then along the left side is a long pocket for the hair brush, and at the right edge rather near the top is a comparatively small one for hair pins. Below this latter, you might put another small, rather narrow one, for a nail brush. Those for the tooth brush, soap, and face cloth, will have to be lined with rubberized sheeting. At either side of the top fasten a piece of tape to tie around the waist. For making this:

1 yard of cretonne	$ .59
3/8 yard rubberized sheeting at $0.60.	.23
2 pieces of linen tape	.18
	$1.00

DAINTY linings for bureau drawers are easily made and always acceptable. All the sewing may be done on the machine, so the time used in the making is short. Cut the pattern for the linings from your own bureau, if it is of ordinary size. For the material a dainty flowered lawn would be pretty.

After you have cut the paper pattern, cut out the material, allowing two thicknesses for each drawer and one layer of cotton batting. When stitching them together, put a little lavender in the padding. Allowing for two long drawers and two small top ones, the amount of material required will be:

1¼ yards cretonne at 59c.	$0.74
1 piece of linen tape	.09
1 yard of cotton batting	.05
1 yard of lawn	.12
	$1.00

A SHIRTWAIST case and shoe bags to match make an excellent present. Blouses are sure to keep fresh if they are wrapped in a case and laid at the bottom of a suit case and if shoes are wrapped there is no fear of soiling garments. The case is best made of one straight piece of cretonne, 36 inches long and 22 wide. The blouses are laid in the centre and the two ends folded over them. Cut the cretonne the size required with a piece of lawn the same size for a lining, a sheet of cotton batting between the two. Baste all these carefully together so that the edges are even, then bind with linen tape. You can put a little lavender or sachet on the cotton if you like. Out of a yard and a quarter of 36-inch cretonne, can be made a blouse case and three shoe bags. These latter are cut 18 inches long and 12 wide. Fold one of the 12 inch sides up 6 inches on to the length of the material. Pin in place, then bind the raw edges with tape and the bag is finished. These are simple to make and are a great comfort. Just slip a pair of shoes in and lay the flap over them, and you are sure that your clothes will not soil from the polish or the sole. Materials required are:

A HAT BAG is an attractive and worth-while Christmas gift. It is made from black China silk and is a great comfort, for not only in carrying is it most inconspicuous, but also keeps the dust from a hat. Make it of a yard and three-quarters of the silk sewed into a bag, with a hem and draw ribbons at the top. When carrying it can easily be adjusted to the size hat you take and then tied to the suit case.

For making:

1¾ yards China silk at 48c.	$0.85
3 yards black ribbon at 5c.	.15
	$1.00

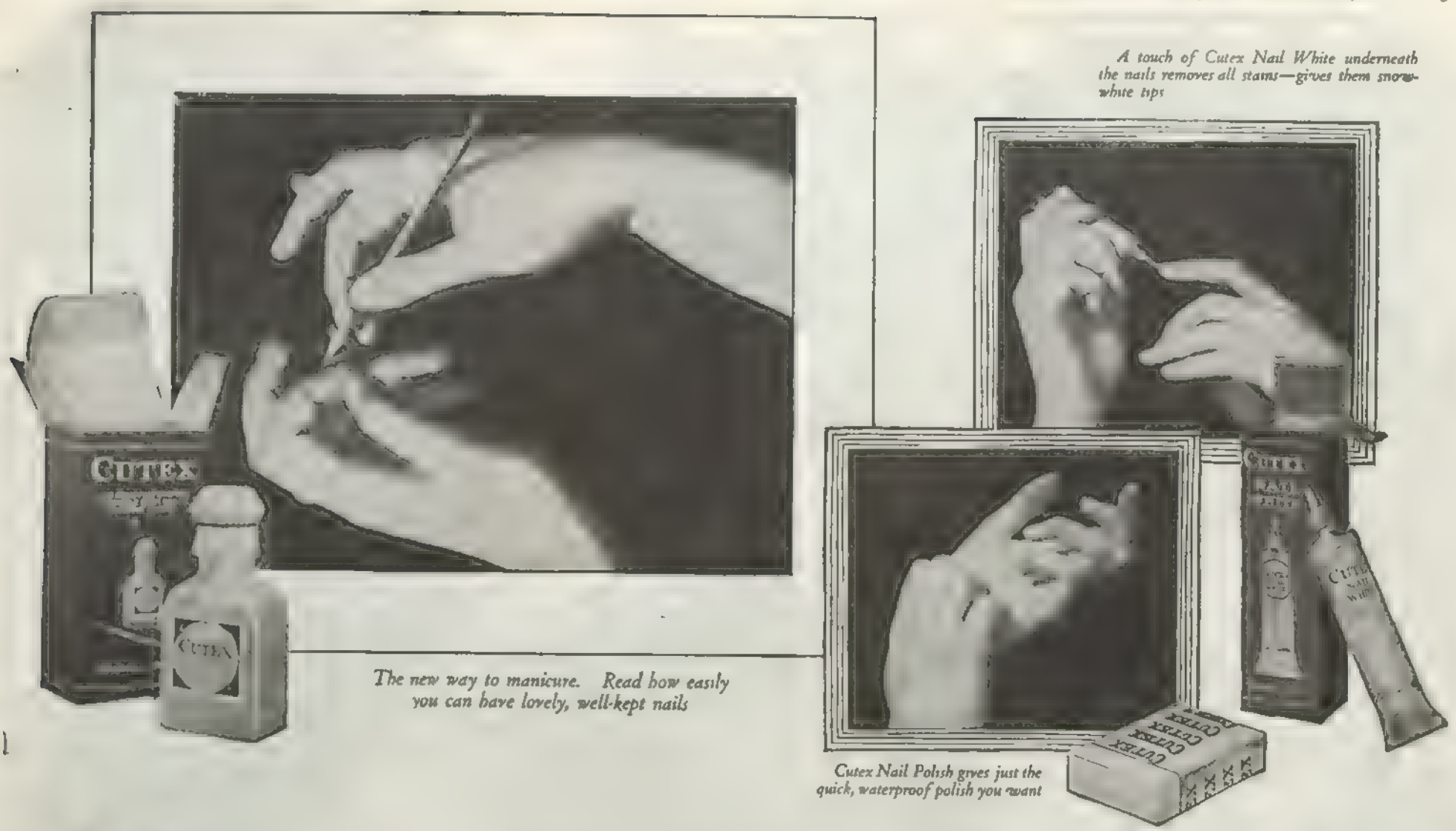
A TRAVELLING case for writing paper is one of the most comfortable things to possess. Folded up, it is no larger than an ordinary book; when opened out it is 16 inches long and 9½ wide; across the centre is a narrow pocket, measuring about two inches, to hold a pen. A large pocket takes up the one side, in which the writing paper is kept and the other side has two pockets, half the size of the larger one for envelopes or to keep unanswered letters in.

For the foundation, cut a piece of linen 16 inches long and 10 wide. A strip 2 inches wide and 10 long will make the pen pocket. Put a half-inch hem at one end, then lay it across the exact centre of the large piece, so that the unhemmed end will be even with the lower edge of the other, and baste it that way. Cover the long sides with linen tape and stitch on both edges. The flap at the top of this case is cut 3 inches long and 2 wide; then cut one end into a point, bind the three edges, and baste it in place.

The pocket for the letter paper is cut 12½ inches long and 6½ inches wide. One side is bound with the linen tape when the pocket must be basted in place, with the bound edge toward the inside of the case. The extra three inches in length of the pocket will be taken up by two pleats an inch from each end. The two envelope pockets are cut in one and measure the same size as the larger one for the paper. A row of stitching separates it into two pockets of the same size, and instead of taking the fullness up in two pleats, it is made into four; one an inch from the edge and the other two, a half-inch on either side of the centre stitching.

When the pockets have been basted in place the edges will be turned in a trifle and then bound with linen tape. To keep the case together when folded up, make a flap three inches long and an inch and a half wide with a patent fastener at the end. This flap is put on the centre of the side, where the letter paper pocket is, and if you like you might embroider a monogram on the

(Continued on Page 32)



A touch of Cutex Nail White underneath the nails removes all stains—gives them snow-white tips

The new way to manicure. Read how easily you can have lovely, well-kept nails

Cutex Nail Polish gives just the quick, waterproof polish you want

Why cutting ruins the cuticle

How you can keep it smooth and firm without cutting

START today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. See how quickly, how easily you can have the most wonderful manicure—see how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle without trimming or cutting it; how lovely it makes your nails look.

See what specialists say

Over and over, specialists repeat the advice—"Do not trim the cuticle." "Under no circumstances should scissors or knife touch the cuticle." "Cutting is ruinous."

It was to meet this need for a *harmless* cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared.

Cutex completely does away with cuticle cutting; leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm, unbroken.

The new way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Rinse the hands in clear water.

A touch of Cutex Nail White—a soft, white cream, removes all discolorations from underneath the nails.

Cutex Cake Polish, rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the nails, gives them a delightful polish. Should you wish an especially brilliant, long-lasting polish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish.

The first Cutex manicure makes a decided improvement

Until you use Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even one application makes; you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

After a few applications, no matter how ugly cuticle-cutting has made your nails, Cutex will soon give them the shapeliness and symmetry everyone admires. Try it. See for yourself.

Where to get Cutex

Cutex manicure preparations are sold in all high-class drug stores and at the toilet goods counters of department stores.

Cutex comes in 35c, 70c and $1.50 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is also 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle, is 35c. If your favorite store has not yet been supplied with Cutex, order direct from us and we will fill your order promptly.

NORTHAM WARREN
NEW YORK CITY AND MONTREAL

(Photo by Lumière Studio, New York)

Ethel Clayton, beloved by motion picture "fans" everywhere, says: "Cutex keeps my nails looking so beautifully, my friends often remark it"

(Photo by Campbell Studio, N. Y.)

Anita Stewart, whose return to motion pictures after a long absence has so delighted her friends, says: "I have used Cutex for years. It has made my manicure the work of a moment and makes my nails so attractive. I never tire of admiring them"

(Photo, Ira Hill Studio, New York)

Elsie Janis, a favorite in every American city, says: "I am delighted with Cutex. I have just finished my nails and find it most wonderful"

Send 21c today for this complete Midget Manicure Set

Mail the coupon today with 21c—18c for the manicure set and 3c for postage—and we will send you a Cutex Midget Manicure Set, complete with orange stick, emery boards and absorbent cotton. Enough for at least six "manicures." Send for it today. Address MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited (Canadian Distributors for Northam Warren, New York and Montreal), Dept. 1102, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal.

This complete manicure set for 21 cents

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 21c TODAY

MACLEAN, BENN & NELSON, Limited
(Canadian Distributors for Northam Warren, New York and Montreal)
Dept. 1102. 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

Famous Opera Stars Now In The Movie Constellation

-:-

Lina Cavalieri

FAMOUS all over Europe for her beauty as well as for her remarkable voice, Lina Cavalieri—born in Italy, by the way came to America to win more laurels. A prominent member of the Metropolitan Opera Company and a popular motion picture star—that surely is proof that she won them. Lina Cavalieri's husband, the great French tenor, Lucien Muratore, plays with her in her latest photoplays. When Muratore sang "Le Marseillaise" he sang as though he were the whole French Army and Navy, striving to win the five years' war in five minutes.

Enrico Caruso

BEFORE coming to America to appear before the camera, Mary Garden was decorated by Serbia and France for her war-relief work. The classic "Thais" was her initial picture work.

CAROLINE White, a Boston girl who made her operatic debut in Naples in 1910, is leading lady in Caruso's first photoplay "Cousin Carus." She has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House.

TO millions of people, Caruso has been a voice and a name, but never a personality—the real personality of the greatest operatic star of modern times will be revealed shortly through the eyes of the camera.

Geraldine Farrar

GERALDINE Farrar, the magnificent! All adjectives one might use seem so inadequate! Her personality just seems to reach out from the screen and grip and hold you. Miss Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass., studied in New York, then in the musical centres of Europe. When she opened the Fourth Liberty Loan drive in Washington, the Vice-President of the United States—Thomas B. Marshall—signified his approval of the diva's singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by purchasing the first bond of a large denomination offered.

Mary Garden

Caroline White

Pond's Cold Cream has exactly the consistency demanded by masseurs

One application of Pond's Vanishing Cream makes your skin noticeably lovely

Every day your complexion pays toll to wind and dirt

BUT WITH THESE TWO CREAMS YOU CAN KEEP IT RADIANTLY LOVELY

Begin early in the season to apply Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you put on your veil and you will find that your complexion keeps its pliancy, its brilliancy throughout the most trying weather

THE rough, cold winds chap and roughen the skin; dry heated air draws and parches it. The constant strain under which we live—the ceaseless activity of crowded days, the constant effort, the lack of rest—all these things take daily toll of the complexion.

You *can* protect your complexion from the wear and tear of winter—can prevent that tired, drawn look from appearing in your face, by giving your skin the care it needs.

Every normal skin needs two entirely different creams

It constantly needs a greaseless cream to refresh, soften and keep it elastic, and at night it needs an oil cream for cleansing and massage.

Try these two creams on your own skin and see how different they are.

When you dress, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your face and neck before powdering. See how gladly the pores absorb it—your complexion becomes soft, healthfully rosy and refreshed. The cream completely disappears, leaving the skin soft, smooth and free from any "shiny" look.

(Photo copyright, Lumiére Studio)

Norma Talmadge, who needs no introduction to the stage-goers, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream leaves my skin refreshed and clear"

(Photo by Ira Hill)

Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I"

This fragrant, dewy cream contains a skin-softening ingredient of great value—that one that skin specialists recognize as most efficient in keeping the skin supple, for giving it the transparent freshness everyone admires.

Apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream when you motor or travel. Rub it in lightly. This will protect the sensitive pores from grit and grime, will keep your skin free from that parched feeling that generally follows exposure to dust and dirt.

For cleansing and massage you need an oil cream

Pond's Cold Cream is an *oil* cream.

Much of the value of a cleansing and massage cream depends on its consistency. Unless it is easy to work into the pores, it does not thoroughly benefit the skin. The moment you use Pond's Cold Cream, you will exclaim at its delightful softness and smoothness.

Do not expect one cream to accomplish the gratifying results you can attain by the use of these two *entirely different* creams. Neither cream will cause the growth of hair—both are obtainable at drug and department stores. Get a tube or jar of each today and try them. See how their use will improve your skin.

TRY BOTH CREAMS FREE

Tear out and mail the coupon before you turn the page—and get sample tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream *free*. Or send 10c. and we will send you tubes of each cream large enough to last two weeks. Send today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 146-P Brock Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.
146-P Brock Avenue, Toronto, Canada:

Please send me, free, the items checked below.
☐ Free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream ☐ Pond's Cold Cream.
Instead of the free samples, I enclose items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
☐ 5c sample Pond's Vanishing Cream; ☐ 5c sample Cold Cream

Name .....

Street

City .....

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Real Sugar Saving Begins at Home

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

QUEEN ELIZABETH of England is more to blame for our present sufferings, when we have but one spoonful of sugar at a serving, than the Food Board or the Submarines," growled the Sugar-Lover.

Now to you and to me its does seem a bit far fetched to drag Queen Bess into a 1918 sugar shortage, and saddle her with the responsibility of our restricted sweet-diet. I objected for both of us, but failed to score.

"Who brought sugar into ordinary domestic consumption? Queen Bess did. It was like this—sugar, the "Sweet sticks of the East", seems to have made it's first appearance in India and in 627 A.D., when the Byzantines invaded Persia, sugar was certainly the sweetest part of their booty. It rambled about Europe a little, and in a few centuries, a Venetian trouble-maker discovered the art of refining it. Of course, some of it got to England, and in the seventeenth century, Queen Elizabeth developed a decided sweet tooth and introduced sugar as an article of diet in her own household.

"It took a long time for the people generally to do as the Queen did, for there was not much sugar altogether, and it cost 17½c. a pound—a great deal of money in those days. However, there was enough demand from the wealthy classes to start the old supply-and-demand see-saw teetering, and sugar soared to 31½ cents a pound in about half a century.

"Little more than a century ago, then, people were reaching out after that scarce and high-priced luxury, sugar.

"And here are we, just about a hundred years later—thinking much about *that scarce and high-priced article, sugar*, but under the circumstances, we can't reach after it too much."

And the Sugar-Lover heaved a sigh of resignation, and ruminatively stirred his coffee—in which the single lump of sugar had long since melted.

Now, conditions have changed very greatly since the days when sugar moved only in aristocratic circles. The supply might not have been much greater to-day than it was in Queen Elizabeth's time had the world remained altogether dependent upon the cane-sugar from the tropics. But science and perseverance and the discovery that land devoted to the growing of sugar-beets greatly increased its yield of rotated crops, gave us the new beet-sugar industry, and at the outbreak of war, Europe was producing annually more than nine and a half million tons of sugar.

But like the rest of Europe's peace-time industries, sugar production has suffered a serious interruption, and the tropical output is enjoying something of its old-time position. The submarine has taken a large toll of the southern output, however, and by and large, the need for stringent sugar-economy has been demonstrated. We knew about it long ago, we practised it somewhat, but it took the canning-season to really drive home the seriousness of the sugar shortage to the majority of Canadian women.

How have we met the sugar situation? Some have stretched the letter of the law to its fullest extent and have "held up" their uncomfortably-situated grocer for the stipulated one or two pounds of sugar with every order. They have privately taken to themselves Elizabethan prerogatives—while there was sugar, sugar they would have.

Others have turned a little real thought to the problem of managing with less—much less—sugar than was their custom, and it is amazing what a little cleverness will do—how varied and satisfactory different sweetening substances and different methods may be.

Yet instead of bringing into evidence all the housewifery, ancient and modern, that is the natural heritage of woman, we find that sugar is going into Canadian homes on too nearly the old basis of speed and quantity. Moreover, it is not always being used as fast as it comes in!

The shamefulness of that fact is summed up in the statement of Mr. Thompson, the Chairman of the Canada Food Board. "There seems to be a good deal of household hoarding going on."

Sugar, that is being doled out by the meagre spoonful to both the soldier and civilian across the sea (when they get any at all), is not only being used with unthinking and unpatriotic freedom in Canadian households, but is being stored in Canadian cupboards—not only "sugar as usual" but "sugar unusual"!

And all the time we have at our hands a myriad substitute sweeteners—corn syrup, molasses, honey, the sweet fruits such as raisins, dates, figs, prunes, just full of the sugar in its purest form, enough to contribute considerable of the sweetening needed in the simple cakes and puddings that they make so delicious

Or is it too much to ask of us—so aloof and protected in our prosperous and protected America—to even alter our tastes a trifle—to take less sugar in our tea and coffee, on our cereals and fruits, *even though we like them sweet?*

Not one of us but would go entirely without it if by so doing a single known soldier in the allied lines might be assured the sweet he so greatly requires. Not one of us would refuse our last lump of sugar if a hungry Belgian child, wan and under-nourished stretched an eager hand toward it, or a wistful Frenchman eyed it enviously.

The need is for us to visualize these identical recipients of the sugar we do not buy—to realize that if we will merely refrain from using a pound of sugar we *could* use, that is one more pound of sugar for overseas use. No use saying "If I don't get it from my grocer Mrs. Jones will just get my share." Mrs. Jones will do no such thing. She will use so much or so little, according as she is a thinking, patriotic woman—apart altogether from what you get, unless, perchance, she learns of your attitude and is moved to follow it!

There is scarcely a woman in Canada who cannot point to-day to a home where the cake with the sugar frosting is still a common sight. There are even women who have the "nerve" to flaunt their careless pro-German housewifery—who will insult a guest by offering her such forbidden dainties and air their selfish indulgence openly

Above—The unpatriotic housewife who uses only granulated sugar for sweetening when cooking.

To the right—Her thrifty sister making use of brown sugar and the many substitutes.

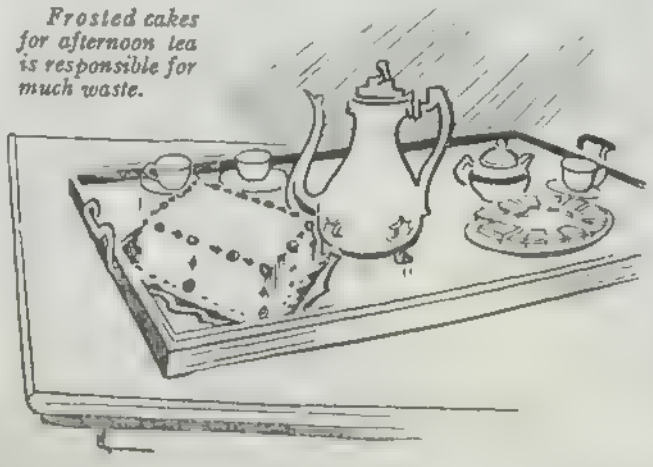
Another thing, whether we have done our *own* part or not, there has been a strong tendency on the part of women everywhere to point the finger of accusation, to cry "Why is so and so" and to say "First let the big savings be made. I will follow with my small one." And they point to the alleged great quantities of sugar being used by manufacturers of sweetened food products, such as confectionery. And here is one of our basic mistakes, for many of the objectors do not even know that the allowance of sugar to these and other industries, has long since been cut in half!

Let us look at some of the manufactured food products that require sugar, and see just what conditions govern them at present and how they are managing on 50 per cent. of their last year's average sugar supply.

Take the sweetened breakfast-food You may detect no difference in its flavour—yet manufacturers have for a long time been experimenting with various methods of sweetening their product, in order that their production need not shrink in proportion to the allowance of sugar they have to count on. So sweet syrups, molasses, and other old stand-bys are called to the service—and right well they have answered

From the beginning, chocolate has been in the lead for overseas shipment for food expert and soldier have agreed that it's the thing—though their reasons may differ considerably. So this highly concentrated, splendidly sustaining, and universally well-liked food has gone across ton upon ton. And to-day the manufacturers of chocolate are allowed only 50 per cent. of their average sugar consumption of last year. This is really only about one-third of the actual amount of sugar need for this year's requirements if the overseas and home markets are to be supplied.

Frosted cakes for afternoon tea is responsible for much waste.

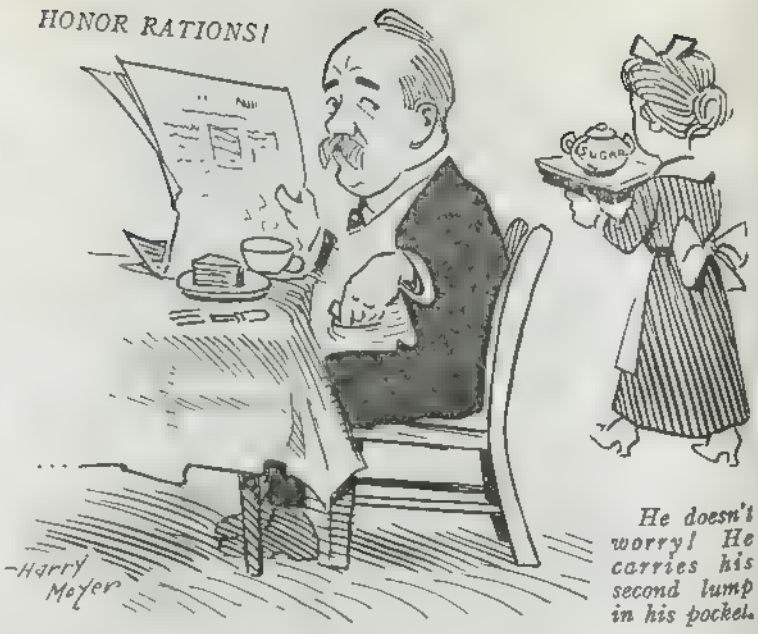


So with the making of chewing gum. It has been "on active service" since the first contingent crossed the sea. Now it's a case of less sugar and subsequently clever substitutes—or less chewing gum.

The direct shipment overseas to Canadian and allied soldiers, absorbs vast quantities of the output of the manufacturers of chocolate—a fact that is also outstandingly true in the case of chewing gum.

Add to that the aggregate amount of sweets—especially chocolate and chewing gum—that find their way across the sea in the private gift box, and a tremendous hole is made in the total output of Canada's manufacturers. On top of that, let us regard the following statement made in Montreal by Mr. H.B. Thompson, Chairman of the Canada Food Board.

"Since last May the use of sugar for candy and confectionery manufacturers has been cut down fifty per cent. Out of 370,000 tons of sugar which Canada used annually, the confectionery manufacturers have only been using 16,000 tons, or 5⅓ per cent. If we issued an order absolutely closing down the candy factories, we would disorganise an industry and throw thousands out of work. However, we have ordered the refineries to ship no sugar to candy manufacturers until the present temporary shortage is relieved.



He doesn't worry! He carries his second lump in his pocket.

"The manufacturers have played the game fairly since restrictions were placed on them in May. If people would save the second spoon of sugar in their tea, it would save 50,000 tons of sugar a year, more than twice the amount used by candy manufacturers. If the consumer would get in behind the Food Boards as well as the manufacturers, there would be no difficulty"

Yet let us look at the canning industry. Here is a peculiarly situated manufacturer, for his product is one that patriotism and good sense are boosting. He is doing exactly what every good citizen is urged to do—preserving perishable food—products for later consumption. Is he encouraged? Yes, but with reservations.

The canner may no longer preserve his fruit in what we call "heavy syrup." No matter what his brand has hitherto denoted, he uses now only a light syrup, made with a much smaller percentage of sugar. The fruits can be most successfully preserved with little or no sugar—but can the canner count on the public's buying them, if they are not as sweet or syrupy as of yore? Frankly, he is afraid to count on the public to buy anything that has not been "Sweetened to taste" on a pre-war basis!

Candies, sweet-meats, almost all confectionery, have come under the sweeping ban of not only the women who views her own responsibility as the last one, but also of her more conscientious sister, who, not content, with merely doing her part, is properly conscious of the further help she feels might well be given the cause. True, candy is not a necessity to the sustaining of life, nor is any other particular article of diet in the sense that it is indispensable, but we have acquired the habit of taking much of the sugar we crave, in the delicious and varied forms which the candy-maker's art has offered us.

These tastes of ours have caused the building of large industries giving employment to thousands of people, and paying large revenues into the coffers of the nation computed to amount to three or four times the amount of sugar used. Now is it quite ours to wave a hand—even an abnegatory hand—and say "take them away"? Haven't we perhaps another and nearer duty first?

Whether the motive be "you first" or "you also," there is no little misunderstanding abroad in the land, as to the amount of sugar that is being used in the manufacture of all those products, broadly grouped as "confectionery" as compared with the quantity of sugar consumed in our homes. Sweet-shops seem to abound, each one over-flowing with the delicious candies that tempt our appetites and raise our criticism And, spurred on, often, by our very love of sugary luxuries, we conscientiously denounce the use of sugar by their manufacturers and call for a general ban.

Yet defensive evidence is everywhere ours for the noting. Examine any assortment of sweets that was reasonably familiar to you before the sugar-shortage. Where are the rich, sugary

(Continued on Page 37)

The Truth About the Sugar Situation

Statement for Everywoman's World, by the Chairman of the Canada Food Board

THE sugar situation to-day is an index of how householders carry out their belief in patriotism. In the three weeks ended October 3rd, the following quantities of sugar went to wholesale and retail grocers:

Ottawa	1,250,000	pounds
Hamilton	1,717,000	"
Montreal	2,835,700	"
Toronto	3,258,700	"
Calgary	1,010,000	"

There seems to be a good deal of household hoarding going on. It is for the individual housewife to see to this. A strict supervision is kept on the wholesalers, who must by October 15th have secured coupons from the Food Board to enable them to get supplies from the refineries. One and a half pounds for each person in a month is far more than the average in most of the neutral countries in Europe. Unless we get panicky and begin hoarding without conscience, there is plenty of sugar to go around. In fact, now that the seasonal demand for preserving is over, it will tend to become easier each day. The right thing to do is to buy in small quantities at regular intervals.

Henry B. Thompson

MILK--Our Most Complete Food

When It's Pure There Is No Food to Compare with It

THE importance of pure milk cannot be overestimated. "The one perfect human food," is a true description of good milk—but for milk that is not right, there can scarcely be coined a condemnation strong enough. Surely a food that contains every one of the elements necessary for nutrition, and each in just the right proportion, is worthy of the best thought and effort to keep it working in the right direction. But it is only comparatively recently that the knowledge of how actively harmful impure or contaminated milk can be, has driven us to giving it the attention it warrants. We have come to realise that although pure milk is the finest food and provides the most nourishment for the money it costs, it is the most perishable of the staple foods and is liable to be the dirtiest and most dangerous food

Any wandering germ looking for a good home will choose milk before any other resting place. A fly contemplating suicide, will make straight for the cream-pitcher. For haven't scientists been declaring to all who would listen that "milk is a natural culture medium for bacteria," and that it will absorb impurities whenever it is exposed to the air? Any intelligent germ will promptly recognize the natural advantages of a milk home—with the additional inducement of plenty of congenial company, for once the way is open, bacteria will congregate and multiply in a manner to turn a higher mathematician dizzy.

Tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever and tonsilitis germs thrive splendidly in milk. Sometimes they are derived directly from the cow—sometimes they gain access to the milk on its varied journey from cow to consumer. "Bovine tuberculosis," for instance, is amazingly common—comparatively few herds are tuberculin tested. The human system receiving these germs, is likely to gather them to itself, resulting in intestinal tuberculosis, tubercular peritonitis, or our ordinary "consumption." Children are much more readily infected by these "T.B. bugs," than are adults, but all alike are prey for the ordinary tuberculosis germ that has found its way into the milk can, transmitted by careless handling by some one already affected.

The Avoidance of Danger

THESE horrors, very real and very dangerous, have not long had the attention of authorities. In many districts, conditions are constantly improving under the earnest efforts of health officers and legislation, all tending toward three safety-measures. First, milk from healthy cows only. Second, careful handling at all stages, to prevent impurities of any kind from getting into it, via the containers, dust, flies or human agency. Third, exquisite cleanliness at every stage. Madame Cow must be immaculate, her toilet a matter of care, her housing above criticism, and her milkers fastidious about the cleanliness of their hands and the sterilization of all containers. And fourth, the temperature is important, for with everything else as it should be, milk exposed for even a short time to the rays of the sun or to the heated air of the kitchen, will run up immense quantities of bacteria, and the good work will be all undone.

Every mother, every woman catering for a household, must assume her personal responsibility in this most important matter of securing a safe milk supply. Milk is essential—one of the foundation stones of any proper dietary, so the question cannot be begged or evaded. If the community she lives in is not one of the progressive ones, with a conscientious health officer and up-to-date milk laws, she should make it her own business to insist upon better conditions.

Proper milk inspection and rigid enforcement of sanitary regulations are the duties of every citizen, the only fair heritage of every child. A safe supply for your town means inspected herds and farms, proper refrigerator, carefully sampled and tested milk, scientific pasteurization and a strict supervision of it's handling—a very different matter from the bad old days when the only interference was the addition of pump-water and the subtraction of cream!

Besides the control exercised by public supervision, there is another great move in the safe milk direction. Hand in hand with it has gone the establishment of new industries and the development of dairy herds that have achieved world-records.

Condensed, evaporated and powdered milks have resulted, and have already accomplished two very important ends. Primarily, they have made pure milk, safe, convenient and dependable, possible for every one, from the city-dweller to the explorer in arctic seas. Secondly they have given tremendous stimulation to better dairying methods, either because the farmer wants to sell his milk to the condensaries and knows that he must maintain the most rigid standards to do so, or he must compete against them, in supplying pure milk.

That these grocer-sold milks are thoroughly suitable for ordinary domestic use, is a fact that has only begun to come home to many a good and conscientious housewife. Many women have bought condensed milk to take to the summer camp or to have in the house in case of emergency, or have thought of powdered milk as "a wonderful thing to send overseas," and have never made a mental connection between the certain cleanliness and safety of the canned milk and their own daily kitchen needs. This, perchance in spite of a constantly noted black sediment in the bottom of the milk, and an earnest disapproval of soiled hands, sour-smelling cans, and the casual methods of handling the milk they buy.

Most Real of Real Milks

A QUESTION recently put to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD was, "What is canned milk made from? You'd never know it from real cream in your coffee."

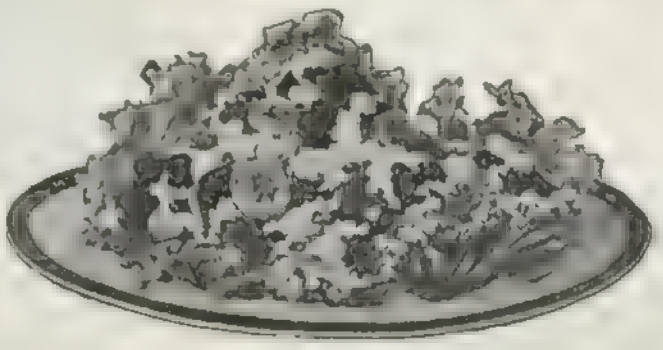
Milk, just pure, sweet milk, is the answer.

Evaporated and condensed milk is simply whole milk from which part of the water has been removed. In what is usually called evaporated milk there is no sugar or any other substance added. The milk, after the evaporation of some of its water element, is thoroughly sterilized, sealed in an air tight can, and reaches the consumer in this altogether natural state, without any possibilities of contamination by the way. The sterilization makes the milk safe and (the old idea of danger from the can having been thoroughly exploded) the container keeps it safe. Incidentally the highest quality milk, from cows of known good health, and the most modern type of plants and equipment and scientific methods, give purity ensurance from first to last.

The flavour of evaporated milk is different from that of ordinary milk. This is not due to the introduction of any other ingredient—there is no sugar, flavouring, preservatives or—foolish notion—flavour from the can. The taste is due to the fact chat the milk, in the process of being condensed, is cooked. Used in cooking, in the making of soups, sauces, creamed fish, meat or vegetables, desserts, and so forth, there will be no unusual flavour—the ordinary liquid milk would be cooked in the preparation of these dishes and the same final result obtained.

The term "condensed milk" has come to be more specifically used for the milk that is condensed and sweetened—a large percentage of cane sugar, and usually some starch, are added when the water has been partially evaporated. "Evaporated milk" has become the trade name for the milk which has merely been reduced to the consistency of cream by the removal of about half of its water content and sterilized when canned.

Whilst evaporated milk, therefore, can be used anywhere that milk is called for, the sugar in the so-called condensed milk must be considered, for it is frequently used in as great a proportion as one-third of the finished product.



Condensed Milk Mayonnaise—Eggless

ONE-HALF teaspoon salt, few grains paprika, 2 tablespoons evaporated milk, ½ cup olive oil, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar, ½ teaspoon mustard. Beat the evaporated milk until it is a little light; add half of the acid (lemon juice or vinegar). Add a little oil, drop by drop, letting it flow more freely as mixture thickens. Mix the mustard smoothly with the rest of the acid, add the other seasonings and mix very thoroughly with the other ingredients.

How to Use Evaporated Milk

THE woman who studies food values (and what woman of intelligence and patriotic inclination does not?) will find real satisfaction in the use of a good evaporated milk, because she can adjust its richness so simply, to the particular need of every dish. The easy standard for her guidance is that the evaporated milk is just double the strength of rich, whole milk. If she wants to use it in a recipe which calls for a cup of sweet milk, she will pour *half* a cup of evaporated milk from her can, fill the cup with water, and so obtain the exact equivalent called for. If, however, the recipe also calls for butter or other shortening and her supply is low or she wants to save it, the undiluted evaporated milk, with it's extra content of butter-fat, will enrich the dish and decrease the amount of shortening that is necessary.

If she is creaming a stock soup, on the other hand, or wants a light cream soup or creamed vegetables, she can use a greater proportion of water—say one-half cup evaporated milk to a whole cup of water.

It is as a substitute for cream that evaporated milk particularly endears itself to many women—for it gives them at a moment's notice the rich, creamy texture needed in a particular dessert, sauce or salad dressing, without necessitating the purchase of one spoonful more cream than she needs. Many a dish is perfected by the use of a spoonful or two of cream—but inconvenience or motives of economy prevent the special purchase of a bottle of cream, for even the tiniest quantity will cost from ten to twelve cents. But a spoonful of evaporated milk from the convenient can, solves the problem and saves the dish; the entire remainder of the can may be diluted to milk constituency as it is required.

Whipped cream? Of course it makes ambrosia of many a simple sweet, but we either haven't got it on hand, or again require but a little bit. Evaporated milk will serve here; there are brands which, thoroughly chilled, will whip just as heavy cream does. If you find that even after chilling, the brand you use will not whip, the addition of a little acid, either lemon juice or vinegar, will cause it to whip as stiff as you desire. The sweetened condensed milk will not whip alone, but the acid treatment will make it also amenable to your beater. You will have to experiment as to the amount of acid necessary—usually from one to one and three-quarters teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls of the milk, will answer.

The starchy flavour noticeable in the whipped sweetened condensed milk, can be greatly lessened by first cooking it for ten minutes in a double boiler, and cooling before the acid is added and the milk whipped.

The milk if beaten till frothy, will give a fairy-like consistency to many desserts, and will altogether lend itself to so much variety of treatment, that it will intrigue any real cook's fancy. It amounts to this—you can have cream, rich milk, thin milk, *all* constantly at your hand.

A Delicious War-Time Pudding

ONE cup evaporated milk, 1 cup water, ½ cup rice, 3 tablespoons sugar, pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ pound rasins cut in half. Boil the rice in 1 cup of water. When it is partially cooked, drain and add water to the liquid to bring the amount to 1 cup, and mix thoroughly with the evaporated milk. Add the rice, while still hot, the sugar and flavoring, and turn into a well-greased dish. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Milk in Powder Form

ANOTHER justly popular milk is that which comes in powder form. The almost complete evaporation of all the water in fresh milk (87 per cent.) has been found entirely practicable, and we now have milk in the dry powder form—creamy in colour, smooth and velvety if rubbed between the fingers, and entirely soluble when it is beaten up with water to restore it to the form of liquid milk.

Whole milk powder—that is, all the solids of the fresh milk—is used a great deal by manufacturers of milk chocolate, biscuits, and so forth. Imagine the ease and convenience of handling it compared with vast quantities of liquid milk from the dairies! The powdered milk that is on the general market, is not this whole milk, however. It is all the solids of the milk, except the butter fat. In other words, the milk is separated, almost all the butter fat removed, and then the separated milk is evaporated, leaving the remainder of the milk solids in the form of powder.

Dieticians have been urging on us the increased use of skim milk—not as being the *equal* of whole milk, from the standpoint of the nourishment supplied, but as a very suitable and cheap food that is apt to be overlooked or under-estimated. In the powdered form, we get it with all the certainties of highest quality and perfect safety, and in a very convenient form for daily use. Analysis shows this powder to be 95 per cent. milk-solids-not-fat, about 2 per cent. butter fat, and 3 per cent. moisture.

In using powdered milk with other dry ingredients, such as flour, meals, sugar, etcetera, it is easiest to add the amount of milk powder and wet all the dry ingredients with water to the amount of the liquid demanded by the recipe. If liquid milk is desired (as for a soup or sauce) water is added, in the proportion of one-half pint of water to 4 level tablespoons milk powder. To mix properly put the water in a bowl, float the milk powder in it and fold in and whip briskly with a beater.

The transportation and storage of these concentrated milks make them of tremendous importance—easily recognized when we consider that a one-pound tin of powder makes four quarts of separated milk and that condensed milk bulks only one-half of ordinary liquid milk. They do not require any highly specialized means of handling after being sealed in the can, and will keep indefinitely before the tin is opened and for a considerable period afterwards.

Onward Kitchen Soldiers!

November Food Conserving Recipes

By MARJORIE DALE

THE menus and recipes on this page have all been tried and not one been found wanting by the food expert of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Time, thought and labor have been expended on them in your interest. We realize the value of every minute to every household soldier and have endeavored to lighten the burden of meal planning, which, no matter how humble, consumes precious moments which might otherwise be expended. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Prune Pulp

ONE pound prunes, 1½ pints water, cinnamon, brown sugar.

Wash prunes well, put them in a bowl with water and soak 12 hours, lift from water with a spoon so as to let all impurities sink to the bottom of bowl. Put them in a saucepan and strain water that prunes were soaked in over them, being careful to leave all sediment at the bottom. Now put them where they will simmer slowly, adding two small sticks of cinnamon. When they are quite tender, sweeten to taste and cool. When cold, stone and run through sieve.

Boston Roast

ONE can kidney beans or like quantity cooked beans, bread crumbs, ½ lb. grated cheese, salt.

Mash beans or put them through a meat grinder. Add the cheese and sufficient breadcrumbs to make mixture stiff enough to roll. Bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally with butter and water. Serve with tomato sauce. This dish may be flavoured with onions chopped and cooked in butter.

Baked Egg Plant

ONE quart diced egg plant, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 2 cups bread crumbs, ½ teaspoon salt.

Peel egg plant and cut in ¾-inch cubes, soak in cold water to which one tablespoon salt has been added to each quart of water, soak ½ hour. Cook in boiling, salted water till tender, drain, add salt and milk; melt butter, stir in crumbs, add the buttered crumbs and bake in an oiled pan in a moderate oven until set.

Turnip Puree

TWO cups grated turnip, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup cream or top of milk.

Wash, peel, and grate sufficient number of turnips to make two cups. To the cream add lemon juice and salt and beat thoroughly, then pour over the grated turnips.

Date Surprise

ONE tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons cornstarch, 3 tablespoons sugar or 2 tablespoons corn syrup, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 quart milk, 1 teaspoon almond extract, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Heat milk and sweetening in a double boiler, mix the cornstarch in cold milk, add hot milk. Cook twenty minutes, add chopped dates and butter and when butter melts add vanilla and almond extract. Serve cold, with cream.

Peanut Salad

ONE pint peanuts, 1 cup chopped celery, French dressing, green peppers, lettuce leaves.

Shell, skin, and chop peanuts; there should be half a cup; chill chopped celery on ice, marinate well in French dressing, mix with peanuts; wipe peppers, cut in halves lengthwise, remove seeds, arrange on bed of lettuce leaves, fill with prepared mixture.

Orange Mint Salad

FOUR oranges, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Remove pulp from oranges, cutting fruit in half crosswise and using spoon, sprinkle with sugar and add mint and lemon juice. Chill thoroughly, serve in glasses and garnish each with a sprig of mint.

Apple Fritters

ONE cup flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1/3 cup milk, 1 egg well beaten, 2 medium-sized apples cut in eighths.

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt, sugar, then add milk gradually with egg. Pare, core, and cut apples, stir into batter, drop by spoonfuls into deep fat.

Baked Gingerbread with Apples

FIVE large apples, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup boiling water, gingerbread mixture.

Cut apples in eighths, remove skin and seeds, cook until half done in thin syrup made from sugar and water. Drain apples from syrup, put into buttered baking dish and pour over gingerbread mixture. Bake in a moderate oven, serve with top of milk.

Divide butter into three parts, put one part in saucepan with egg yolks and lemon juice, place saucepan in a larger one containing 1/3 cup boiling water, stir constantly with a wire whisk until butter is melted; then add second part and as it thickens, third part; add 1/3 cup boiling water, cook one minute, season with salt and cayenne.

Grape Juice Souffle

TWO tablespoons gelatine, 1 pint grape juice, 4 egg whites (that have separated for other use of yolks), ¾ cup heavy cream.

Put gelatine in grape juice, heat in double boiler until gelatine has dissolved, strain into bowl, set bowl in saucepan of ice water and when mixture begins to thicken fold in egg-whites beaten to stiff froth; half fill individual moulds with mixture. To the remaining mixture add stiffly beaten cream, fill moulds with cream mixture and chill.

Fruit Tapioca

ONE-HALF cup pearl tapioca, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 inch stick cinnamon, 1 tumbler currant jelly, ¼ cup blanched almonds, ¼ cup seeded raisins, ¼ cup citron, sweetening.

Soak tapioca in 2½ cups cold water over night, cook in same water in a double boiler with salt and cinnamon until transparent, add jelly, almonds shredded, raisins, and citron, sweeten with syrup made of corn syrup and water, serve with thin cream.

Ham a la Southern

HAM, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, ½ dozen cloves, 8 peppercorns, 1 bay leaf, 1 pint cider, 2 tablespoons vinegar, cracker crumbs, brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter.

Soak ham over night, thoroughly wash and scrape it. Slice onion, carrot, and turnip and put them into a kettle, add cloves, peppercorns and bay leaf, put in ham, cover with cold water and let simmer for four hours, then add cider and vinegar and let cook till tender. Take out ham and when partly cooled sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and brown sugar, brown in oven. Boil the liquor until reduced to 1 pint, then strain, cool, and remove fat. Cook flour in the butter, add the strained liquor, stir and cook until perfectly smooth. Serve as a sauce for the meat.

Pineapple Cream

YOLKS 2 eggs, rind 1 lemon, juice 1 lemon, ¼ cup sugar, few grains salt, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 1/3 cup cold water, 2/3 cup grated canned pineapple, ½ cup cream, 2 egg-whites.

Beat egg-yolks, add lemon rind, lemon juice, sugar and salt, cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from range and add gelatine which has been soaked 5 minutes in 1/3 cup cold water; add pineapple; when mixture begins to thicken add cream which has been stiffly beaten and egg-whites beaten until stiff. Turn into mould and chill.

Apple Croquettes

APPLES, rolled oats, flour, baking powder, milk, 1 egg, salt.

Grate apples, add egg beaten, rolled oats, run many times through colander with equal quantity of flour, pinch of salt, and baking-powder, 1 teaspoon to every cup of mixed flour and rolled oats. If necessary add a little milk. Form into croquettes, rolling either in dried rolled oats or bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve hot.

Round Steak, Smothered in Onions

SIX large onions, dripping, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup boiling water, round steak.

Cut onions into slices, fry in dripping, stirring for twenty minutes over a good fire, add salt, pepper, and boiling water, place over a moderate fire and simmer for ½ hour or until water is all evaporated and onions a nice brown. Have steak ready pounded with a little flour, put into pan, brown quickly on one side then on the other, season, add two cups boiling water and cook till meat is tender. Place steak on hot dish, heap onions over and around, serve.

Celery Salad Bonne Femme

ONE small bunch celery, apples, cream salad dressing, solid head white cabbage, crisp lettuce leaves.

Wash, scrape celery, cut into small pieces, chill in cold or ice water, drain on dry towel. To celery add equal amount of apples, pared, cored and cut into small pieces, moisten with cream salad dressing and arrange in salad bowl made of small head of cabbage scraped out (use cabbage taken out for other purposes). Place on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and serve, cutting piece from cabbage with each serving.

Pineapple Jelly

TWO cups water, 1 3 cup corn syrup, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup canned pineapple juice, 3 tablespoons strained lemon juice, 1 1/3 cups pineapple cubes.

Put water and syrup on to boil together, boil a few minutes, add gelatine that has been soaked in two tablespoons cold water 5 minutes, then add pineapple juice and lemon juice; when mixture begins to thicken add pineapple. Turn into mould first dipped into cold water. Chill thoroughly.

Irish Moss Blanc Mange

ONE-THIRD cup Irish moss, 4 cups milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons vanilla, sliced bananas.

Soak Irish moss in cold water for fifteen minutes, drain, pick over and add four cups milk, cook in a double boiler 20 minutes, add salt, strain, add vanilla, re-strain, fill individual moulds previously dipped in cold water, chill, turn on glass dish surrounded with sliced bananas, serve with cream and sugar.

Menus for a Week in November

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1st

BREAKFAST
Prune Pulp
Porridge Cream
Toast Coffee
LUNCHEON
Salt Codfish Balls Mustard Pickles
Boston Brown Bread
Moulded Snow Chocolate Sauce
DINNER
Boston Roast Browned Potatoes
Baked Egg Plant Turnip Puree
Date Surprise

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
Oranges
Boiled Rice Cream
Bran Gems Cocoa
LUNCHEON
Peanut Salad Toasted Brown Bread
Cress Canned Fruit
DINNER
Cream of Lima Bean Soup
Scalloped Potatoes and Eggs
Stewed Tomatoes
Fruit Salad French Dressing
Baked Gingerbread with Apples

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Scrambled Egg on Toast with Bacon Curls
Toast Coffee
DINNER
Roast Ham a la Southern
Mashed Potatoes Apple Croquettes
Orange Mint Salad Coffee
TEA
Tomato and Celery Salad
Cream Cheese Sandwiches
Cress Pineapple Cream

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
Grapes
Fried Mush Syrup
Coffee
LUNCHEON
Baltimore Fritters
Lettuce and Celery Salad Wafers
Orange Trifle
DINNER
Cold Sliced Ham Potato Timbales
Moulded Spinach Lemon Custard

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Mush Honey
Bran Biscuit Cocoa
LUNCHEON
Cream of Tomato Soup
Baked Sweet Potato
Fruit Tapioca Tea
DINNER
Round Steak Smothered in Onions
Huntingdon Cauliflower
Mashed Potatoes Grape Juice Souffle

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
Baked Apples
Pearl Barley Cream
Cereal Coffee
LUNCHEON
Rice Croquettes Currant Jelly
Crackers Cream Cheese
Tea
DINNER
Salmon Timbales Rice Border
Hollandaise Sauce
Celery Salad Bonne Femme
Pineapple Jelly

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Bananas
Cornmeal Porridge Cream
Toast Tea
LUNCHEON
Celery Soup Souffled Crackers
Glazed Carrots Radishes
Apple Fritters
DINNER
Pork Chops Apple Sauce
Baked Potatoes Corn Southern
Irish Moss Blanc Mange with Sliced Bananas and Cream

Huntingdon Cauliflower

ONE cooked cauliflower, 2 egg yolks, ¼ cup cream or top milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg, juice of ½ lemon, 2 tablespoons butter substitute.

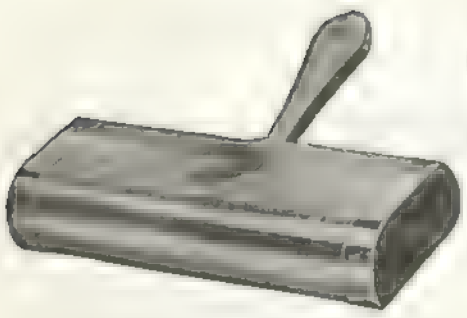
Drain a cooked cauliflower, separate into flowerettes and pour over the following sauce: Mix egg yolks, cream, salt, nutmeg, and the juice of 1 lemon thoroughly together, cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until mixture thickens, add butter bit by bit and when melted serve at once.

Potato Timbales

WASH and boil potatoes with jackets on, cool slightly, peel, chop, season with salt and pepper and moisten with milk. Brush timbale moulds generously with butter and sprinkle with soft bread crumbs. Pack in potatoes and bake in hot oven.

Hollandaise Sauce

ONE-HALF cup butter substitute, yolks 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1/3 cup boiling water, salt, cayenne.



The Experiment Kitchen

SOMETHING that would appear as a novelty in dining-room appointments has come into view lately—chiefly in the jewellery and novelty shops. It is a new crumb lifter that is fashioned on the principle of that very prosaic household article, the carpet sweeper. It is a very aristocratic version of "sweeper," however—a dainty little affair, perhaps eight or nine inches long, with a little brush of white bristle that will catch up every errant crumb. The whole is of nickel, silver plated in the ever popular engine-turned design—a narrow stripe; its delightfully dainty proportions render this miniature crumb sweeper a charming, as well as a unique table accessory, and it is worth pigeonholing in one's pre-Yuletide consciousness as a gift suggestion. The price in most places is about $3.50.

An Attractive Serving Table

A DELIGHTFULLY simple and simply delightful edition of the serving table comes to us in the form illustrated in Figure 2. Its satisfying straight lines and sanitary white enamel finish, with glass serving tray are both strong recommendations in the eye of the fastidious housekeeper. It will demonstrate its usefulness and versatility by carrying all the dishes for an entire meal in a single trip from kitchen or pantry to dining-room, and by clearing away in the same expeditious manner. Or, again, it will hold the tea tray, ready equipped for the expected guest, needing only the addition of the fragrant teapot when the hour of friendly charm and easy hospitality arrives or will render even more conspicuous service when it is the *unexpected* guest who descends on us—usually on the very busiest day in all the week! A capacious drawer beneath the upper shelf holds just those necessities that such an occasion demands.

A Delightful Coffee-Maker

FIGURE 3 demonstrates a new coffee maker that has been the natural consequence of the ever-growing idea that the best and most scientific method of making coffee is by filtration. Prominent authorities are agreed that the best flavour and the least tannin are extracted by this process. The graceful coffee filter, of reasonably fire-proof glass is already equipped with a small spirit lamp in which one burns wood alcohol, although the more usual gas, coal or electric stove will serve as well. One measures the coffee, allowing one teaspoonful only for each cup (using finely *pulverized* coffee) into the upper glass bowl, and pours *boiling water* over it. The liquid passes through the gauze-covered filter tube into the lower bowl. When the coffee is ready the top bowl, with its funnel,

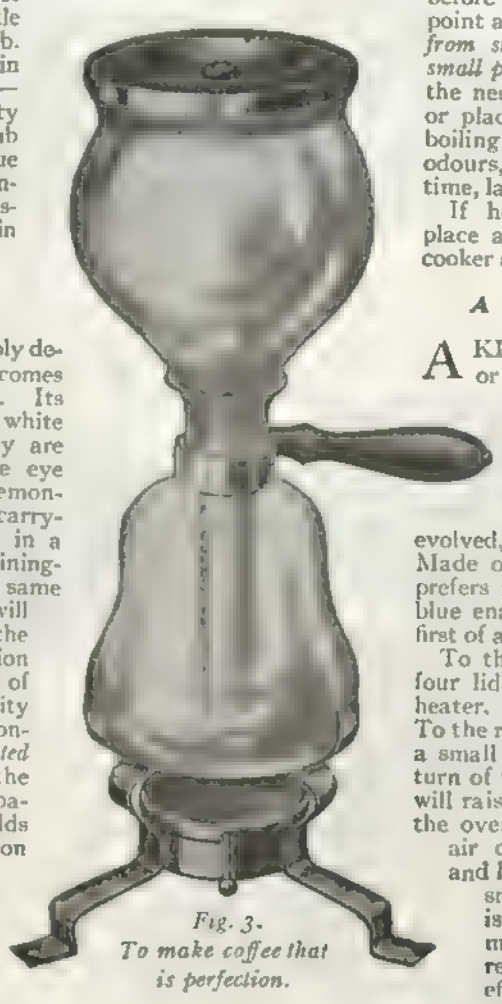


Fig. 3. To make coffee that is perfection.

is removed and the coffee is served directly from the prettily shaped lower bowl, which is equipped with an ebony handle. Delicious, economical and healthful coffee, combined with convenient and graceful service, commend this new glass coffee-maker quite irresistably. Explicit directions accompany the coffee filter.

Fig. 2. Will daily declare a new usefulness.

A Home-Made Fireless Cooker

THE word which has been sent out by the Montreal Women's Food Economy Committee that a thoroughly satisfactory fireless cooker may be made at home, comes as a piece of very good news to many a housekeeper. The following directions, incorporated in their pamphlet "Trench and Retrench," will enable the amateur to complete successfully a most valuable kitchen assistant.

Materials: Wooden box (size to suit family), close fitting lid, 2 hinges, 2 handles, hasp. Lining of nest (to fit pot) of asbestos, heavy paper or linoleum. Granite or aluminium pot with close fitting lid.

Packing material of sawdust, excelsior or crushed paper, 4 inches thick under and all around nest.

To cover packing material use plaster of Paris or shape a piece of zinc or some heavy material to fit on top of nest, cushion of excelsior 4 inches thick to cover pot.

The Home-made Fireless Cooker cooks cereals, soups, meats, vegetables, dried fruits and vegetables, steamed bread and puddings, preserves, and all food requiring long, slow cooking, also raises bread.

Food when placed in the cooker *must* be boiling; if removed before sufficiently cooked, bring again to boiling point and return to box. *Lose no time in transfer from stove to box. Do not use iron pots. Use a small pot for a small quantity of food.* Either pack the nest with paper or excelsior to fit small pot, or place it in the larger pot and surround with boiling water. Food cannot burn, boil over, cause odours, nor lose flavour in the cooker, and fuel, time, labour and worry are saved by its use.

If hot water is required during the night, place a pot full of rapidly boiling water in the cooker and cover closely.

Fig. 4. A fireless cooker is a real war-worker.

A Combination Coal and Gas Range

A KITCHEN range which will burn either coal or gas with no more adjustment than the turning of a single lever—"a simple twist with the magic wrist"—goes far towards solving the problem of the small kitchen, or, in fact, of any kitchen. A stove for all seasons and for every purpose has been most successfully evolved, and is pictured in Figure 5. Made of cast iron (which may, if one prefers it, be overlaid with enchanting blue enamel) and nickel trimmed, it is first of all an ornament to any kitchen.

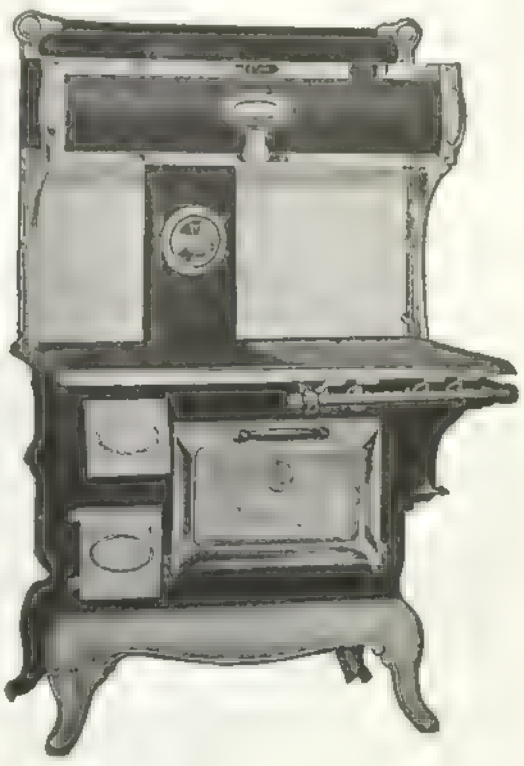
To the right are four gas rings; the four lids to the left are over the coal heater. The oven is common to both. To the right of the oven door is observed a small shining tap or lever. A single turn of this lever will do four things: it will raise a gas burner from the floor of the oven; it will supply the necessary air current, it will turn on the gas, and lastly, it will open the flue of the smoke pipe. All this, be it noted, is accomplished by the one simple movement. Just as simply the reversion to a coal oven is effected.

There is a gas lighter whose work is to quickly kindle the coal fire; this done, the lighter is turned off. At the top of the stove illustrated appears a warming oven. A variation of this that commends itself very highly is a division in the centre, giving a warming oven half the size, the other half being made into a broiling oven..

A first-class combination range would cost about $125.00—a most moderate price when one considers that it includes two complete stoves, each of which may claim a position at the head of its class.

IF you want to purchase any of the articles on this page, write to us for the address of the manufacturer or merchant who handles it. Or if you would like us to make the purchase for you, enclose money order to cover cost and we will do your shopping without any charge to you.

Katherine M. Caldwell.



An All-Round Boon

WE have long ago acknowledged the dependence of perishable foods on oiled or waxed paper. Butter, cheese, sticky fruits, meats—in fact, almost every food that requires protection—come to us in wrappings of this nature.

A big roll of smooth waxed paper, encased in a neat oak cabinet (Fig. 6), is at once a luxury and a necessity to the careful and

Fig. 6. To keep food fresh, safe and dainty.

fastidious housekeeper. It can be bought so cheaply that extravagance lies, not in having it, but in lacking it. Cut bread or cake, meat, fish, butter, any food whatsoever that is exposed in a covered dish—should be protected by a layer of this germ-proof paper.

It comes in one, two, three or four-pound rolls, much as we are accustomed to seeing paper towelling, and costs from 30c. to $1.60. The cabinet costs 90c.

Fig. 7. One need only remove whistle to add water.

An Excellent Steam Cooker

IN these days, when food and fuel are in keen competition as regards preciousness, a steam cooker such as that portrayed in Figure 7, which will cook a whole dinner over one burner, makes a direct and speedy appeal. It is made of IX Charcoal Tinplate, with a fireproof two-inch stamped solid copper base. At the bottom is, of course, the water chamber. This may be filled or replenished from the top by means of a funnel which feeds it directly, so that it is never necessary to remove anything from the cooker when a fresh supply of water is needed. A perforated disc permits the free ascension of steam into each of the three compartments. There is an extension which may be added, giving another large compartment when there are many dishes to be cooked at once. An absolutely airtight and steam-proof lid tops the whole. It is rarely necessary to replenish the water chamber, because the steam which rises constantly through the various sections is as constantly being condensed and falling back to the bottom in the form of water. When, however, the water has evaporated to the point where more is required, a whistle is automatically blown by the steam when it is generated below a certain level. Nothing can burn; no food is wasted in shrinkage, as in oven cookery; cheaper cuts of meat can be utilized, and dishes of many kinds, which long cooking makes extravagant when individual heat is employed.

This steamer can be bought for $5.50 and upwards, according to size.

Cheaper Cuts for Canadian Housewives

Famous French Chef Shows How to Cook "Waste"

By ISABEL M. ROSS
Educational Division Canada Food Board

There is a good deal of unnecessary prejudice about certain kinds of meat relished in Europe and despised in Canada.

FIRST war-time luncheon in Canada made from waste by Chef Leony Derouet at the Canadian National Exhibition, August 24th, 1918:

LUNCH—Eggs, *a la* Toronto; Tomatoes *a la* Garden; Sheep's Head Broth, Scotch style; Codfish Head Roasted, Fines Herbs; Cucumbers; Ragout of Lung Bourgeoise; Lamb Hearts Saute, new fashion; Potatoes Hollandaise; Salad Kermit; Dessert.

THUS, with hearts, lungs, heads, and brains, was Toronto initiated into a new era of food conservation and with a possible *soupcon* of—well, something that looked like a shiver, it plunged a dubious fork into "Eggs *a la* Toronto," which was nothing more or less than eggs skilfully mingled with brains.

And the sequel?

First expectancy, then surprise, and finally satisfaction chased flittingly across the faces of the guests. It was *veni, vidi, vinci*, for a new brand of menu, and it set some women thinking—and others buying along slightly new and different lines.

The writer was fortunate enough to attend this unique luncheon and to taste for herself some of the things from which prejudice withholds the women of this continent.

"Brains?" exclaims the woman who knows Europe. "Why, we consider them perfect tidbits."

"Brains!" echoes the woman who knows her Canada only. "I could never get my family to eat them."

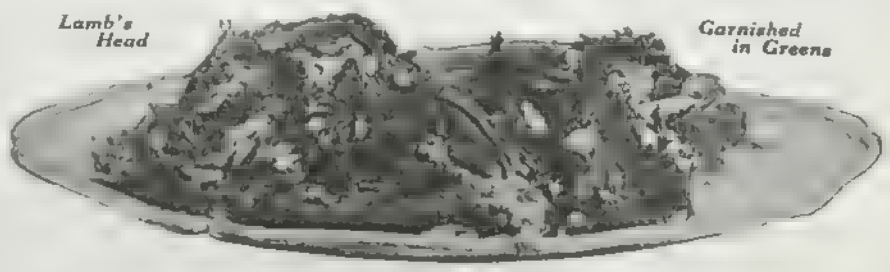
The time has come when women must consider the cheaper cuts of meat as part of their conservation programme and along with the cheaper cuts of meat they must take into account some parts of the carcass which they have never even regarded as a possibility for their families.

A trip through an abattoir is a source of enlightenment on this score, for, contrary to one's preconceived ideas about such things, the various departments from the slaughter house to the shipping dock, instead of being revolting, lead one to see the endless possibilities of so-called "offals."

The term itself is not a happy one. It suggests the cast-offs. As a matter of fact, it is only a blanket term for sundries in the meat line with which Canadian women have had little or no aquaintance and which, for years past, we have been shipping overseas, where they are used extensively and greatly relished.

Take liver, for instance. It is as nutritious as beefsteak any day. You can get pork liver for 7 cents retail and beef liver for 20 cents. Round steak costs 35 cents per pound. Yet nine out of ten women will buy the steak and reject the liver.

Lamb's Head Garnished in Greens

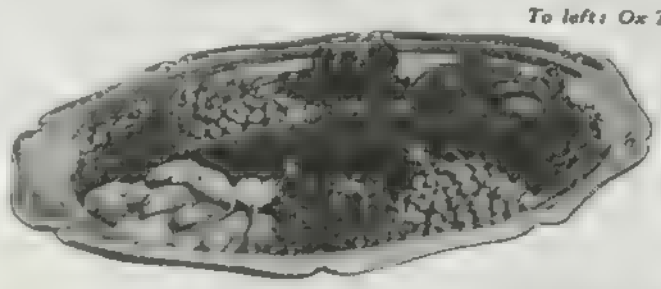


IT is a matter of regret to the dealer as well as to the food conservationist to have this kind of thing happen day in, day out, for continued concentration on the more expensive, and rejection of the cheaper portions, simply means that the price of the former has to go up. Dealers buy "live weight." That is to say, they pay as much for the hearts, livers, brains and so forth as for the backs and sides. A ready sale of all parts of the carcass spells uniformity in prices.

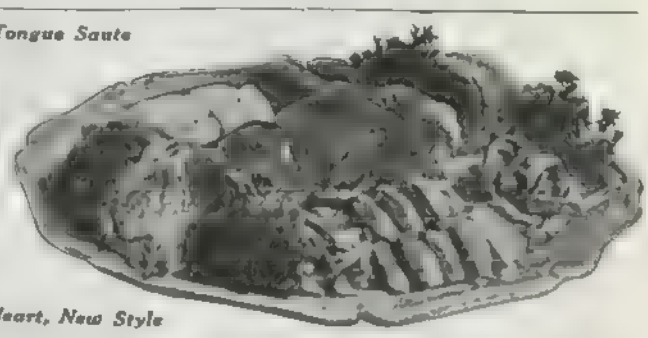
Much depends on the housewife's ability to prepare "offal" dishes with skill and good taste. Generally speaking, they are as nourishing as what we find on the average table. The Veterinary Director-General sees to it that nothing unwholesome gets on the market.

(*Continued on page 46*)

To left: Ox Tongue Saute



To right: Beef Heart, New Style

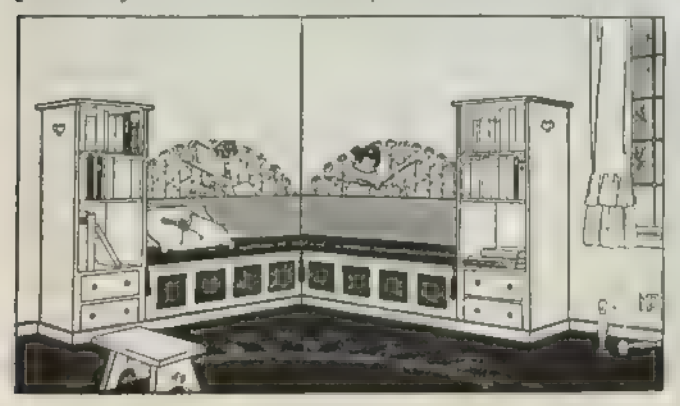


The Popular		*The Unpopular*	
Round Steak	35 cents per lb.	Beef Hearts	20 cents per lb.
Sirloin Steak	40 " " "	Pork Hearts	18 " " "
Porterhouse Steak	45 " " "	Beef Kidneys	25 " " "
Rib Roast	32 " " "	Pork Liver	7 " " "
Leg of Lamb	38 " " "	Beef Liver	20 " " "
Lamb Loins	35 " " "	Calf's Liver	25 " " "
Loin Chops	48 " " "	Hog's Brains	10 " " "
Loin Roasts	45 " " "	Beef Brains	15 " " "
Fresh Legs of Pork (Ham)	45 " " "	Lamb's Head	12½ cts. apiece
Shoulder Roasts	40 " " "	Pig Tripe	10 cents per lb.
Shoulder Chops	42 " " "	Ox Tail	15 " " "

The above tables of current retail prices for popular cuts and "offal" provide a striking contrast. Pork liver at 7 cents a pound is as nutritious as anything on the other table.

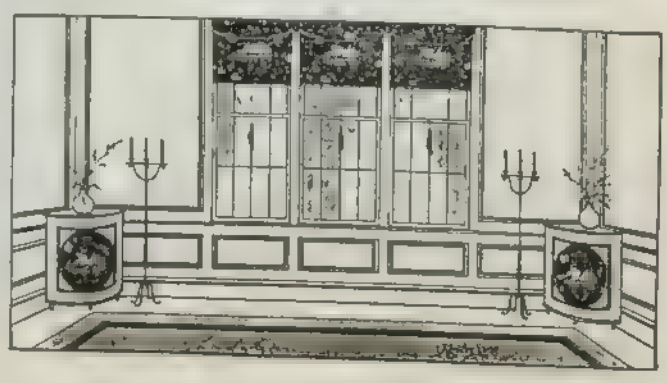
Disposing Gracefully of the Inevitable Corner

THE corner in the reception hall literally holds out its yawning arms to a quarter-circle console of wrought iron antiqued with dull colours. Camouflaging a radiator in the nursery with corresponding upholstered corner seats, pillared by craftsman book-cases, is an artistic treatment.



THE room of four corners resembles the promised "City Four-square" so far as harmony must be the keynote throughout. In the corners is where the "darkness" is most apt to hide itself, casting shadows upon an otherwise artistic interior, and to guard against this evil a concentrated study of your room is advisable before deciding what treatment shall be given the inevitable four corners. An overdose of treatment is as disastrous as an obvious lack of decoration.

IN recognition of these times, the cheerful interior of the home is undoubtedly an essential consideration. Paneled mirrors, inserted above the wainscot on both adjacent walls of a corner obviate the ofttimes drab effect of a drawing-room. Corner cupboards have proven a delightful compensation for the obsolete china closet.



WHAT PROVISION HAVE YOU MADE FOR YOUR FAMILY?

ASKS MADGE MACBETH

MY DEAR READER-FRIENDS,—
It was delightful to hear from so many of you last month and to get such a lot of interesting material! You see I have used some of it already on this page. But I want more—more—more. Don't be afraid that the neighbour across the street is not sufficiently prominent; if she does her bit courageously and with a fine spirit, I don't care whether she is personally known to the President of the Ladies' Aid or not!

We are going to offer prizes—ten dollars' worth—in case some of you feel that you cannot afford the time for this work without remuneration. We will give five dollars for the best feature (like that of Miss West on this page) and two dollars for the second best and one dollar each for the three others that we use. Should we get four features in one month, we will pay for all of them and use them as we find space. Have you ever thought of the work now being done by Girls Who Couldn't Come Out? Let us hear about them. Here is another suggestion—Mothers of Famous Children. This should be the story of mothers who made some definite sacrifice in order that their children might achieve. And one more—Women Who Have Actually Replaced Men. There must be dozens. Tell us about them.

Faithfully yours,
MADGE MACBETH.

"THE first thing I did," said a prominent business woman to me the other day—and she emphasized each word grimly. "The first thing I did after my father died, was to see that my mother was protected in case anything happened to me! My lesson was a bitter one, but I learned it in one dose. We had always been comfortably situated and I had no thought of money or the lack of it. When my father died, we faced actual want because his affairs were so muddled that almost everything had to be sacrificed in order to meet the needs of the moment. I was hurled into business and I have managed to stick."

There is nothing new about this story. How many men providing generously for their families, and considered wealthy citizens, have died and left their dependents face to face with poverty? No man or woman has any right to ignore the fact that life does not last forever, and that health is almost necessary to earning power. Should one fail, the probability is, that the other goes with it.

What have you done, fathers and mothers, to provide for your children? Have you considered the possibility of being taken from them, and has your consideration taken practical shape, or have you set aside the disturbing thought as one to be dealt with next week or next month or next year?

. . . . . .

I think there is no doubt that had women been the providers of the family, fewer financial catastrophies of the sort mentioned above would have occurred, for women are by temperament more cautious than men and have longer vision where domestic matters are concerned. But it is only within very recent times that they have been given the opportunity of handling sufficient money to even consider the disposition of it. There was a time when the wife and mother was powerless to avert the ruin she saw impending and it was for those women, for the promoting of their peace of mind and the realizing of their hopes that Miss Bina M. West worked.

MISS WEST started out from her home twenty-five years ago, "when," as she says, "it was not quite so fashionable for women to work, I went against my parents' wishes, for they thought my place was at home." While neither she nor I advocate girls defying their parents, it must be stated that had Miss West stayed at home there would be no fraternal organization called the "Woman's Benefit Association," nor would there be 3,000 local organizations in Canada and the U. S. carrying on a work which has never been surpassed by any of its kind. She started as a country school teacher and came close to the hearts of the mothers, before long learning that the same dread lurked in the minds of most of them—the possibility of a day to come when the little brood would be left without financial protection. She saw homes broken up and young lives ruined because of the inability of the far-seeing mother to make provision. She tells one of the many cases which came home to her—There was a boy and girl in her school, clever and well-cared for by a superior mother whose hopes and ambitions for her children, Miss West knew and appreciated. This mother died, leaving the boy and girl to the care of a father who had not the same ideals and who was the last person in the world, to be the guardian of children. The girl was sent to an uncle, a hotel-keeper, and was immediately set at waiting on tables; the boy was taken by another uncle who owned a racing stable, and he was reared with the men who looked after his uncle's horses and never got away from that influence.

This case made a deep impression on Miss West and was one of the many that was responsible for the idea of forming a society designed to give women benefits. This was, I think, the first idea of its kind to go into effect. Consider its daring!

The salary of a country school teacher does not admit of the financing of much of an undertaking. Miss West had to borrow money, with which she rented a basement office, and there, with a desk and a chair as material assets, but with enthusiasm, faith in the outcome of her undertaking and a wealth of determination that it should succeed, the association was born.

Miss Elsie Fearman

Passing over the early difficulties, when many another woman would have been not only discouraged, but afraid to go ahead, we can derive great inspiration from the fact that about a year ago numbers of the same women who had been placed in important positions by Miss West when the organization was formed, and who have been continuously in office, gathered around her and helped dedicate a new $250,000 Home Office, every cent of which has been paid for by wise investment returns.

TO-DAY the country school teacher's name is known all over the world. She has represented the fraternities of this continent in Switzerland at the International Council of Women and as a personal friend of the Marchioness of Aberdeen, has conferred with her on the status of women's work in this country. The woman who had to borrow money to equip her meagre little basement office has disbursed into the homes of Canada and the U. S. more than $14,000,000, and the amount in the steel vault of the new building ($11,000,000 in bonds) is six times larger than the assets of any bank in the State of Michigan!

Looking at the matter from a point higher than that of material benefit, Miss West blazed a trail which set thousands of women to work constructively for each other. She is a firm believer in solidarity among women and has not only moulded many minds to her belief, but has shown people how to put their theories into practice. Personally, she is one of the most feminine of women, one of the most human of sisterly sisters. One is quite apt to forget, upon meeting her, that she is not a person, but a Personage — who founded the largest fraternal association of women in the world!

Miss Bina M. West

Miss Elsie Fearman

ANY housekeeper asked to-day, the most vital question of the times, will, I think, unhesitatingly, answer the Question of Food. What to eat and how to prepare it so that the least amount will do the most good? What food values combine wholesomely and happily, and what ones are apt to provide a nightly panorama of dark horrors? The study of dietetics has provided many a girl with an interesting and lucrative position—hospitals, sanitoriums and nursing homes all including a trained dietitian on their staff. An attractive example of a girl who has made good in her profession is Miss Elsie Fearman of Hamilton. Her early ambitions did not run to anything so sordid as food. She wanted to be a designer, but a course in Professional Housekeeping in Macdonald College proved so interesting that designing took second place, and she went on to the Toronto General and did post graduate work in Dietetics. Becoming by this time thoroughly engrossed in the study, Miss Fearman went to the John Hopkins Hospital, where at the end of her course, she had her first taste of responsibility, substituting there while one of the older nurses was away, and this experience gave her sufficient confidence to accept the position of Dietitian at the Calydor Sanitorium, Gravenhurst. There, she had to begin at the very beginning—which is to say she had to equip the kitchen and start work without any precedent. She stayed at Calydor for a year and then went to the Hamilton General where she is to-day.

Miss Marjorie Balman

Mrs J. E. Daugharty

Her duties are to supervise all the food for private patients and attend to all special diets. She prepares the formulae for the children's wing,' as well. Then as the Hospital requires that each of its nurses take a six weeks' course in the diet kitchen, Miss Fearman always has three nurses in training under her direction. While she does not actually buy the food she contracts for a large proportion of it, and she always has an eye to economical providing. Not long since, she saved the ends from her winter's supply of potatoes, planted them and had the satisfaction of raising 100 bags for the coming year!

Miss Marjorie Balman

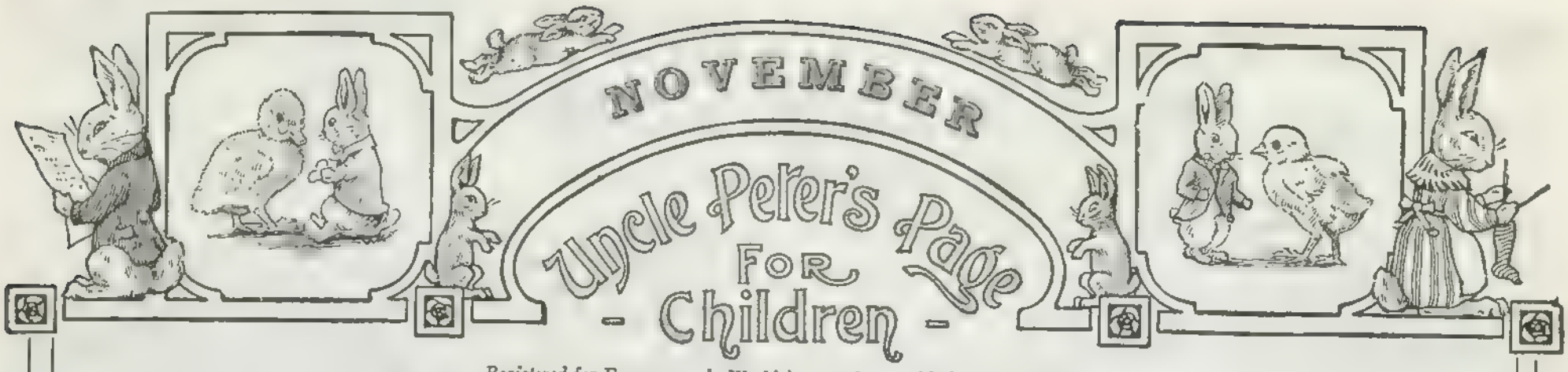
MISS MARJORIE BULMAN, during the past summer has managed the irrigation system on her father's three thousand acre ranch in the Okanagan Valley, near Kelowna. Mr. Bulman was finding great difficulty in getting a capr able man to superintend the irrigation, a work which requires intelligence more than physical strength. His daughter offered to undertake it, and her father states that she has never had a more efficient superintendent. Mr. Thomas Bulman was formerly a member of the well-known firm of Bulman Bros., lithographers of Winnipeg, but for the last few years has been engaged in fruitg rowing in the Okanagan Valley. His daughter, during that part of the year when irrigation is not necessary, is a student at the University of British Columbia.

Mrs. James E. Daugharty

IF this magazine should fall into the hands of a young woman recently widowed and the sole support of four little children—a woman who feels actually hampered by the big farm her husband left, let her take heart and courage from the fine example set by Mrs. James E. Daugharty, of Sunnybrook Farm, near Cornwall, Ontario.

One hundred and fifty acres! And she took over the management at her husband's death and resolved to make the farm one of the best in St. Lawrence County. She did not fail in her determination, either.

The most talented member of a very musical family, Mrs. Daugharty is prouder of her U. E. Loyalist stock than of the service she personally has rendered Canada!



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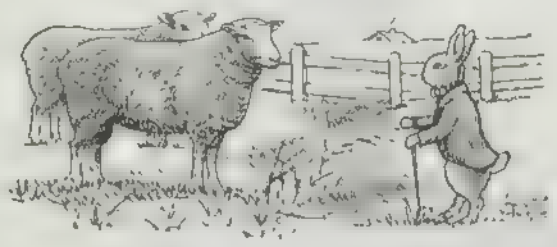
The Bunnies' Thanksgiving

JOHN BUNNY sat at the front door of his new home in the upper woodland. Below lay the farm, with the pasture and fields beyond it. It was a peaceful scene.

Into the midst of his thoughts came the little Bunnies with a grievance. "What's the matter, Bunnies?" asked John.



"The trouble," said Benjamin Bunny, "is just that we are Bunnies. Wherever we go, we have to be on the lookout all the time in case Mr. Fox or some other enemy is around. We have to find all our own food, and no one ever does anything for us. I would like to be a duck and swim about in the water all day with nothing to hurt me."

"And I," said Archibald Bunny, "would like to be a sheep and have nothing to do but eat grass all the summer, and a warm house and lots to eat in the winter-time."

All the Bunnies seemed to feel the same way, some wished that they were hens and others that they were pigs with nothing to do but eat all the time. "I'm glad," said John Bunny, "that all your wishes don't come true, or I should have a very funny kind of a family."

"Now, children," said John, "I think you are all quite wrong, but just to make sure, let us go and hear what the farm animals have got to say on the subject. Perhaps you may get a surprise."

So off they went down to the farm, and the very first people they met were Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen, who were out for a walk together. "Good-day, Robinson," said John Bunny. "My Bunnies wish they were like you, with a nice house to live in and no worries."

"What! No worries!" exclaimed Mr. Rooster. "Why, my whole life is one long round of worries. Every morning I'm up before the sun rises, and crow as loud as I can, but no one takes the slightest notice of me. And I never go anywhere else. I wish I were a rabbit!"

"You are quite right, Robinson," said Mrs. Hen. "I am in the same fix, never can get away at all, and every time I lay an egg some one comes and takes it away from me so that I never seem to get ahead. I wish *we* could have the good time you rabbits have."

John Bunny took a side glance at Benjamin, but Ben wasn't saying anything. "Come," said John, "let us call on Dr. Duck and his wife." When they reached the pond Dr. and Mrs. Duck came paddling over to meet then.

"My Bunnies," said John, "wish they were ducks."

"The poor, misguided things," said Dr. Duck. "Why, all *we* can do is to swim up and down this pond all day, on land we can only waddle, and every one laughs at us. Even as a doctor, I'm not much better off. The other day I called on a sick duck, and all he would say was "*Quack*." Quite insulting, I call it. I wish I could only be a rabbit." And Dr. Duck sailed away with his beak in the air.

John Bunny smiled still more. "We'll have better luck soon, perhaps," he said. "Here are Mr. and Mrs. Porker. Good-day," said John Bunny to the pigs. "My Bunnies all envy you, you seem to be so happy and well fed." Mr. Porker grunted.

"Well fed, is right," said he. "We *are* well fed, but I got quite a shock as I came round the end of the fence yesterday. I saw a big sign, and it said, 'Save Bacon for the Allies, they need all you can send them.' I can tell you I haven't enjoyed a meal since. It's mighty hard for a pig to save his bacon when there's a demand like that," and Mr. Porker turned away disgusted.

UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

Thanksgiving Day was quite early this year. I hope all you Bunnies had a good time, and that none of you acted like the Bunnies in my story. Of course, you would not, you know so much better than that! We all have our troubles and the last few years have brought sorrow to many of our homes, but that need not make us less thankful for any of the blessings we have, and we have only to turn from Canada to the poor little Bunnies in the countries nearer to the war to realise how very well off we are, and to be thankful to the brave men and the great ships that have kept the war out of Canada. Here is our competition for this month :

Competition

UNCLE PETER will give six prizes for the best six letters describing your Thanksgiving. These prizes will not be given so much for Thanksgiving Days or Thanksgiving Dinners as for the reasons you have for being thankful. These letters must reach me not later than December 1st, and must be addressed to Uncle Peter's Bunny Club, Continental Building, Spadina Avenue, Toronto. New Bunnies wishing to join the Bunny Club should send their name, address, and age, together with five cents in stamps, and they will receive a pretty new badge from

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,
Uncle Peter.

MR. and Mrs. Woolcote, the sheep, were quite ready to talk. "Young Archibald here," said John, "thinks that you are much better off than he is." Mr. Woolcote gazed mildly at Archibald. "You are wrong," said he. "Every time I get a new coat nicely grown, along comes a man with a pair of shears and cuts if all off close to my skin.

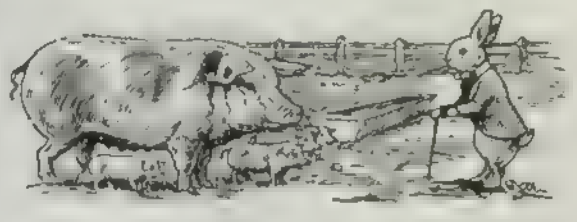
How would *you* like to have your fur cut off that way?" Archibald shivered, the fall wind was certainly rather chilly. "And then," continued Mr. Woolcote, "there is always a good chance that I might disappear altogether some day. There *is* such a thing as a mutton-chop in the world," and Mr. Woolcote sighed. "Now if I could be a bright little rabbit, able to call my coat my own, and not much good to eat, I'd be quite happy," said he.

John gave a sly glance at Archibald Bunny. "You may not be a sheep, but you're looking sheepish enough just now," he said. And Archibald certainly was.

Even Ned the donkey, and Mr. Dobbin the horse, said they would much sooner be rabbits, and it was a very much subdued little troop of Bunnies that followed John Bunny back up the hill to their woodland home.

"So you see, Bunnies," said John, "you were all quite wrong, but I don't blame you so very much after all, because even those quaint people, the men and women we sometimes see, are just as bad as you are. They nearly all wish that they were some one else; but the fact is that not one of them knows what the other ones have to put up with, or perhaps they would be more thankful for their own opportunities and spend their time trying to make the best use of them."

"We didn't see Mr. Turkey," said Benjamin suddenly. "No," said John, "and that reminds me that it is Thanksgiving Day. It is quite likely that he is decorating the table in the house down below where they will



be having their Thanksgiving Dinner. Come, let us be thankful for all the good things we have, for our freedom, the bright sunshine, the cool green woods and our cosy homes. Let us have a Thanksgiving Dinner of our own, then we shall forget that we were ever foolish enough to be discontented with our lives."

The Bunnies jumped for joy, and together they all rushed to make ready for a real good time, and soon forgot their fancies in the pleasure of making each other happy.

THE Goodyear Cord Tire is introduced to you at a time when above all things you are trying to *save*.

That is only fitting—because the chief merit of the Goodyear Cord Tire is its surprising economy.

It is built in a new way—layer upon layer of strong, pliant cords each embedded in a cushion of pure rubber.

This construction makes it strong—a tire that goes much farther and so costs less in the end. Makes it flexible—a tire that gives unexampled comfort, saves both gasoline and the car.

With the smart All-Weather Tread, the Goodyear Cord Tire also adds distinction to any car.

The Goodyear "Heavy Tourist" Tube is extra thick and extra good—a better tube for any tire and a fitting mate for the Goodyear Cord Tire.

Both are easy to get from Goodyear Service Stations everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Canada Limited

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

CORD TIRES

All designs shown in this catalog are fashioned after the late Fall New York models.

For Christmas
Buy D'Allaird Blouses by Mail

IT'S not a bit too soon to think of Christmas Gifts, and this year above all others we should give something that is really useful. What could be more practical or more appreciated by Mother, Sister or daughter than a beautiful D'Allaird Blouse.

A woman can't have too many blouses, and when you see the variety of fascinating models shown in our new Christmas Catalog you will want one for yourself as well as for your Christmas Gifts.

It's so hard to get really nice things at the smaller town stores, but when you shop by mail at D'Allaird's you have the same selection as you would have at the larger City Stores.

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All our Blouses are made right in our own factory and sold direct to you at wholesale prices. We are the largest makers in Canada, and to-day D'Allaird Blouses are the style standards for this country. SMARTER STYLES, BETTER MATERIALS AND LOWER PRICES are what we aim to give you.

Send to-day for this Christmas Gift Book

Fill in the coupon and mail it to us to-day. We will send you free the D'Allaird November-December Style List. There is a large demand for this edition. We would suggest that you send for your copy as soon as possible. Why not do it now while you think of it.

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The Outcome of the War Workers' Income

By HELEN CORNELIUS

IN 1914, when the hydra head of war first bobbed up on a clear horizon and the combined forces of energy were directed towards an early and successful elimination of the "brute" of Berlin and his propaganda, just what Dame Fashion's attitude would be towards this vital issue that was filling the hearts and minds of every Ally, and the part that she would play and the bit she would do to help the cause was a matter of conjecture and almost doubt and fear. But hardly

Canadian-made with Parisian Dash

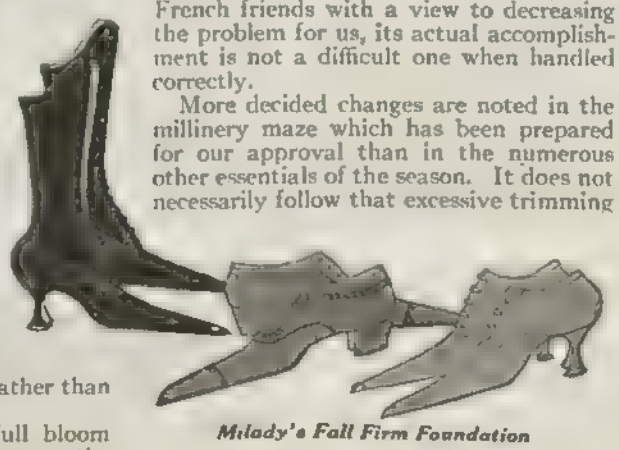
had the first gun been fired and the fact fully comprehended that it was not a matter of months but years probably before the "peace which passeth all understanding" could be established throughout the world, that this former butterfly of whims and sudden fancies became suddenly and miraculously transformed and cast her lot with the millions of staunch peace promoters and militarism murderers throughout the allied lands. Four long, tense, suffering, sacrificing years have faded into yesteryears, and the beginning of the fifth and, Heaven helping, the last "lap" on the homeward course to the inevitable, goal, Utopia, is stretching out before us and we are proud to say, Mistress Fashion is still one of us, loyal and true—"patriotic conservation" her creed.

It was not an easy task to put the "brakes" on and tie a few extra knots in the purse strings, at the same time maintaining a smart, ultra appearance with simplicity as a firm foundation, especially when money had previously been no object, "time, made for slaves," and no other goal in view than the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness. Wisdom was the first essential in the transformation, discretion followed. Dignity and grace weren't sacrificed in the name of economy and the mere fact of big booming Berthas over the seat of Fashion, Paris, intensified the courageous note discernable in all Parisian models for the past four years, rather than enforced the sombre aspect.

The Paris openings are in full bloom and the good news is wafted from over the seas, that few changes are discernable in the new models from those of last year. The prophecy of longer skirts is obviously true, but all designers have been enabled to meet this situation by taking a few more inches off the width, thus obviating the necessity of using more material than last year.

To the women who have silently signed their own economy pledges, whose deft ideas prepared for our benefit by our French friends with a view to decreasing the problem for us, its actual accomplishment is not a difficult one when handled correctly.

More decided changes are noted in the millinery maze which has been prepared for our approval than in the numerous other essentials of the season. It does not necessarily follow that excessive trimming



Milady's Fall Firm Foundation

is being used—on the contrary, the materials now employed for Milady's chapeau are so rich in themselves that over-trimming is decidedly poor taste. Unusual shapes, expressing individuality in points, tilts, drapery, and dashes of ostrich are so decidedly favoured that the blocked hat, machine-made, has been cast in the background. The soft hat, whether it be the small draped turban, the medium hat with the unstiffened brim and soft crown, or the large hat that droops effectively and features a cushioned edge and crushed crown, require very little trimming. Beaver cloth and hatter's plush are two of the season's offerings which are often combined with velvet and trimmed with ostrich on banded effects and feathers, burnt goose, flowers, and "perky" ribbon bows.

HENNA and terra cotta have created a furore in millinery circles this year, proving successful merely as an incident to the entire hat, but never as a whole covering. Black satin, heavy and lustrous, has found its way well into the winter from Paris as hat-covering. In large shapes particularly this material lends itself well and is often successfully combined with a touch of black velvet or left to its own richness to create the formal effect for dinner and theatre hats worn with simple gowns of chiffon or black net.

Fur turbans, small and close fitting, sometimes resembling the style of an aviator's cap, have been accorded a place in the milliners' salon in either beaver, squirrel, or seal.

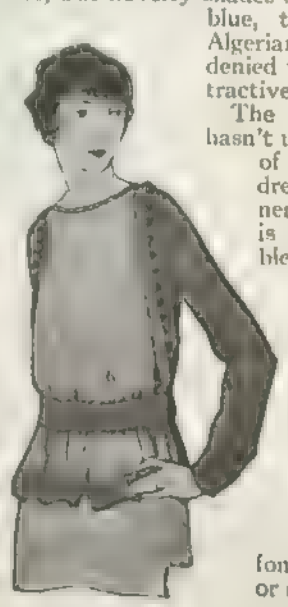
The severity of winter will be answered by the exceptional layout of furs which have been utilized in divers ways to swathe and protect the war-worker from tip to toe. There are long coats, short coats, round capes, and square capes to choose from entirely made of fur or met half way by duvetyne, velvet or velour, and sometimes satin. Natural muskrat, belted, pocketed, collared and cuffed, is perhaps the most practical for general-wear coats, three-quarter in length. Seal skin forming a partnership with moleskin, beaver or skunk, have exerted a wonderful influence on the cape-coat.

The shaped stole, with curved back and pockets in front, which is just a slight deviation from the scarfs of short-haired furs which have been worn, are quite necessary for wear with serge or velvet dresses, the favoured costume of the early fall months. Next in importance is the short fur jacket of seal skin, or nutria, the latter a peltry that resembles beaver but is somewhat cheaper and of greater wearing quality.

Animal scarfs in fox and other long-haired furs have not been denied their former clientele, even though there is a prevalent tendency toward the flat animal stole, lined with pussy willow or crepe de chine for tailored suit wear.

Muffs are medium-sized and round, but with the pocketed scarf and coat so much in demand, this old fashioned hand-warmer is sometimes considered one of the unessentials. There are exceptions to this rule as in all others, however, and depends entirely on one's own conception of the idea and individual taste.

Cloth top coats in either fitted or full lines, fur or leather-trimmed are distinctly in vogue again this year and so similar to those of the previous season that one need not fear a lack of smartness in a coat two seasons old. Velours and duvetyne lined with pussy willow silk and necessarily interlined with wool sheeting are secondary only to fur, and are equally as smart. The standard colours predominate, but novelty shades such as Delphine blue, terra cotta, and Algerian red cannot be denied their obvious attractiveness.



The Connecting Link in the Three-piece Suit

The separate blouse hasn't usurped the place of the one-piece dress by any manner of means, but it is solving the problem of formal afternoon toggery to a nicety. Worn under the jacket of suits of velour, broadcloth, etc., round-necked peplum waists, after the manner of Russian blouses of chiffon, georgette crepe or silk (as shown in accompanying illustration), very often fur trimmed are filling a long felt want of the busy war-worker, who is equipped with not more than one or two suits to meet the demands of a strenuous winter that includes business as well as a little pleasure. This idea was smartly executed by one of the leading *couturiers* in the following manner, which is neither elaborate nor expensive. Over a narrow navy blue velvet skirt, a peplum blouse of light blue silk edged in brown fur at neck-line and wrists was worn. Falling from the neck-line in the back to the bottom of the tunic a looped panel of the velvet was placed thus giving the final touch to the costume that might either be termed dress or three-piece suit.

In these days when laundry bills are just one of the many worries of the hour, the dark waist of georgette in navy blue, brown, or taupe, to match one's suit, is being thankfully received. Round necks, sometimes collarless, and finished with

(*Continued on page 37*)

To be Up to the Minute in Fashion is to be Up to the Neck in Furs

Everywoman's Make-Over Department

I HAVE a pale blue broadcloth suit which I have had ripped and dry cleaned and it is lovely. Will you help me choose a style to remodel same? The coat was formerly cut in kimona style with short sleeves, not unlike the Eaton jackets that are worn at the present time. The skirt was a two-piece, draped peg-top affair (a style of 1914) and rather narrow. I am sending you a rough sketch and measurements of same to give you more of an idea.—Mrs. Chris. Kelly, Chapeau Village, Que.

IN response to your letter of the 24th instant, we would advise the following as the best and speediest plan for remodelling blue broadcloth suit. A fifty-four inch skirt is sufficiently wide to come within the field of fashion. A straight two-piece skirt of this width can be made from your material by inserting some blue lining as near the colour of your broadcloth as possible, but inexpensive (muslin or lawn), in those "V" shaped gashes indicated on your enclosed sketch which originally formed the "peg-top effect."

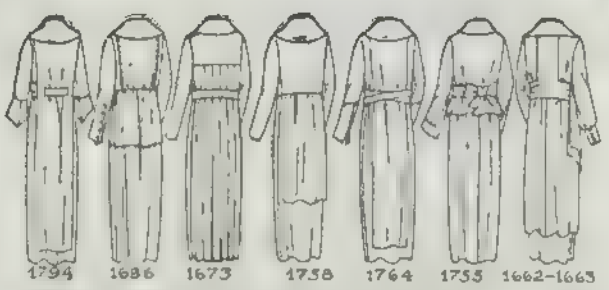
If possible match your cloth in blue velvet or a shade darker if the former is not possible—enough for bell sleeves, a gilet and side panels cut in one with gilet as indicated in enclosed illustration. The original body of Eton jacket need not be touched except to remove sleeves and cord arm-holes and edges of bolero. Make a plain foundation-waist of coarse white net or lawn or any other inexpensive thin material. Cut velvet to form gilet or vest and two side-panels which when worn with coatee of broadcloth appear to be a complete Russian blouse tunic falling from shoulders to almost knee length on each side of skirt. Instead of continuing around the figure in an unbroken line as the best of tunics often do a space of about 5 inches (below the waist line only) is allowed between the side panels in front and back. By using the net lining underneath broadcloth sleeveless bolero, it will not be necessary to make a complete velvet waist, but allowing it to extend far enough under bolero to give the desired effect. Velvet sleeves may also be joined to the net foundation at the arm holes. Gray chenille fringe would make a fetching finish for the bottom of the panels and bell sleeves and to carry out this touch of gray, a simple rather sprawly design might be worked out in gray chenille (which comes by the skein) across the bottom of panels, sleeves, and around edge of bolero.

If the unbroken line from shoulder to knee is not becoming to you, a cording made of the broadcloth pieces you had left and finished with fringe at both ends to encircle the figure, or waist line rather, and fall gracefully in two loosed ends in front of skirt would solve this difficulty. If you do not care to buy any new material to carry out this design—although two yards of velvet would be enough if you are medium-sized—we would also suggest the following idea which, although not so elaborate, would be very suitable for the occasion on which you desire to wear it particularly.

Still following the sleeveless bolero effect trimmed or designed in gray chenille or if not possible (gray wool couched on with blue silk floss would be effective, too), a blouse either of gray georgette crepe or flesh coloured georgette or batiste, daintily tucked in front with rounding neck line would look very well under the coatee.

The skirt problem in this latter instance would be a trifle more difficult to cope with, in order to make a two-piece skirt without disclosing the fact that at one time it was a peg-top. However, it may be accomplished by filling in "V" gaps and top of skirt in back with broadcloth you mentioned having had left from former pleating on bottom of coat and sleeves. If this is not enough, your two sleeves which have been cut from coat would undoubtedly be sufficient to make up the deficit in skirt gores. Cord these pieces in skirt and carry out design of chenille or wool trimming around inserted patches, which would then have the effect of being a distinctive design. A crushed girdle of either gray velvet or satin swirled about the figure and tied in the same manner as suggested previously and edges finished with fringes (gray) would be our suggestion for this particular model.

Attractive Solution of Dress Problem



Home Pattern 1794—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch black velvet with 1¼ yards 40-inch Georgette, ¼ yard 6-inch for chemisette and ⅜ yard 18-inch all-over lace and ⅞ yard narrow edging. Skirt is a one-piece model and measures 1½ yards at lower edge. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1764—Ladies' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch figured material and 1¾ yards 40-inch plain. All things Grecian are artistique, which accounts for the beautiful line that this long serge panel gives to the foulard gown. Lower edge of skirt measures 1¾ yards. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1696—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch dark material with 3 yards 36-inch white material. Any combination dress is pretty besides being patriotic. A bit of wool serge and length of silk is most wearable. The dress closes at left of front and measures 2 yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1755—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 42-inch plaid with 2⅛ yards 40-inch black satin and ⅜ yard 20-inch for collar. A few happy slits in this little black satin coatee and sleeves—but the plaid patches are pretty and an unaccidental match to the skirt. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1673—Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 44-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch material for collar. Every woman ought to own at least one standard frock. This jersey is a splendid model in its youthfulness. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1758—Ladies' Semi-Fitted Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch dark material with 2¼ yards 40-inch lighter material and ¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette. It may be serge or it may be satin at any rate it has a stunning way of wearing that unique pocket, sash and overskirt. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1662—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch flowered material with 1 yard 36-inch plain material and 7 yards silk braid or binding. A waist of some flowered silk crepe when wearing a sash like the above goes ever so well with a dark serge skirt. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1663—Ladies' Two-Gored Tunic Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch material and 1⅝ yards 36-inch lining. A very smart three-quartered over-skirt makes a pleasing contrast to the narrow one beneath and gives the whole a certain dash. Lower edge measures 1¾ yards. Price 15 cents.

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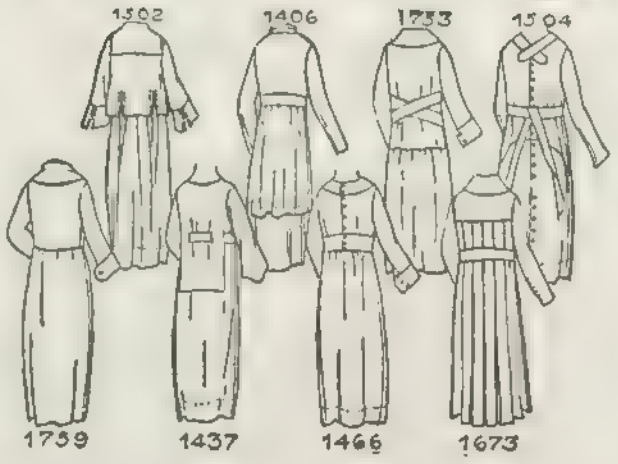
Replenishing School Girls' Wardrobe



Home Pattern 1502—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 44-inch material with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting material, ½ yard 36-inch lining and 2½ yards braid. Skirt measures 2 yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1406—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch white organdie and 1¼ yards 36-inch lining. Skirt measures 1¾ yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1759—Misses' or Small Women's Semi-Fitted Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 42-inch material with ⅛ yard 36-inch plaid. Slightly long-waisted dress with two-gored skirt which measures 1¾ yards at lower edge. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1437—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch material with 1⅝ yards fringe. The two-gored gathered skirt measures 1⅞ yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents. Trans. 14880. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1753—Misses' and Small Women's Long Waisted Dress. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material with ⅜ yard 18-inch contrasting and 2¼ yards ribbon. The one-piece skirt measures 1½ yards at lower edge. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1504—Misses' or Small Women's One-Piece Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 44-inch material with 2⅛ yards 44-inch plaid. Dress closing at back with two styles of sleeves and measures 1¾ yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1466—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch material with ⅛ yard 20-inch contrasting material and 13 yards braid. The two-gored skirt measures 1¾ yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1673—Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch material with ⅛ yard 24-inch contrastng material. Price 15 cents. Trans. 14873. Price 15 cents.

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More Models Enlisted in Thrift Drive

CLOTHES FOR EVERYONE--- EVEN THE DOLL

Home Pattern 1815—Children's Bishop Dress. Sizes ½, 1, 2, 3 and 5 years. Size 2 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch material with ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting material for collar and cuffs. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1642—Girls' Set of Caps. Sizes 2 and 4 years. For material requirements and complete descriptions see pattern envelope. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1156—Girls' Empire Coat. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 44-inch material. Collar may be rolled high or low as the wearer prefers. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1187—Girls' and Misses' One-Piece Apron. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yards 27-inch contrasting material. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1398—Girls' Middy or Sailor Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch material with 5¾ yards soutache braid and ½ yard 36-inch lining. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1860—Girls' Dress. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material with ¼ yard 18-inch material for collar. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9443—Girls' Middy Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting material and 1½ yards ribbon. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1863—Girls' Dress. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards 44-inch material with ¼ yard 36-inch contrasting material for collar and cuffs. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1862—Girls' Dress. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch material with ⅞ yard 27-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs, belt and pockets. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1796—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 42-inch material with ¾ yard ruffling. Price 25 cents. Trans. 14289. Price 10 cents.

Home Pattern 1799—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 42-inch material with ½ yard 4-inch ruffling and 16 yards braid. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1813—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. Lower edge of skirt measures 1⅝ yards. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1873—Child's Dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 30-inch material with ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs and belt. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1496—Children's Coat. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 54-inch material with ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting material for cuffs and pocket-laps Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1801—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 42-inch material with 2¼ yards 54-inch serge for overblouse and panels, and ¼ yard 6-inch ribbon for girdle. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1797—Misses' or Small Women's Long-waisted Dress. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 42-inch material with 1⅞ yards 2-inch fur banding. Lower edge measures 1¼ yards. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1823—Girls' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 44-inch material with ½ yard 14-inch contrasting for collar and 1¾ yards 4-inch ribbon. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1811—Girls' Long-waisted Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards 44-inch material with 1¼ yards 32-inch contrasting material for collar, cuffs and sash. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1833—Soldier Doll's Uniform. Sizes 16, 18, 20, 22 inches from crown of head to sole of feet. Size 22 requires 1⅛ yards 27-inch material or ⅞ yard 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1777—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 27-inch material with ⅛ yard 27-inch contrasting material for collar and cuffs. Dress with long or short sleeves. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1855—Girls' Coat. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1844—Girls' and Misses' One-Piece Straight Plaited Skirt. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Price 20 cents. Suit in size 14 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material. Skirt closing at center-back with lower edge which measures 2 yards.

Home Pattern 1803—Boys' Coat. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch material and 8½ yards binding. The collar is convertible and may be buttoned high or rolled low. Price 15 cents. Hat 1775. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1787—Girls' Coat, with convertible collar. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch material with ¼ yard 18-inch contrasting material for collar. Price 15 cents.

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Being Properly Clad Helps the Fun

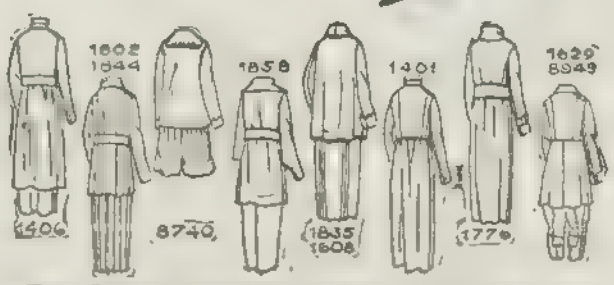
Home Pattern 1406—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch material, 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting, 1¼ yards 36-inch lining, 3 yards fur banding. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9779—Girls', Misses' and Ladies' Tam-o'-Shanter Hats. Sizes small, medium and large. For material requirements see pattern envelope. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1802—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Price 20 cents.
Home Pattern 1844—Girls' and Misses' One-Piece Skirt. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Price 20 cents.
Suit in size 16 requires 7 yards 36-inch material, ⅛ yard fringe.

Home Pattern 1835—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Home Pattern 1608—Ladies' and Misses' Four-Gored Skirt. Sizes 16, 18 years, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches bust. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.



Home Pattern 1894—Ladies', Misses' and Girls' Scarf Set. Sizes small, medium and large. For material requirements of this set see pattern envelope. Price 20 cents.

Home Pattern 1401—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. The two-gored skirt measures 1⅞ yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 8740—Misses' and Girls' Gymnasium Suit. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 42-inch material, 7 yards braid. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1858—Misses' Dress. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch plain, 1⅛ yards 36-inch plaid. Price 25 cents.

Home Pattern 1629—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Price 15 cents.
Home Pattern 8949—Ladies' and Misses' Riding Breeches. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.
Habit in size 16 requires 4¼ yards 54-inch material.

Home Pattern 1775—Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hats. Sizes 22, 23 and 24. Any size requires ½ yard 27-inch material, ⅛ yard 27-inch lining. Price 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1776—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch material with or without up and down. Price 25 cents.

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Knitted Garments that will Appeal to all Women

Lay in Your Store of Wool and Assemble Your Needles, for the Long Winter Evenings are Fast Approaching

SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING

An attractive knitted slip-on sweater.

Ladies' Knitted Slip-On Sweater

Size 36 to 38 Bust Measure

MATERIALS USED—11 hanks 4-fold Monarch; 2 celluloid knitting needles No. 5; 12 ½-inch ball-button molds; bone crochet hook No. 3.

BACK.—Cast on 97 sts. K plain until you have 18 ridges. Now start pattern.

Row 1—Slip first st, *k 2, p 1, repeat from * to end of row, ending with p 1.

Row 2—Slip first st, p 2, k 1 to end of row, ending with k 1

Row 3—Slip first st, p to end of row.

Row 4—Slip first st, k to end of row. These 4 rows form the pattern over the hips. Repeat rows 1 to 4 until 17 patterns or 68 rows are made.

Row 69—Slip first st, k 2, p 1 to end of row.

Row 70—Slip first st, p 2, k 1 to end of row. Repeat these 2 rows for 8 inches, then k 12 ridges plain. Increase 1 st at each end in every other row 6 times or until there are 109 sts on needle. For sleeves cast on as follows: At end of row cast on 30 sts, k across and cast on 20 sts at this end. K back, cast on 20 sts, turn and k across. Cast on 20 sts on this end, k across, then add 10 sts, k across and add 10 sts, k across and again add 10 sts at each end, thus you add 60 sts and have 229 sts on needle. K plain until there are 24 ridges at end of each sleeve. K 127 sts, slip last 102 sts on spare needle, turn, bind off 25 sts for back of neck, and on last 102 sts start front.

FRONT—K 5 ridges for shoulder, cast on 18 sts toward front of sweater, making 120 in all.

Row 1—K to end of row.

Row 2—K back to within 10 sts from front, p 1; k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 3, turn.

Row 3—Slip first st, k 3, p 2, k 1, p 2, k to end of row.

Row 4—K all but pattern sts, p over 7 pattern sts; k last 3 sts.

Row 5—K to end of row. Repeat these last 4 rows until you have 24 ridges from neck or 12 patterns on front.

Start to bind off for sleeve, always keeping to pattern in front. Bind off first 10 sts for sleeve, k to end of row, k back. Bind off next 10 sts, k to end of row, k back, bind off 20 sts, k to end of row, k back, bind off 20 sts, k to end of row (binding off 60 sts in all), then decrease 1 st toward underarm seam in every other row 6 times, until 54 sts remain. K in ridges, always keeping to pattern in front until 6 ridges are made. There should be 15 patterns. Slip the 54 sts on a separate needle, work other front and sleeve to correspond, add 1 st in front, slip the other 54 sts on same needle and work on these 109 sts, 6 ridges plain, then work 8 inches, k 2, p 1, same as on back, work 17 patterns, and 18 ridges for border.

CUFFS—Pick up 52 sts at end of sleeve, k 2, p 1 for 4 inches, then work 2 patterns, same as on sweater, but work same from inside out as cuff turns over, then 5 ridges plain, bind off loosely. Sew up side seams and sleeves.

COLLAR—Pick up sts from end to end around neck, 18 sts on each front, 5 sts on each shoulder and 24 sts on back of neck, 70 sts in all. K first 3 sts work pattern on next 7 sts, k 50 sts, pattern on 7 sts. K last 3 sts; the border must correspond to border on front, but work the fronts inside out as collar turns back. Work 12 patterns for side of collar, then work 2 patterns across the end of collar, leaving 3 sts on each end plain, finish with 6 ridges plain, bind off loosely.

BUTTON LOOPS—With crochet hook start in center front and work up on right side, 2 s c, between first 2 ridges, 8 ch*, skip 2 ridges, 5 s c in next 5 ridges, 8 ch. Repeat from * until you have 6 loops (then work 1 s c in each ridge to point of collar, 3 s c in to point, 1 s c in each st on back, 1 s c in each ridge, but counting 3 less ridges, make the loops same as on other side, but have some come between the loops on right front, as the sweater buttons back and forth. Work 6 loops, s c to end of row, join

BUTTONS—3 ch, join, 6 s c. Second row—2 s c in each st. Third and fourth rows—1 s c into each st, insert mold, break yarn, and with darning needle draw button together.

Knox Sweater (Ribbed,

Material—7 skeins of wool. 1 pr. No. 5 needles. 1 pr. No. 3 steel needles

BACK—Cast on 90 st. K 15 r plain. Decrease 1 st at each end of nl. K 2 plain, p 1, 1¾ in. Decrease 1 st each end, k 2½ in. Decrease 1 st. Same way k 2½ in. You have 82 st reaching waist line. Mark with white basting thread Back should measure 15 in. from waist to neck. Then transfer to steel needles K 4 r across. Put 20 st on reserve nl, bind off 24 for neck. K 29 remaining st for 5 rows plain

Add 33 st. Commence pattern. K 2, p 1, for 50 st, 12 st, k plain for border This makes 62 st for front. Repeat for 5½ in., reaching under arm, then increase 1 st every other row until you have increased 8 st. Add 10 st. K pattern 9 in, which comes to waist line.

Commence increasing 1 st at each end of nl. K for 1½ in., increase 1 st at each end of nl. K 2½ in. Increase 1 st at each end of nl. You should have 84 s. K pattern for 2½ in. K 15 r. plain.

SLEEVE—Cast on 32 st. K 1 st, increase 1 st, k pattern to end of row. Repeat until there are 60 st on nl. Increase 1 st at each end of nl to 72 st. Cast on 3 st at each end of nl, making 78 st. K pattern for 3 in.

Decrease at each end of nl, every 10th row until there are 60 st. K pattern to within two in. of bottom of sleeve. K 8 st plain k 2 st together, k 8 st plain, k 2 st together, repeat until you have 45 st on nl. Put these st on No. 3 steel nl and k plain for 4 in.

Sew sleeve up and turn back cuff.

COLLAR—Take up all st around neck and k plain for 20 r.

BELT—Cast on 60 st, k plain 14 r, fasten with crochet buttons from seam to seam in back.

POCKET—Cast on 30 st, k pattern for 4 in, k plain for 13 r.

Watch the pattern in increasing and decreasing for under arm and hip so that your pattern will run straight.

BUTTON HOLES—Make 1st button hole 8 in from neck, then 5 in apart 2 more.

Known as the "Knox Sweater."

Ladies' Knitted Sleeveless Sweater

Size 36 to 38 bust measure.

Materials used—4 balls Monarch Floss (weight 2 ozs); 1 pair No. 11, No. 8 and No. 3 needles.

Cast on 60 sts (on large needles). K plain for 10 inches.

FOR WAISTLINE—Using No. 8 needles, k 5, p 5, ending 5 k sts, turn p 5, k 5, ending 5 p sts. Continue for 2½ inches. Return to large needles and knit for 11½ inches, k 10 sts, k 2 together, k 10 sts, put these on safety pin. Bind off next 20 sts for neck. K 10 sts, k 2 together, k 10, turn, k 6, k 2 together, k 6, k remaining sts. Continue to k until there are 4 ridges for shoulder. Then k 10 sts, add 1 st, k 10, etc., until the three sts taken off for shoulder have been replaced. Also add 1 st at neck end every row for 9 ridges. K 5 more ridges, then add 1 st, every ridge at opposite side—to form armhole—for 5 ridges. K plain for 22 ridges. There should now be 35 sts on needle.

FOR POCKETS—K 10 sts, put on safety pin, k next 15 sts back and forth for 11 ridges, put on safety pin. Break off wool and attach to body part of sweater (at the end of the 10 sts on pin). Cast on 15 sts, knit remaining 10 sts, turn and knit back and forth for 11 ridges including the first 10 sts on safety pin. Put sts of the inside of pocket on spare needle. Knit the first 10 sts of the body part of sweater, then the next 15 taking 1 st from body part of sweater with 1 st from spare needle, knitting both together. K remaining 10 sts. Continue to k back and forth until there are 6 ridges and bind off loosely. Return to right shoulder, put sts from safety pin on needle and make this side to correspond with left. Pick up sts loosely with smaller needles (No. 8) along the sides and around the neck. K for 4 ridges and bind off loosely. Sew up side seams to armholes.

FOR STRAPS AND CROSS-BELT—On No. 3 needles cast on 10 sts, k back and forth for 14 inches, then make buttonhole by knitting 2 sts, binding off 6 sts, k the remaining 2, turn, k 2, cast on 6 sts, k 2, k for 2 more ridges and bind off. Make another strap and attach one to each side seam at waistline. Crochet two buttons to fasten straps.

Crocheted Cap for Ladies and Girls

Materials used—2 balls 4-fold Monarch wool; bone crochet hook No. 3.

Ch 3, join in ring, and into the ring, put 7 s c.

Row 1—2 s c into every st

Row 2—2 s c into every 2nd st, 1 s c into other sts.

Row 3—2 s c into every 3rd st working the 2 s c into the 2 s c of the 2nd row, 1 s c in other sts. Increase in this way in the same place for 14 more rows.

There should be one st. more between each of the 7 points on each row. You have now worked 17 rows

Row 18—1 s c into every st

Row 19—2 s c into every 18th st.

Row 20—1 s c into every st.

Row 21—2 s c into every 19th st.

Work 1 s c into every st for 5 rows—there are now 26 rows.

Row 27—Decrease (skip 1st) every 14th st

Continue in this way until the desired head size is reached Then work 1½ ins. plain, and bind off the cap with a row of chain crochet, to keep it from stretching.

Knox Sweater—Back

This is made by drawing the thread through the cap and the loop on the needle at the same time.

FOR THE TURNED-BACK CUFFS—Turn, and s c back in the opposite direction, picking up the first thread of the inner ch and leaving a ch at the bottom of cap. At the end of this row, work through both threads of the st as before, for 9 rows or 1½ inches. Turning the work makes stitches of cap and cuff the same. Finish cuff with a row of ch sts.

FOR THE POMPON—Take a piece of cardboard 2½ inches wide, and wind the wool around it until you have the desired thickness. Tie together in the centre, and clip the outer edges with the scissors. Sew to top of cap.

Ladies' Knitted Sleeveless Sweater

Directions for Knitting Socks

Material—1¾ hanks of yarn.

Use Red Cross Needles No. 1 or steel needles No. 11.

Cast on 56 st, on 3 nl., 28 on 1 nl., 12, 16 on other two. K. 2, p. 2 for 4 in. Beginning with 1st nl. (28 st.) k. plain for 7 in.

HEEL—K. to end of nl. (28 st. or heel nl.). Turn, sl. 1st st., p. across. Turn, sl. 1st st., k. across. Continue until heel measures 3½ in.

TO TURN THE HEEL—Begin to turn heel with the wrong side next you. P. 16 st., p. 2 together, p. 1. Turn, sl. 1st st., k. 5, k. 2 together, k. 1. Turn, sl. 1st st., p. 6, p 2 together, p. 1. Turn, sl. 1st st., k. 7, k. 2 together, k. 1. Continue this way, taking 1 st. more each time across until all st. have been used.

TO START INSTEP—Add to st. you have on your needle the loops or st. on side of heel, k. them up and two from front needle.

Take your spare needle and k. across the front (or instep) needle.

Take last 2 st. from front needle, add them to the loops or st. on other side of heel (You will then have 1 st. on front instep needle

K. to centre of heel when the st. will be equally divided on 3 nl

*K. 2 rounds plain On the 3rd round k. to within 3 st. of end of nl. k 2 together, k. 3, k. across front nl On 3rd nl k 3, k. 2 together, complete two to nl to middle of heel.

Repeat paragraph above marked with star (*) until there are 16 st. on each heel nl. K. plain until foot measures 7 in.

TOE—In beginning toe, k. 6 st., k. 2 together, k. 6, k. 2 together for 1 round.

K. 6 rows plain, k. 5 st., k. 2 together, and so on for 1 round. K. 5 rounds plain, k. 4 st., k. 2 together for 1 round.

K. 4 rounds plain. Continue until you have 20 st.

FINISHING TOE—Arrange the st. on two needles, 10 st. on sole nl., 10 on top nl. Break off yarn, leaving 12 in. Then th. into a blunt darning nl. Proceed to weave the front and back together as follows:

Hold the 2 nl together in left hand * pass darner through 1st st. on front nl, as if k, and slip off. (Always keep your yarn nl. at the right of darning nl.) Pull through 2nd st. on front nl as if p. and leave st. on. pull th. through 1st st. of back nl as if k and sl st off Pass th. back st. as if k and leave st. on. Repeat from (*) star until all st. are off nl. Fasten end of yarn by darning down side of toe.

Double Heel and Toe

Double yarn or cotton may be used in heel and toe.

To knit the toe and heel double, use an extra ball of yarn With the yarn that is already in use and second yarn leaving a loose end of a few inches to be darned in later, using the two yarns as if single yarn until heel is turned. Use in the same way for toe When dropping double thread, every 4th row, to be fastened with darner.

There can hardly be a Christmas gift more acceptable than knitted boudoir shoes.

FROM time to time in addition to the regular display of fashions in Everywoman's World, knitting ideas of the moment will be presented Any suggestions along these lines on the part of readers that may help other readers will be acceptable. Address such communications to Fashion Editor, Everywoman's World.

For Winter motoring this scarf is excellent.

Ladies' Auto Scarf

Material—4 balls of gray wool, 1 ball of rose pink. 1 pr. needles No. 5, 1 pr. steel knitting needles No. 15.

Cast 62 st on steel needles with pink wool and rib in twos for 5 in.

Slip this on No. 5 needles, widening 1 st at beginning and end of each row until you have 90 st. K plain 150 r, then narrow at beginning and end of each row until you have 62 st.

Then slip on steel needles and rib as before for 5 in. Sew pink together for cuffs.

COLLAR—Pick up 60 st in centre of scarf, beginning 50 r from cuffs with No. 5 needles. K 8 r. Bind off.

Crochet 2 button moulds, fasten with loops.

Ladies' Knit Shoes

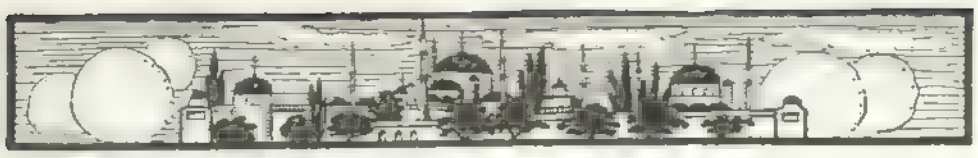
Material—4 balls of 4 fold wool, gray.

1 ball of rose pink, 1 yd of rose pink ribbon, 1 pr lamb's wool soles, No. 5, 1 pr steel knitting needles No. 15,

Cast on 125 st, taking the 65th st for centre.

Narrow 1 st on each side of centre for 30 rows, knitting 2, purling 3. Knit center st plain

Sew on soles and close up back of shoes.



Influenza:

Some Interesting Facts About Its History, Prevention and Treatment

INFLUENZA, which is now sweeping over Canada, from one end to the other, is a very old disease. It was known in ancient times, and as early as 1510 it over-ran the whole civilized world. For centuries it has periodically swept over various parts of the world. The last great world epidemic was in 1889-1890 when it was generally known by the French name of *la grippe* The disease has always travelled from east to west.

Symptoms

THE symptoms are similar to those of a heavy cold; more or less severe headache, cold in the head and throat, fits of sneezing, flushed face, chills, aches and pains in the back and limbs, pains in the eye-balls and behind the eyes, general physical depression, and temperature rising to between 101 and 104 degrees.

How to Prevent It

AS it is such an old disease, doctors have naturally learned a great deal about its prevention and treatment. The first principle of prevention is to keep away from those infected, and the second, to build up the germ-resisting parts of the body by eating nourishing foods, dressing comfortably, getting lots of sleep, and by living in the open air and in bright, well-ventilated rooms as much as possible. The mouth, throat and nose should be systematically and frequently disinfected by antiseptic inhalations, sprays and washes. Such preparations as chloretone and listerine are well adapted for this purpose.

In fighting previous epidemics, doctors found quinine a useful preventative. One grain of sulphate of quinine mixed with (but not dissolved in) a wineglassful of cold water makes an excellent antiseptic gargle. The anti-microbic properties of quinine are well known and its use as described above at once relieves the symptoms of sore throat, which result from the strain of the fight between the white blood corpuscles and the invading germs in the tonsils—the body's first line of defence. Quinine is also given internally with success as a preventive. In one of the more recent outbreaks in Europe, an experiment was tried in which the men of one squardon of a regiment of cavalry were each given 7½ grains of quinine in ½ ounce of whiskey daily for 22 days, whilst those of the other squadrons were given none. The latter squadrons had from 22 to 44 cases each of influenza, whilst the squadron treated with quinine developed only 4 cases. Inhalations of oil of eucalyptus, thymol, oil of mountain pine and the like are also valuable as preventives.

How to Treat It

WHEN a person is struck by influenza, only one course lies open. That is to take to bed with the least possible delay, and call a doctor. Rest, warmth and quiet are three sovereign remedies of the primary disease, and the best preventive of its more deadly complications, of which pneumonia is the most frequent. While there is no specific for influenza, yet there are many drugs which play a useful part in relieving it, such as quinine, aspirin and various tonics, anti-neuralgic, antiseptic and heart medicines, to be prescribed by the physician in charge.

What to Eat

THE dietetic rules which apply to any fever apply equally to influenza. Liquid foods at first, solids a little later on in a gradually ascending scale from lightly boiled fresh eggs to chicken, roast joints, etc. Water, cold or hot, may be sipped, or "egg water" may be given. This excellent dish is prepared by blending with a pint of cold water, the whipped whites of from 2 to 4 eggs, flavoured with salt or cinnamon. Then the animal broths may be given. There are many cases in which even the lightest foods are spurned with loathing and common-sense must be used in adapting diet to the particular case in hand.

Precautions Against Influenza

1. The sick should be separated from the healthy. This is especially important in the case of first attacks in the household.
2. Discharges from the nose and mouth should not be allowed to get dry on a pocket handkerchief or inside the house, office or factory. They should at once be collected in paper or clean rags and burned. If this cannot be done, they should be dropped into a vessel containing water.
3. Infected articles and rooms should be cleansed and disinfected. Use disinfectants everywhere. Wash the hands frequently.
4. Those attacked should not, on any account, mingle with other people for at least a period of ten days from the commencement of the attack. In severe cases, they should remain away from work for a longer period.
5. Special attention should be given to cleanliness and ventilation. Warm clothing should be worn, the feet should be kept dry and all unnecessary exposure avoided.

A Victory Loan Catechism

Q. What is the Victory Loan, 1918? A. It is Canada's second Victory Loan and fifth war loan.

Q. What is a Victory Bond? A. It is the promise of the Dominion of Canada to repay the lender the sum named upon it at the time stated.

Q. What security stands behind this bond? A. The entire assets and wealth of the Dominion of Canada.

Q. When was the last Victory Loan raised? A. In November, 1917, when $420,000,000 was subscribed.

Q. What became of that money? A. It has been used to prosecute Canada's part in the war and to finance and carry on great industries at home.

Q. For example? A. Millions were spent in raising, equipping and sending forth the Canadian reinforcements.

Q. How was the money spent at home? A. In many ways. The British Government was given large credits and out of these, great orders were placed in Canada for munitions, wheat, spruce, salmon, and other things needed by the army.

Q. Why did Great Britain need these advances from Canada? A. They were needed to offset Britain's advances to Canada in army expenses overseas.

Q. How does the Loan affect the people of Canada? A. Without it our war effort would collapse, our industries would suffer a great breakdown, our manufacturers and farmers alike would lose their foreign market.

Q. What has the Loan done for the farmer? A. It has bought the greater part of the wheat crop, and provided a market at good prices for his dairy and animal products.

Q. What would have happened to these products without the Loan? A. Most of the wheat would have been unsold, the price would have been greatly reduced, and the cheese and bacon would have been a drug on the market.

Q. Has the Loan established any new industries? A. It has revived shipbuilding and created new and bustling ship-yards on the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. It has brought into being great plants for the making of aircraft.

Q. What do these mean to the country? A. The employment of thousands of well-paid men and women and their development into highly skilled workers.

Q. Does the Loan reach widely in the distribution of the money? A. It reaches virtually everybody in Canada. All the great industries are benefited, while the financial and mercantile classes all reap their share as middlemen.

Q. Why is it necessary to raise the Loan in Canada? A. Because there is no other place to raise it. Our Allies are burdened to the limit, and we must carry our own load.

Q. Why is Germany fighting? A. To dominate the world and crush civilisation under her cruel militarism. General Von Bernhardi wrote years ago: "Our next war will be fought for the highest interest of our country and mankind. World power or downfall will be our rallying cry"

Q. Why is Canada fighting? A. To save herself and civilisation from this dastardly attack on the world's liberty.

Q. What part has money in this fight? A. While armies of men are indispensable, no country can make war without "silver bullets."

MONARCH-KNIT SWEATER COATS

THERE is a certain captivating style of Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats which wins the instant approval of the woman of taste. There is likewise a real economy in their sturdy construction and careful finish, as well as warmth and comfort in their fine yarns and closely-woven fabric. In times like these when supplies of raw materials vary so frequently, both in quantity and quality, it is well to safeguard your purchase by asking for Monarch-Knit.

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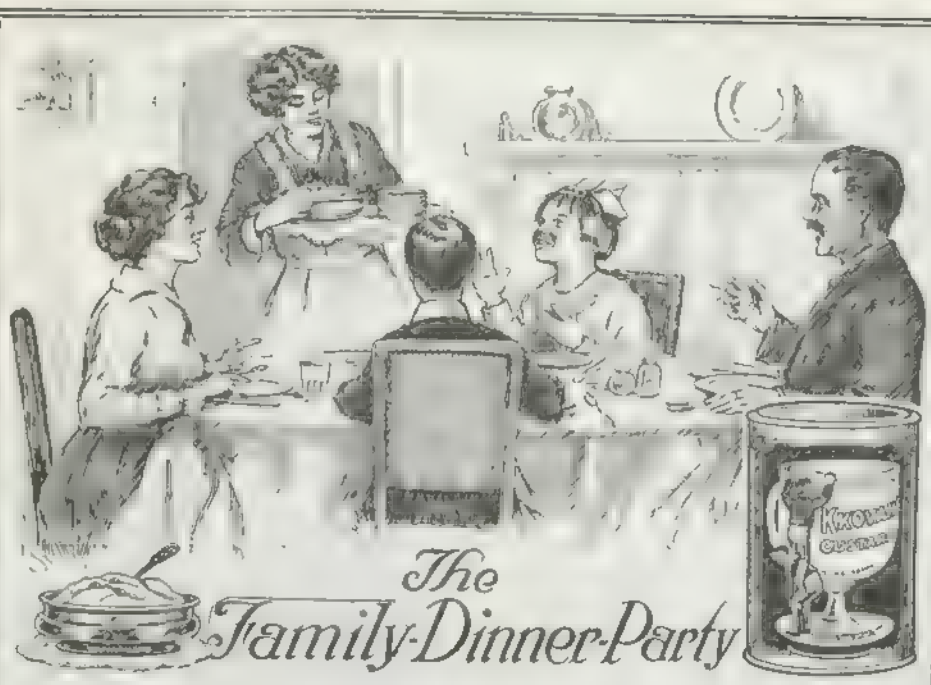

The Family-Dinner-Party

EVERY day is party day in this home because mother serves such wonderful meals. And not the least important part of the menu is the Custard Pudding. It is being served now. Note the expectant faces of the kiddies—the older kiddies too. The whole family enjoys Kkovah Custard Pudding and mother serves it often, it's so good, so nutritious and so easy to digest.

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Out of a total of 8,000 looms, about three or four thousand are entirely engaged upon the manufacture of ducks, flannelettes, shirtings, aeroplane cloths, khaki, and other drills for the use and equipment of the soldiers of the British and Allied nations. Should we be unable to fill your orders with the same promptness as in pre-war days, we request your forbearance as we know you will agree that the great call on our resources for War purposes must be met first of all.

Number of Looms, 8,000	Consumption of Cotton - - 1,000 bales weekly
Number of Spindles, 300,000	Operatives employed - - upwards of 8,000

BRANCHES IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

One-Dollar Christmas Gifts

(*Continued from page 14*)

outside. Material required for letter paper case:

1 yard linen	$ .18
1 piece of linen tape	.10
1 spool cotton	.05
1 skein embroidery cotton	.02
1 pen	.10
Fasteners	.05
Writing paper	.50
	$1 00

DAINTY corset cover ribbons will delight many of your friends. The colour will, of course, depend on the taste of the one for whom the gift is intended. If uncertain get one bolt of white and another of pink.

For the front of the corset cover make a tiny spray of roses, using pink or blue chiffon cloth, with green ribbon for the stems. The petals are best and easiest, made from small circles, about an inch in diameter and about four of them to a rose. These can all be neatly arranged in a dainty Christmas box lined with white tissue paper, and a bolt of ribbon at either end, the roses in the centre. Of course it will be a matter of choice as to the number of sprays you make; but one of each colour makes a dainty gift.

For making:

2 pieces of washable ribbon	$ .56
½ yard green ribbon	.06
1/8 yard blue chiffon cloth	.19
1/8 yard pink chiffon cloth	.19
	$1.00

A PRACTICAL gift is a cushion for the steamer chair. The material should be strong and of a serviceable colour. A [illegible] suitable for this purpose, using brown thread for the stitching and the same colour embroidery thread for a monogram or initial. This requires one yard of linen, 24 inches wide. Cut two 18-inch squares from this and turn back the edges an inch on all sides of both of the squares, and on one edge of each, hem and stitch a half-inch from the edge. Be sure to make the turnings alike, so that when the squares are laid one over the other, with the wrong sides and the hemmed edges together they will be the same size. After they have been basted, stitch the three sides a half-inch from the edge. The open side, with the hems will allow for the cushion to be slipped in and out and when the cover needs laundering, so this will require some patent fasteners or buttons. Three will be quite sufficient.

Then cut two strips of the linen, about 1½ inches wide and 27 long. Put a quarter-inch hem on each edge and sew them as loops to the two top corners of the cushion. These can be out over the top of the steamer chair.

Every woman, married or single, will appreciate a tabloid work bag of the most compact form. It is a tiny bag 4 inches deep with a circular bottom 2 inches in diameter. A half-yard of four and a half-inch ribbon will be sufficient for the making. Cut a circle from a stiff piece of cardboard, and cover both sides with ribbon. Then measure off on the remainder of the ribbon, enough to go around the edge of the circle (it will be a little more than six inches). On this lay another piece of the ribbon, which has been cut down the centre, so that the raw edge of the latter will be even with the lower edge of the first piece. This is to form pockets on the inside of the bag, so when sewing the two pieces of ribbon together, measure them into six parts and sew a row of stitching at each mark to divide the pockets.

After joining the two ends of the ribbon, sew it to the circle; hem the upper edge and put in a draw string. When that has been done, the little bag will be ready to fill. From white cardboard cut seven ovals two inches long and one inch wide. Then hollow out the ends so that you can wind thread on them without having it slip off. Wind on one white, No. 80, on another black thread of the same number; then one white and another black No. 30. The three others will have darning silk, black, white and tan. When putting the thread on, be sure to mark the numbers on the cards.

For the pockets, one will have white thread, another black, the third the darning silk, the next a few hooks and eyes, another, a paper of mixed needles and some straight pins, and the last a few small safety pins.

When the pockets have been filled, put the rest of the needed articles in the centre of the bag. Get a tiny, inexpensive pair of scissors, a thimble, tape measure, tiny roll of tape, a bodkin and an emery.

The Gem of the Notions

Starsnap

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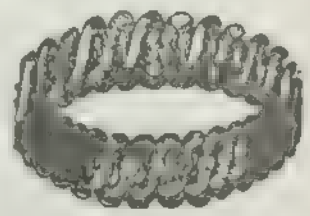
Free with one new Membership in Everywoman's Book and Music Club

FREE TO GIRLS



We will give this beautiful [illegible] to any girl or young lady who will sell 40 packages of lovely embossed Xmas and other post cards to sell at 10 cents a package. They are wanted in every home and you can sell them easily.

The extension Bracelet is of rolled gold plate and fits any arm.

Send us your name and we will send you the cards. When sold, send us the money and we will send you the bracelet. Address:

Homer-Warren Company
Dept. 204, Toronto

"Cravenette" Regd. Showerproof Cloth for Fall Suits and Coats

"Cravenette" Proof is done at Bradford, where England's finest Worsteds, Serges, Cheviots, etc. are made. These elegant English Cloths are then submitted to the wonderful "Cravenette" showerproof.

Every yard of cloth and every garment bears the Trade Mark as below.

Should your dealer not have 'Cravenette' Regd. write The Cravenette Co. Limited, P. O. Box 1934, Montreal.

81

"Cravenette" REGD.

Royal College of Science
709A Spadina Ave. Toronto.

Safeguard Humanity's Health by Becoming a Nurse

THEY need you. You can learn easily at home and fit yourself to earn $10 00 to $25 00 a week.

Full particulars on request

15 cents VOL-PEEK

MENDS POTS & PANS

Mends Graniteware, Tin, Iron, Aluminum, etc. in two minutes. Without tools. 80 mends for 15c. From your dealer or us, postpaid Vol-Peek Co., P.O.Box 2024, Montreal

One-Dollar Christmas Gifts

Continued from page 32

The articles and materials for making this are:

1 tape measure	$ 1
½ yd. ribbon at 19c	05
1 pair scissors	.10
1 thimble	.05
1 roll tape	03
1 package needles	08
Black thread, No. 30 and No. 80	.10
White thread No. 30 and No. 80	10
Bodkin	02
Emery	05
Hooks and eyes	05
Pins	05
Safety Pins	10
Darning silk	15
	$1 00

SUITCASE bags never come amiss. Pretty ones can easily be made from a half-yard of 12-inch flowered ribbon, lined with plain white taffeta. Upon this sew a pocket, made of the taffeta, 12 inches wide and 6 deep, to hold a slipper. Put the two slipper pockets at one end, one above the other. On the rest of the space sew a pocket to hold a shoe horn, another for gloves, one for a button hook and one for powder puff. Then at the opposite end from the slipper pockets, tack a yard of ribbon. Then the case can be rolled up and the ends of the narrow ribbon wound around and tied to hold it

Materials for making.

1½ yard flowered ribbon at 20	$ 30
1 yard narrow ribbon	.07
¾ yard taffeta at 59c	.45
Shoe horn	.08
Powder puff	10
	$1.00

TWO dress covers, the kind that cover the whole garment when hanging in the closet can easily be made for a dollar, using a dainty flowered dimity. Each one requires 3 yards of material, which is folded over so that the two raw edges come together. Stitch along the selvages, then cut a small oval at the centre of the folded edge, making it about 4 inches long and 1½ wide; this will allow for the handle of the hanger to come through.

Then cut a small hem around the bottom and either button-hole the edge of the opening at the top, or hem it. It would be pretty and effective, to gather stitch the hem with pink, and button-hole the top with the same silk. While this will not take very long to make, it is a most practical and serviceable gift.

Amount of material required for making two covers:

6 yards dimity at 15c	$ .90
Embroidery silk	.10
	$1.00

Vegetable Marrow

IT can be kept in the winter in the simplest way. Tie a string to the stem and hang it in a cold dry cellar or attic, and fresh vegetable marrow may be had all winter.

When using it, save all the pulp and seeds for the stock pot, and in making sauce for a dressing after straining the seeds out save and dry them. The children will love to string them in winter, and they make pretty necklaces. They can be dyed red and blue, and with the original colour they make the patriotic necklaces so beloved of children.

When using vegetable marrow for scalloping, *au gratin*, mashed, or in any other way in which it has to be first cooked, steam it for twenty minutes. The skin then peels off easily and none of the marrow is lost.

Here is a very appetizing soup and one simply made:

Vegetable Marrow Soup

ONE large or 2 small marrows, 2 quarts vegetable stock, ½ pint cream, rich milk, or good white sauce.

Pare the marrows, cut up in small pieces and boil in the stock till they can be mashed through a fine sieve or colander. Season well, and just before serving add the cream or the white sauce. If a thicker cream soup is wanted, when the marrow is boiling in the stock, stir into it one-half teacupful of fine oatmeal.

A Couch by Day
A Bed by Night

HERE'S an entirely new idea in Couch-Beds. It overcomes all the disadvantages of the old style sliding steel couches, and combines all the advantages of the Davenport—at a much more reasonable price.

ALASKA
"NEWPORT"

Illustration No. 1 shows the "Newport" used as comfortable and ever useful couch in the daytime. In illustration No. 2 the top is swung back, disclosing a convenient and roomy place to keep the bedding when not in use.

Nos. 3 and 4 show the inner section of the "Newport" being swung on to the floor forming a full-sized bed. Next the top is dropped down, and the comfortable 2-inch mattress folded over in position ready for the bed clothes.

The "Newport" is strongly built, and handsomely covered with art denim. It is a suitable piece of furniture for any room, and a wonderful convenience for unexpected guests.

Any furniture dealer will show you the "Newport" or write to us for descriptive literature.

The Alaska Bedding Co., Limited
Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

Also Makers of Brass and Steel Bedsteads, Springs, Couches, Mattresses and Pillows

ALASKA
GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING

STUDENTS!
Your Way Through College Paid

IF you are attending or wish to attend any University, Technical School, Business College, or are taking a musical course or any other form of educational advancement, we will pay your entire expenses. More than 5000 students each year earn from $5.00 to $35 00 weekly on our plan, which pays both salary and commission for spare time only. A post card will bring full particulars. Address Educational Aid Division, CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD., Dept. Z. Toronto, Ont.

Save Sugar!

Don't use Sugar where Corn Syrup will serve your purpose as well or better. The ships that carry sugar are needed for soldiers and their supplies. Crown Brand and Lily White Corn Syrup are delicious, wholesome and economical alternatives for sugar in pies, puddings and preserves; as a sweet sauce and on cereals.

Use CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The most nutritious part of the corn converted into its "sugar" or syrup form, with the added flavor of a little cane syrup.

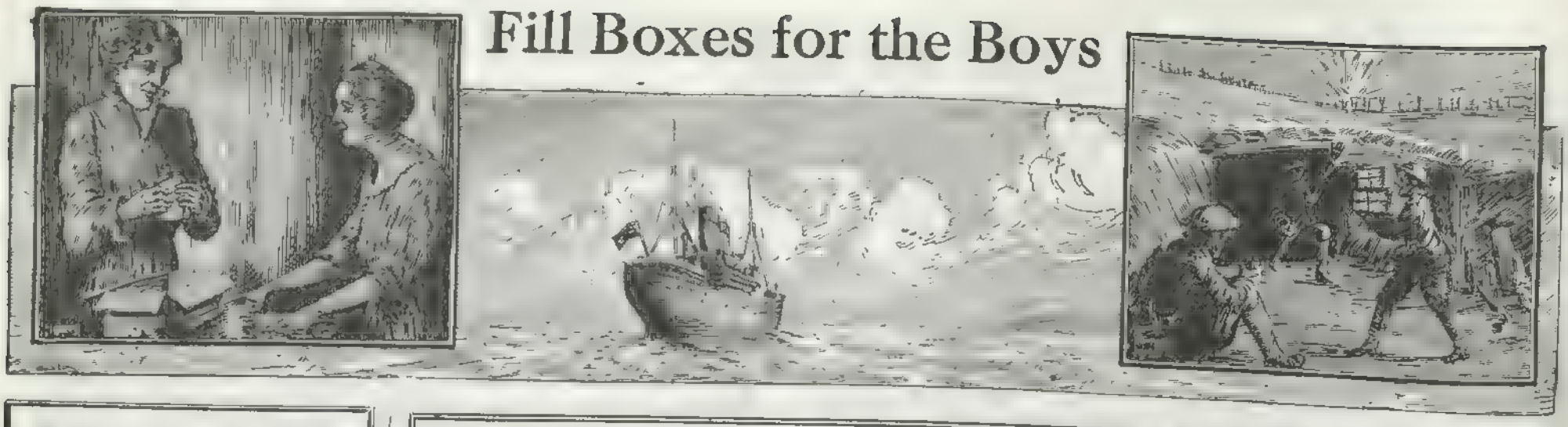
LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP

For use where the Food Board Bulletin calls for Corn Syrup (White)
Delicious for table use and cooking.

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins, at all dealers

CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED - MONTREAL

Fill Boxes for the Boys



Books the Boys Like

DON'T FORGET to slip a book into that Christmas Box for the Boy over-seas. Send him one that's cheerful. He sees enough that isn't. The list below are books the soldier likes. Pick out one—send in your new or renewal subscription to Everywoman's World or Rural Canada, and you receive that distinctive Canadian magazine and the book of your choice **FREE.** You also receive membership in the Home Library and the opportunity of securing a dollar's worth of books each month without cost. Select from this list:

Adventures of Jimmy Dale, Packard
Personality Plus .....Edna Ferber
Roast Beef Medium .....Edna Ferber
The Way of an Eagle ...Ethel M. Dell
The Eternal Magdalene. McLaughlin
The Call of the Blood ..... Hichens
Mr. Britling Sees it Through...Wells
Maids of Paradise, .. Robt. Chambers
The Love of Life ....Jack London
The Blazed Trail ... Stewart White
Laugh and Live ...Douglas Fairbanks
Private Peat ... . Harold P[illegible]t
Street of Seven Stars ..... Rinehart
Piccadilly Jim ..... F. G. Wodehouse
Buck Parvin and the Movies
Chas. Van Loan
If Any Man Sin .... H. A. Cody
The Prospector ....Ralph Connor

SECRETARY HOME LIBRARY
259 Spadina Ave., Toronto

Enroll me as a member of the Home Library and enter my subscription to Everywoman's World at $2.00. This gives me the opportunity of securing $1.00 worth of books monthly without cost. Also send me the following book free and postpaid.

[illegible]

Name .....

Address .....

AS WELCOME AS "EATS"

Toilet Requisites are real luxuries to the boy in France. Help him to keep clean and comfortable. Include in his next box these well-known Canadian Toilet Necessities.

Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste—Used by thousands of Canadian boys overseas.
Corson's Ideal Orchid Talcum . . . . Price 25c
Corson's Menthelated Cold Cream " 25c
Corson's Camphorated Cold Cream " 25c
(Creams of this nature are difficult to get in France. They are soothing for chapped faces and hands and sore feet. All will carry well in boxes

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

MONARCH DOWN

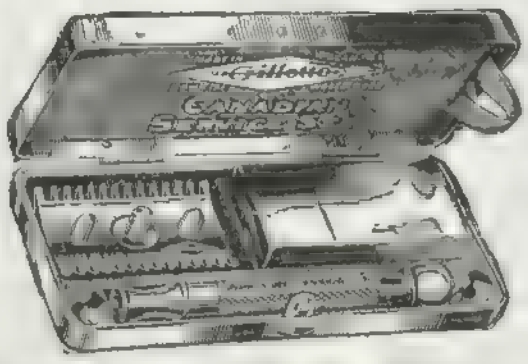
Strongly recommended for overseas knitting, Monarch Down is a 4-ply high-grade yarn in which good looks are combined with dogged durability. 30 colors. Ask your dealer

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED.
Dunnville, Ont., Can

We also make Monarch Floss, an extra fine quality 2-ply yarn in 30 colors.

THE MOST PRACTICAL GIFT!

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR



The Gillette has proved itself by all odds the best razor for the job in France. It is always keen and ready for action, even under the severe conditions of the trenches.

Be practical in your Gifts. Send him a Gillette, or if he has one, send him a few packages of Gillette Blades to replace his old ones.

Ask your dealer to show you the new Military Sets today.

Gillette Safety Razor Co.
of Canada, Limited
Office and Factory:
65-73 Alexander St., Montreal, Que.

The Box from Home

By Private THOMAS CRAWFORD (Returned)

CHRISTMAS at Home! Glad reunion of friends and loved ones, brightness and laughter of the festal board, good-cheer and good-will to all! *Christmas in the Trenches!* Mud and rain and the same drab routine of life in the open ditch; shells and minnies and bullets as ever, death and the mud!

The same as ever and yet not the same, for to nearly everyone there comes that special box of good things from home—unhappy indeed is he who does not receive such.

To appreciate the true worth of a box from home one must have lived in the trenches—spent a six months in the line, on bully beef and hard tack and army tobacco—then you will know how good "eats and things" can really be.

"Ho! Ho! Endie's got a box from the girl. What she sent you Endie?" and a group gathers around.

With the expression of a man who has just received a ten days' leave Endie breaks the string, tears off the paper and removes the lid—chocolates, cigarettes (real Canadian ones), cakes and other things equally good!

"Help yourselves, boys," says the pleased owner and holds out the box. With weird, extravagant expressions of satisfaction the boys do help themselves. No one is greedy. All know that boxes from home are not to be squandered—they're to be made to last as long as possible. Then munching, chewing or smoking they go back to their duties, the lighter of heart because of someone's kind thought.

Endie himself digs deeper into the box, finds a razor, a small paraffin heater or some other article which he wanted for his kit—just what he was looking for!

"Gee! Mary's the kind of a girl to have all right," he tells himself. "She doesn't forget a fellow."

A glow of genuine Christmas warmth has penetrated the discomfort of the trenches.

Send Only Standard Advertised Products in Your Box

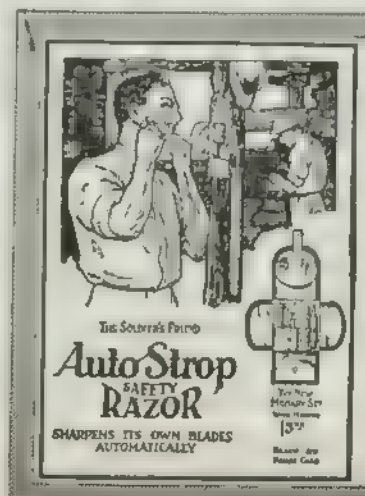
THE best is none too good—not good enough, indeed!—for our boys over there.

Our overseas boxes cannot be large for they must go by post, hence what we send must be of first quality—*standard, reliable products which will reach the trenches in as good condition as they leave our hands.*

The articles listed here are "the best" standard products, fully guaranteed by the advertisers and ourselves. In making up a Christmas box of these, you may be sure that the quality of the gifts is the best.

Apart from quality there is another very important consideration—appropriateness. We must send *only such things as the boys want and need and will appreciate.* To send useless, undesirable articles spells waste, and to the recipient it means disappointment. We must send the "right" things.

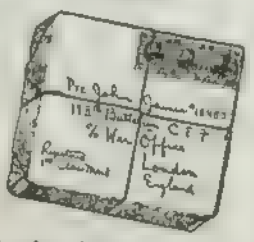
To insure against mistakes in this regard we have had our list carefully checked over by one who has Christmas-ed over there, and knows what the boys want and need.



SEND YOUR BOY AN
AutoStrop RAZOR
IT IS THE GIFT HE NEEDS!

INCLUDE IN YOUR BOX OR SEND SEPARATELY

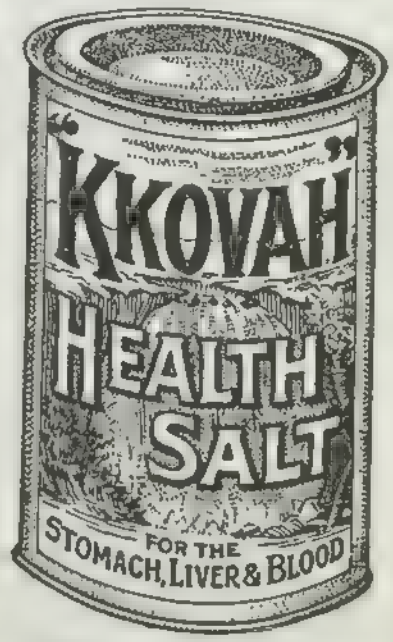
22 cents postage will deliver an AutoStrop RAZOR Overseas by first class registered mail



Your Dealer will look after it for you!

KKOVAH Health Salt
Is a Boon to Soldiers

FIGHTING men are constantly under unusual strain. Their habits are often irregular and likely to cause them much trouble. They need Kkovah Health Salt



Kkovah Health Salt will keep him healthy because it removes all waste and poisonous matter from the system and keeps the bowels normally active.

Every, EVERY overseas box should contain a tin of Kkovah Health Salt.

Sutcliffe & Bingham, Limited
Of Manchester, for Over Quarter of a Century

SEND HIM A Mouth Organ!

CHRISTMAS time brings thoughts of home and music. Do you realize how many hours of gloom you can dispel? You can brighten the weariest hours for a whole group of soldier boys with a Claxton mouth organ. We will ship one direct to France for you, postage paid, if you forward his address in full, or we will mail it to you to include in his Xmas package.

No. 1	- - -	.52
No. 2	Guaranteed -	.78
No. 3	Tremolo -	$1.50
No. 4	Double Reed -	$2.10

THOS. CLAXTON LIMITED
Everything Musical
251 Yonge Street TORONTO

Lend a Touch of Home to That Overseas Christmas Parcel

Christmas Would Not Be Christmas To Him Without This Tangible Expression Of Love From Home

By JUDSON T. STUART

CANADA'S sons in service abroad are going to have the merriest Christmas this year of any that they have experienced since the war. Their glorious victories, their heroic advances, and their knowledge that the foe is beaten and weakening every day with a weakness that can know no recovery and end only in his justly deserved disaster, will make it a happy holiday.

Whether, at Christmas, the enemy has crumbled and surrendered, or whether he is continuing in his desperate but impotent defence will make no real difference in the Christmas situation. Our boys who are in service over there cannot get back home for the holiday by any miracle, not even if there has been an unconditional surrender.

And no matter how happy they may be because of this turn of affairs that their valour has brought about, you can make it a still happier Christmas for them by sending them a box for the holidays.

It is getting late. That box must be sent now—without delay. Do not waste a day in getting it ready. It doesn't matter if they are to have the very best sort of a Christmas feast provided for them, as many will have, it will not be complete without that box from home. The day will not be quite the same without some token and without a sample of good old "home cooking."

Many of the boys will be in the trenches in the front lines—for the lines must be held and advanced, Christmas or no Christmas—or in the open, chasing Huns, or in many places in advance of the base and if any great spreads are prepared for the majority, these boys on duty will be unable to join. You do not know whether your own boy will be back at the base for the Christmas feast or whether he will be in the front lines on Christmas Day, but if you send him a box now you will be sure that it will reach his Division Headquarters in time to be forwarded and that messengers will on that day take the Christmas boxes to whoever may be in advance on duty. And so there is a double reason why such a box should be sent on.

An idea worth while! Before boxing, wrap gifts in bandana or khaki handkerchief —which in itself is most acceptable.

MANY weeks ago arrangements were made to insure prompt delivery of the Christmas boxes. There will be few delays or mistakes, providing you do your part now, address and pack the box properly and rush it off to him.

What to send him and just how to pack that box is a problem that should be solved at once. First of all, bear in mind that there will be tons of these boxes. Picture the mail that comes on Christmas time into your one small home town. And then picture the Christmas mail that will go forth from all parts of the Dominion to the boys—great mountains of it. The boxes cannot be handled singly, or like a package marked "Glass, With Care." They must be sacked at your own office and re-sacked for the ship and hoisted aboard and hoisted off over there. They must be piled into trains and go to the bases and from there in motor trucks to regimental headquarters and there sorted for the companies.

And by that time the box has had some rather hard usage. No ordinary cardboard box will stand this strain. On the other hand, thick wooden boxes are out of the question, they are too bulky and far too heavy. But there are several sorts of boxes that are just suited for this. A neat strong tin box is probably best of all. A medium-sized biscuit tin or any box of that sort. Next are the boxes made of very light and thin wood, about the thickness of the wood in which comb honey is formed for the market.

DRUGGISTS, grocers, and other merchants have many such boxes which are suitable. And next comes the box made of the corrugated cardboard such as is used for mailing photographs. Such cardboard is in two thicknesses with the corrugated or "wave-line" board between. A box of this sort, with a cover that slips down over the box at least two or three inches, will serve quite well. But it must be so packed that no liquids or damp goods, like jams, can break and leak, as this will soften the cardboard and cause it to tear open and the contents rattle out during rough usage.

The tin and thin wooden boxes did best service last season. A few dents in the tin boxes and a few cracks in the wooden ones did no harm. A bit of jelly leaking out into the box did no harm.

See that the address is painted on the tin in at least two places so that if it is scratched or rubbed off in one place it will be found in another. But before you do this, put the address on a card *inside* the box, for as a last resort if boxes arrive without address they are opened, and officers look for this very thing—the address inside.

If you wrap the boxes, and they should be wrapped with stout paper because this protects them from bruises and forms a sort of thin cushion for them, be sure and put the address in two or three places on the outside wrappings. Tags are not advisable because they tear off. The wooden boxes should also have addresses painted on them. Your Christmas box now has the boy's address inside, painted on the box, and also on the outer wrapper. It is well wrapped and tied with good cord, never with twine. Stout linen cord, linen fish line, or something of that nature that will not easily break or wear through in the days of constant joggling and friction with other boxes in transit.

Our wounded heroes, before all others, must not be denied toys in their stockings, and this photo, taken at the 3rd London General Hospital last year, shows ladies packing toys and useful presents for the wounded.

What to give the boy is, up to a certain point, not difficult to decide. A trench mirror is flat and takes up no room. You say he has one. You mean he "had" one. How do you know that it is not lost, or rusted or damaged some other way? It is probably dulled by wear, and the bright new one will always be gratefully received.

Razor blades? Certainly. Life in the trenches is death to razor blades. The dust and mud gets into the pores of the skin and the blade that would serve the boy with four good shaves at home will be dulled with one shave. Give him plenty of them. There are small arrangements for sharpening various makes of blades, a holder and oilstone or a strop, depending on the make. Send one along so that he can fall back on it when his new blades are dulled.

A pocket knife is useful. The big boys over there are like the little boys at home, always losing a knife and always needing one. Perhaps he has lost his housewife kit and needs needles and pins and a few buttons for undergarments, and some safety pins to patch up the uniform torn on barbed wire until he can have a new one issued.

Cigarettes? By all means, and a pipe if he is a pipe smoker. Some good tobacco, his favourite brand. A fountain pen, a few ink tablets that may be dissolved in water to make good writing ink. Socks. Wristlets, muffler—remember he has no steamheat and hot and cold running water and carpets and morris chairs and woven wire springs and woollen sleeping garments in the trenches. When the boy's feet are dry and his wrists warm and the biting wind kept out of his neck, he's comfortable and practically safe from colds.

BUT the boy wants a little nearer touch of home, too. Have you a few snapshots taken this year? How about a picture of Kate, the family horse, and Gyp the dog, and even Thomas, the fireside cat? And of course if there are little brothers and sisters, or little tots of his own, send the lastest pictures of them. They will mean more to him than all the works of art in the world. When he sees their confident, smiling faces he will feel that he has been fighting for something worth while, not only for suffering others, but to protect his own from the possibility of such suffering.

Send him something good to eat. Nothing that will spoil in transit. If you can make a small fat mince pie, of the good old spiced mincemeat, cooked rather dry, not too much moisture in it, and leave it in the tin baking plate and fasten a thin flat board over the top, or put two tin plates together with a pie in each and first make holes in the rims so that you can wire them together, they'll get there safe and sound and fill his heart with joy and his stomach with comfort. Fruit cake that will not crumble, but will keep indefinitely is good. Little jars of marmalade, some of that thick quince preserve, a bit of mint apple preserve—whatever it was he best liked at home. Fill in the chinks of the box with sticks of chewing gum, some of the hard old-fashioned peppermints, and, above all else

A Joint Letter From Every One in the Family!

You know your own son or brother or husband or sweetheart—you know his likes and dislikes, you know his especial fondness for some thing or things that you can get into the box. Fold up the home paper and stick it in, even if you have to separate the sheets and fold them separately.

He deserves the box. You know that. Don't delay, get it ready to-day. If you have any doubts as to size or weight, your postmaster will promptly inform you.

Pack that Christmas box for him.

Do it right. Do it now!

Above: Christmas parcels in "Hospital." Repairing them for the Front after they have been damaged in transit.

To the right: Playing cards and cigarettes for the boys.

Above: Ready to be boxed.

To the left: Cigarettes, cards, fountain pens—all are easily packed, and, oh! so welcome. Big folks and little folks, all can help.

To keep a lovely skin
—with soap that rinses off.

Nature says: "Don't hamper my work by using haphazard methods and soaps."

And all Nature asks is a little common-sense coöperation in the care of the skin she is daily trying to give you.

Nature lays great stress on *rinsing*.

She says: "The soap must *all rinse off*."

So, if you want to choose and keep a clear, beautiful, natural skin, you will want to choose, also, a *method* and a *soap*, to take proper care of that skin.

Pure Fairy Soap is made for skins. Fairy Soap is made to cream refreshingly in *and out* of pores, as Nature asks. And when it has performed its perfect cleansing—*off it rinses*.

It rinses off perfectly — after its perfect cleansing.

That is why Fairy Soap is a soap that Nature herself loves—for the care of healthy, natural skins.

"IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES *you find them caring for their native charms in simpler ways—the ways that Nature herself in-*

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED, MONTREAL

FAIRY SOAP

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

Licensed by The Food Controller, Licence Number 2-055

Count the Costs in Food Values

THE housewife gets more satisfaction if she counts the costs of her purchases in food values instead of dollars and cents. Why? Because she not only gets the most nutritious foods, but she actually DOES save her dollars and cents.

Based on a price per 1000 calories

Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

for low price and high food values, lead over a number of the best foods obtainable as follows:—

Corn Flakes	at 15c a pkg.,	1000 calories	11.7 cents
Butter	at 50c a lb.,	1000 calories	13 cents
Bacon	at 55c a lb.,	1000 calories	19 cents
Milk	at 13c a qt.,	1000 calories	18.5 cents
Roast Beef	at 26c a lb.,	1000 calories	23.4 cents
Lamb Chops	at 38c a lb.,	1000 calories	32.7 cents
Chicken	at 32c a lb.,	1000 calories	41.3 cents
Eggs	at 45c a doz.,	1000 calories	44.7 cents
Beefsteak	at 34c a lb.,	1000 calories	45.6 cents

Sold only in the original red, white and green package

Only Made in Canada by

THE BATTLE CREEK TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY, LONDON, ONTARIO

Est'd 1906

Scotland and Baby Welfare

TWELVE years ago Scotland became interested in national baby welfare. Its first infant mortality congress was held then, and two years later the Notification of Births Act was passed. In 1915 there was passed an extension to that Act, and Baby Welfare became a live subject. Under the new Act local authorities in Scotland were allowed to make such arrangements as they might deem necessary and which the Local Government Board might sanction for looking after the health of expectant and nursing mothers and of children up to the age of five. This gave an impetus to those interested in the question, and innumerable plans were proposed. Fifty have been approved, and twenty-four are under consideration by the board having charge of the administration of the Act.

The most careful attention is given to mothers, not only in the matter of medical attention but in systematic and practical education in all pertaining to mothercraft. Infant welfare centres are provided where medical advice and treatment are available. So far the legislation follows the usual things attempted by all baby welfare movements, but those interested seem to have delved more deeply into the subject and to have realized that the most perfect baby is not an isolated being, but sensitively dependent on whatever happens to its parents, its brothers and sisters and its neighbours. No baby can flourish if any or all of these controlling factors are below normal. Therefore the Act authorizes the establishment of *creches*, day nurseries, kindergartens, and even play centres, thus linking up with baby welfare many other interests not heretofore considered as part of that movement.

Hospital treatment is provided for the expectant mother if for any reason home conditions are not all that they should be, and children up to the age of five are given in-patient treatment. Convalescent homes were, on May last, included with infant welfare institutions. Dr. Leslie Mackenzie, who, as medical member of the Local Government Board for Scotland, has directed the movement, has put into his work unusual insight and sympathy, and has been ably seconded by Sir George M'Crae, vice-president of the board. He brings to his work not only a broad outlook the result of extensive experience, but the zeal that belongs to a social reformer.

THE way in which the plan works out, financially, is interesting. Institutions do not receive grants directly from the board. These may be instituted or maintained providing they meet all hygienic requirements from funds contributed by local authorities, and these in turn receive from the board half the amount paid out. This locates much responsibility on local authorities because the national board is especially generous in allowing payments. Cities are profiting most by this opportunity, but larger towns are beginning to apply. Some sixty-seven local authorities have been designated for help, and this represents a population of 1,250,000. Voluntary institutions are freely subsidized, and are co-operating with the board in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, and other places.

It has been found that the travelling exhibition is an inestimable factor in catching and holding the public conscience. Three separate exhibitions are being used constantly through the generosity of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. Even so, the demand for the exhibition is greater than can be supplied. Local authorities are authorized to pay the expenses incident to securing the exhibition. The National Union of Women Workers is responsible, through Lady Aberdeen, for securing the exhibit in the first place. It is patterned after the original exhibit given in New York City several years ago, particulars of which can be secured through the New York City Board of Health. As a culmination of the national consciousness of the importance of conservation of child life, there is to be established in Edinburgh, through the generosity of the Carnegie Trust a National Institute of Maternal and Child Welfare. The only factor, seemingly, that needs active cultivation is the acceptance of each individual resident of Scotland of his own personal responsibility in the matter. A few zealous and generous workers and an abundance of good laws are "dead letters" unless every one in the community realizes his own responsibility.

The Reason

"PA, why do they say in the market reports that wheat is nervous?"

"I guess, Son, it is because it expects to be thrashed."

New Ways for Old

AS spinning-wheel days have been replaced by modern ways, so have old-time sweeping methods been discarded. Sweeping need no longer be a dreaded task; a fatiguing "job." The Bissell's has made sweeping easy and thorough.

Then corn brooms were sufficient. But now fine carpets and rugs require a Bissell appliance. Floor coverings last longer and retain their newness when cleaned the Bissell way.

BISSELL'S

Easy Running "Cyco" Ball-Bearing
VACUUM SWEEPER AND CARPET SWEEPER

Here are two faithful allies of cleanliness. Each occupies a distinct place of usefulness—together they form an unrivaled alliance against dirt and drudgery.

Bissell's "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers are $4.25 to $6.00; Vacuum Sweepers, $8.50 to $13.00—depending upon style and locality. At dealers everywhere. Booklet, "The Care of Rugs and Carpets," upon request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich., and Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory)

(401)

—not only for Headaches but Colds Burns & Chaps

"The Little Nurse for Little Ills" is a dependable first aid for 101 small accidents. It heals cuts, soothes nervous headache, and relieves colds. Have Mentholatum handy—beforehand.

A HEALING CREAM
Mentholatum
Always made under the signature of A. R. Hyde

is gentle and antiseptic—and its action is soothing and quick as well as efficient.

At all druggists' in tubes, 25c. Jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

Do this: Write today for Test Package, Free. Or send 10c. for special Trial Size.

The Mentholatum Co.,
Dept. X, Bridgeburg, Ont.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My Invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202, 70 5th Ave., New York City

Real Sugar Saving

(*Continued from page 18*)

centres—the creams, the fondants, the sweet coatings? With the snows of yesteryear and the hopes of German victory.

Nut centres, fruit centres, bitter-sweets, fruit pastes, nougats, made from syrup, honey and molasses candies—these are the new sweets, although many of them appear under the old names. And they have a quite unavoidable place in the diet—especially in the case of growing children, whose strenuous exercise in the pursuit of perpetual motion causes the radiation of much heat from their bodies and makes the need of sweets not merely the desire of a palate accustomed to them, but the craving of a system that calls for the great producer of energy and heat. The same craving so much commented on in the soldier to-day, arises from the same cause.

The greatest error we make, however, in the eating of chocolate in any form, and the less concentrated sweets, is in our usual failure to include what we consume as an actual part of our dietary. They are food—good food—and whatever eaten should be credited as such. War-time candies eaten instead of puddings, cakes and our national pies, are a distinct and justifiable part of a meal that otherwise goes light on sugar. Promiscuous eating of candy at any and all times and without the omission of other sweets from the diet is in times of national stringency, open to very severe criticism. Like all our other lines of endeavour, however, this one needs careful adjustment, and a better understanding of the actual conditions now prevailing.

It has been shown of us, before we call for the total demolition of industries that have built up in them much capital and years of patient business building, to look again at the "second spoon of sugar," of which Mr. Thompson speaks. The saving of that 50,000 tons of sugar in a year, when reduced to the individual teaspoonful that you and I use more as a matter of habit than of necessity, does not look like a too-impossible undertaking. A talk with almost any grocer will undo the possibly prevailing idea that his customers are getting along on very little sugar. One ventures to believe that the "very little" that goes into the average Canadian home, would have made good Queen Elizabeth's eyes open with amazement. As individuals, *men and women*, we have not yet done by any means our personal best, on this sugar question. In the kitchen we women might well take a leaf from the average food manufacturer's book, and use more syrup, molasses, honey, sweet fruits, and above all, *the sparing hand*.

And our men—let us whisper it low—how many men can any of us name, who have actually decreased the amount of sugar they have been in the habit of using in their tea and coffee? Who hasn't seen, with mounting scorn, the man who, after receiving his "ration" in a public restaurant, slips his fingers into a side-pocket, and with the nonchalance of well-established habit, draw forth one, two or three additional lumps of sugar for a single cup of coffee?

Will that man, given the freedom of the family sugar bowl, think once of the need to go lightly, to trim his sugar appetite a little, that he may help send the sugar where it is more needed?

To many of us, it comes easier to suggest what might be done outside the sacred portals of the home. And be it admitted, few of us are conscious of hypocrisy—it's the old, old tale of the mote in "the other fellow's" eye, and the bean substitute in our own!

Let's try, instead, the efficacy of the sugar substitute, the use of a lid on our sugar-bowls, the discouragement of the pocket-auxilliary-sugar corps, and a little patriotic abstinence!

War Worker's Income

(*Continued from page 25*)

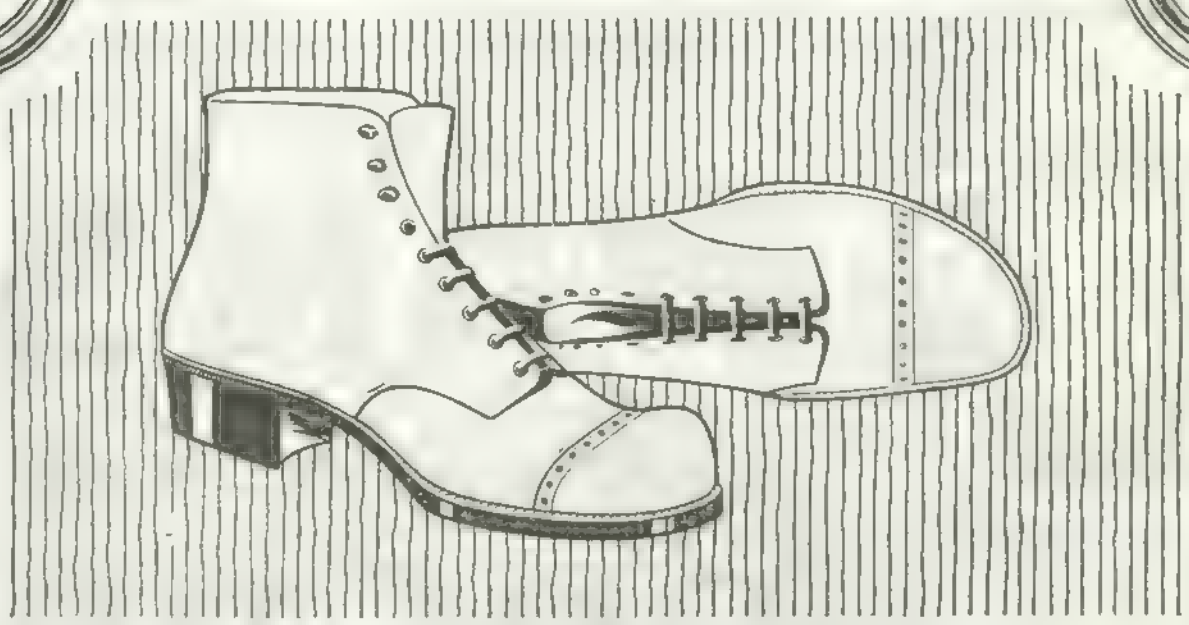
silk fringe, a row of beads, or bugles and bell sleeves, and finished in the same manner are receiving a fair share of consideration.

Conservation and practicability being the two essentials in the world of women's wear to-day, it naturally follows that the well-cut practical lines in shoes and boots, the integral part of the tout ensemble, are in greatest demand. Where, in former years, the shop keeper displayed a countless diversity of styles, he has come to the realisation that it is the well-selected sensible, comfortable boot that his patrons want, and so well has he followed this plan that the superfluous models of other seasons are not even missed.

High-cut, low-heeled, smart boots and oxfords will be worn by the well-dressed woman to accompany her tailored person. Either gaiters or the coarse-ribbed woollen stockings in heather mixtures not unlike golf hose, are worn with the latter and offer a point in favour of the leather conservation which taboos the manufacture of anything over eight inches in height.

French heeled slippers, of fancy, plain, or self-coloured brocaded satin are destined for formal afternoon wear. Cloth-of-silver slippers have long been conceded the most practical investment for evening wear as they harmonise with many gowns.

The woman in uniform who must be carefully and comfortably shod and clothed is the latest consideration and by no means the least. High leather puttees firmly fitting the calf of the leg are equally as smart as the all-leather riding boot. Both are worn, however, in tan to match her khaki costume.



A medium broad high toe is popular with many men who want a roomy yet comfortable fitting shoe. Blucher: black or brown leathers, $6 to $10

The High Cost of Whims

THE United States Government has found it necessary to issue strict orders regulating the styles of shoes. Why? Because the high cost of fads imposes a burden all along the line—upon manufacturer, dealer and consumer, and upon the Government itself.

Such action may be avoided in Canada, if you—the consumer—will co-operate with the manufacturer in reducing the demand for extravagant styles—if you will buy prudently, for service rather than for effect.

To do this will be a direct benefit to you. You will get better and longer service, more comfort, and your shoes will be quite as neat and attractive. You will need fewer pairs of shoes in the course of a year.

More than that: you will help to cut down needless extravagance, to reduce superfluous stocks on the dealers' shelves, to keep prices down, and to release essential supplies of leather for our forces overseas.

A.H.M. War-Time Selections offer Special Service Value for Men, Women and Children. Ask your dealer for them.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED

"Shoemakers to the Nation"

ST. JOHN MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER

When you buy Shoes look for— AHM RELIABILITY *—this Trade-mark on every sole*

17

OWN A $50.00 VICTORY BOND

WE'LL PAY FOR IT FOR YOU

IT is encumbent on every man and woman between the ages of sixteen and sixty to own a Bond of this third Canadian Loan—for it is the real Victory Loan that will play a big part in the hastening of the end of the war and success for the allied cause. It is this new Canadian Victory Loan that will break Germany's back. Get into line.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY A CENT OF YOUR OWN MONEY FOR A BOND

We will buy you a $50.00 Bond and pay for it. You will own the Bond and receive the full amount of interest, 5½ per cent. immediately. Can anything be fairer or squarer than this? Every man, woman and child in Canada can own a $50.00 Bond on this basis.

HOW TO GET ONE

All that we ask of you is that you send us immediately only two new or renewal subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at the regular price of $2.00 a year. As soon as we receive your subscriptions we will immediately send you your certificate issued by us showing that you are a Bond owner. We will also send you your Handsome Victory Loan Button to proudly wear. It is a badge of honor. Thereafter all you will have to do is to send us only four subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD a month until the Bond is entirely paid for.

All your friends will help you get these subscriptions. It is so easy—you will have no trouble at all.

SIGN THE COUPON TO-DAY AND BE A VICTORY BOND OWNER

Continental Publishing Co., Limited,
Victory Bond Dept., 259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is $4.00. Please enter two subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WOPLD for one year from date, to be sent to the addresses which I enclose. It is understood you will purchase and pay for a Victory Bond for me sending me immediately the certificate which you issue and the Victory Bond Button issued by the Government. I agree to send you hereafter four subscriptions a month of my friends' and neighbours' at $2.00 each to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD until the Bond is entirely paid for or a total of 80 subscriptions. I am also to receive full interest on my Bond at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum from to-day and the Bond is to remain with you until completely paid for.

Name..... Address.....

COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA
RESERVE POWER
COWAN'S nutritious Cocoa should form part of the daily diet at this season of the year. It strengthens and builds up the reserve powers of the body, and in this way helps to combat epidemics. Children are very fond of this nourishing food. It makes them robust and able to withstand inclement weather.
Start the day right with Cowan's Cocoa for breakfast. Order a tin to-day.
THIS illustration shows a cluster of Cocoa Pods as they are found on the tropical tree "Cacao Theobroma." After the beans are removed and dried, they are shipped to Cowan's, where by a special process of roasting, their fragrant aroma and delicious flavor are retained, and may be enjoyed by users of Cowan's Perfection Cocoa.
REFRESHING
COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
HEALTHFUL
MADE IN CANADA AT COWAN'S SUNLIT PLANT
TORONTO
G-1

The Path That Lies Before

(Continued from page 11)

The brave! Who say they die?
Their deathless story
Rings 'cross the emblazoned sky
Of England's glory.

Only cowards die. The brave
Seeing beyond with piercing eye.
Rest forever in a nation's love,
And Never die.

Tennyson says:
"The names of these who fought and fell are like a banked-up fire that flashes out again from century to century."

Duty to Those at Home

We cannot all be enlisted in the army. We cannot all be members of our heroic Expeditionary Force, but we all are, or should be, enlisted in a common cause. **We should all have our faces set towards a common purpose**—the destruction of military autocracy and the enthronement of freedom upon earth. We should turn our backs upon everything that interferes with the exertion of all our powers towards this end.

We can only do this by unity of spirit and co-operation in action.

Peace

THE great German offensive has been turned into a great German retreat. Daily and hourly the Germans are being pushed back to the Rhine. The spear-head of the Allied advance in the most difficult and dangerous places is your gallant sons and husbands from Canada. Now that the German offensive has failed and the Allied offensive has succeeded, *the German peace offensive was not unexpected*—an offensive perhaps more dangerous than we think. This is an offensive we can assist in combating at home. *It is hard to say how many mealy-mouthed pacifists of Lansdowne type the Allied Countries possess, or to conceive the extent of their influence.*

We cannot accept a compromise from or negotiate terms of peace with the present perjured and blood-stained German Government. Of what use would a treaty of peace be with such a body? It would simply be treated as a scrap of paper at the earliest moment it suited their purposes to do so. *Terms of peace must be settled in Germany, with a victorious Allied Army on German soil,* with a beaten, chastened and degenerate Germany, not with the boastful arrogant Germany of to-day.

The treaty of peace must rest on the sovereign will of the German people—when they have learned the necessity of respecting the rights of others, a people willing to be governed by the principles of humanity and common-sense. *The terms of peace must rest on something more satisfactory than a paper document* authorized by the Prussian Military Caste.

The British Flag

THE British flag floats in the skies as a sign and a covenant to all who come under its folds and claim its protection, of justice, of civil and religious liberty. This has not come by chance. It is the result of centuries of struggle, and centuries of sacrifice. *We enjoy these privileges* by reason of the toil and bloody sweat of those who have gone before and the call comes to us now to defend, and to defend to the death, and to hand these principles down unstained and untarnished to those who come after us. *Better that we should perish as a people* than that the Union Jack should lose its true meaning and significance. *Every man, woman and child* can do something to help in this hour of need. *The blood of our dead* heroes calls us from the ground, for greater action, greater sacrifice, and it would be strange indeed if the most selfish and self-centred among us did not feel the thrill of a new patriotism, the call to a new duty. If the manhood and womanhood within us is not stirred by the scenes through which we are now passing, nothing will ever touch it.

Result of the War

THE world can never be quite the same again. We will either be hardened and debased by the horrors, the cruelties, the barbarities through which we have passed, or we will be ennobled and elevated by the sacrifices, sufferings and services we have given and endured on behalf of humanity. **I believe it will be a better world, where higher ideals and nobler resolves will prevail, where the golden rule will have a greater place—where consideration for our fellow men will have a greater part in our thoughts and conduct than before.**

(Continued on page 45)

What Future Does She Face?

ONLY a Little Girl to-day—what will She be To-morrow? In your heart you want her to be happy—you want to care for her—protect her and educate her. But—what future does she face? That is a question you must answer *Now.* Her future is yours to make. Next year and all the years of her life are *in your hands to-day.* What future does she face?

Will you help her to face life with the same clear womanly gaze—will you make her an honored and happy wife and mother?

Or will her eyes close over hot tears of betrayal—will you make of her a Magdalene because she did not know and never was taught to understand?

Answer these questions fairly. Meet your responsibility squarely. You've either done your duty or you haven't. Is her future safe or is it in peril?

HOW SHALL I TELL MY CHILD?

Written by that friend to mothers, Mrs. Jean Blewett, will be an invaluable friend and guide to you. There is no mistaking the earnestness, the tender sweetness and the flaming heart of mother-love that lies behind her appealing message. Every mother with a child's future in her keeping needs Mrs. Blewett's womanly counsel and advice.

The price of this little book cannot be estimated. In actual cash, however, it costs 35c. It will be given you free in addition to two others of equal value with each new or renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Your subscription also enrolls you as a member of EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB and entitles you to secure a $1.00 selection of books or music each month free of all cost. Make your other selection now from the list given on page 64. Mark the books wanted by number, fill out the coupon, mail it to us to-day and receive your books or music by return mail. If your subscription has not yet expired, renew to-day and receive full membership benefits. Your present subscription will be continued a full year from expiring date. Don't miss this great opportunity.

EVERYWOMAN'S MUSIC AND BOOK CLUB
259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

SEGIS FAYNE JOHANNA

Here She is Again
The $150,000.00

LIQUID VENEER COW

Owned by the Liquid Veneer People

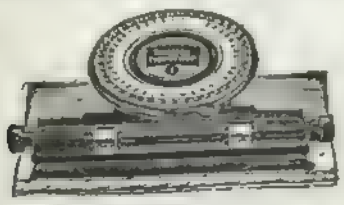
HAVE you sent for the wonderful story telling how it was possible for the President of the Liquid Veneer concern to acquire the greatest herd of Holstein Cattle in the world, including the Liquid Veneer cow, Champion of the world over all ages and breeds?

This story tells of the connection between this cow and that other World Champion, Liquid Veneer, whose world-wide popularity was made possible by its superiority in cleaning, renewing and brightening furniture and woodwork, all at one time.

Use Liquid Veneer every time you dust, for it removes all dust, dirt and stains and leaves no oily film. It will also save you many dollars in refinishing costs as explained in the story offered above. To get this story simply write us telling us what you think is the most striking feature of this ad. That's all.

Remember you get the same old reliable Liquid Veneer to-day at the same old prices—25c, 50c and $1.00.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
379 Ellicott Street - Buffalo, N.Y.
Bridgeburg, Canada



Simplex Little Giant Typewriter

Free To Boys and Girls

Has all letters, figures, period and comma. Rubber type, strong and durable, iron body, and a perfect feed roller. Can be used for writing letters, addressing envelopes, billheads, tags, etc.

Send us your name and address and we will send you 30 packages of lovely embossed Xmas and other post cards to sell at 10 cents a package. When sold send us the money (three dollars) and we will send you the typewriter, all charges prepaid.

Homer-Warren Company
Dept. 205, Toronto

JAEGER
To Suit All Seasons

Jaeger Underwear may be had in weights to suit all seasons. It offers the most complete bodily protection of any known clothing, and combines quality with style and comfort. Made in two-piece suits and combinations in all weights for men, women, and children.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System Co., LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883"

SERVICE BUTTONS

TO be worn by parents of men in Canada's Service. Wear one for YOUR Son. Made with Green or Gold leaves. Price 10c. Doz. 83c. Gross on pretty advertising cards only $5.90. Sold in Winnipeg and Toronto by T. Eaton, Ltd., or send for supply direct to

SERVICE BUTTON COMPANY
Goff Avenue - - St. Paul, Minnesota

What the Victory Loan Means to Canada

WHAT the 1918 Victory Loan means to Canada can best be realized by a knowledge of what the 1918 Loan made possible. The subscribing of over $400,000,000 by the people of Canada last year enabled the Dominion Government not only to take care of the needs of the army, but also to make substantial advances to various industries, which has resulted in unprecedented prosperity.

Since the beginning of the present year Canada's war expenditure has been averaging over $30,000,000 a month. It has grown heavier as the army overseas increased in number, and especially since the beginning of the great Allied offensive early in August. To date about 590,000 men have been enrolled in the Expeditionary Forces, the number that has gone overseas being fully 415,000. To-day there are 60,000 more Canadians overseas than there were at the end of 1917. All this means heavier war bills and the greater need for the new Victory Loan.

Canadians hardly realize what a strong impetus their large subscription to the Victory Loan imparted to business. It enabled the Government to make advances to industries which, without the $400,000,000 subscribed, would have been impossible. Great Britain wanted our beef, bacon, cheese, wheat, hay, oats and munitions; but she could not pay for them. Canada could not borrow abroad the money she wanted, so if she were to sell her surplus products she had to give credits to Britain and advance the money for the purchases.

During the present year the Imperial Munitions Board has received from the Dominion Government advances amounting to $25,000,000 a month. Through an advance of $10,000,000 made by the Government the Board was able to give orders for the building of 44 wooden ships. Another advance of $1,000,000 enabled the Board to begin the manufacture of airplanes, of which 3,000 have been produced in one of the Board's great plants.

The 1917 Victory Loan made possible the advancing of $100,000,000 to finance the 1917 wheat crop, another $100,000,000 was similarly advanced to finance the sale of our exportable surplus beef and pork products to Great Britain. Nearly $40,000,000 went to finance the sale of cheese to Britain. In addition large sales of hay and oats were also provided for.

A larger war loan is needed this year than last, because the 1918 expenditures will probably be from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 larger than in 1917. The Imperial Munitions Board, will, if anything, require larger advances during the coming year than it has had, for its operations have greatly extended.

The Dominion Government has also announced a $50,000,000 shipbuilding programme.

The Government must finance the sale of the Western wheat crop to Great Britain, which will probably require over $100,000,000. The advances for the sale of beef and pork products will make another $100,000,000; cheese, butter, eggs and hay, over $50,000,000, and the sale of the surplus B.C. salmon pack, $10,000,000.

Every cent of the $500,000,000 asked for and more will be needed.

VICTORY!

A tin savings bank on the mantel for baby.

A little iron one on his table in the boy's room.

A big vault of chilled steel for father.

A little corner in the bureau drawer for mother.

Small savings the first day. A fair total the first week. A goodly sum at the end of the month.

That is Thrift. That is Victory.

IF the war ended next month how many people would enter the new and difficult peace era with considerable savings from the present inflation of values? Too many householders, as we are well aware have found advancing costs cutting down their margin for savings. Some have found their increased earnings quite inadequate to meet their heavier outlay. But there are plenty of others who are earning—and spending—larger sums of money than ever before. They fail to realize that the time of plenty and ease is a time to husband resources for the inevitable reaction.

From her shapely toes to her finger tips
I love them all; but—Ah—her lips!
Whence have they gained that rosy glow
Which everyone admireth so? From

Lypsyl for Tender Lips

When you ask your Druggist for Lypsyl see that the cap of the silvered tube is stamped "Vinolia Lypsyl".

BY APPOINTMENT
SOAP MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING

Substitutes are worthless

VINOLIA
London TORONTO Paris
197

Westclox

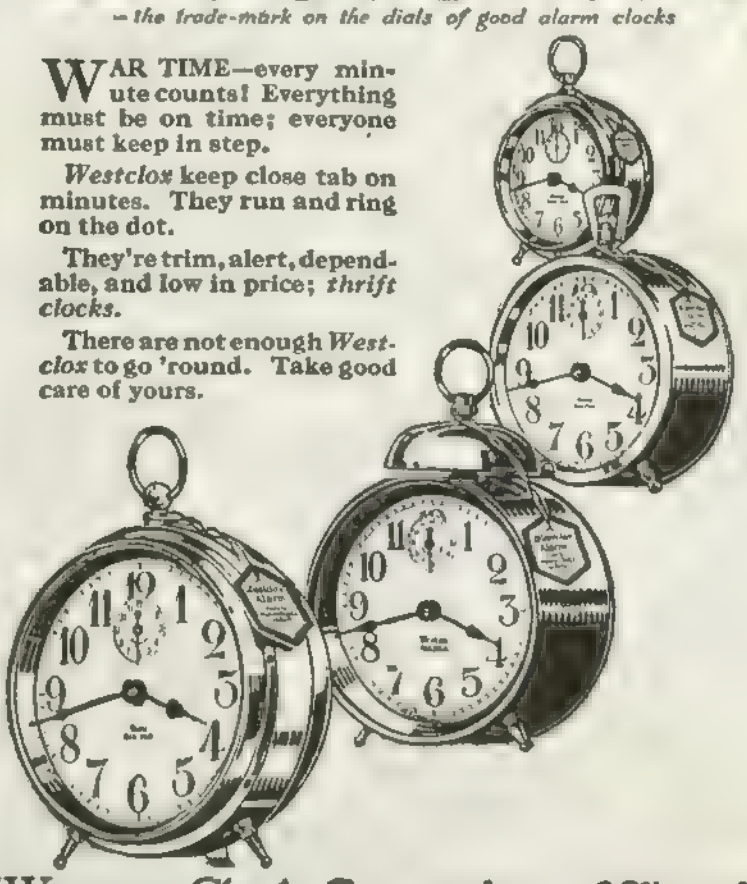
—the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks

WAR TIME—every minute counts! Everything must be on time; everyone must keep in step.

Westclox keep close tab on minutes. They run and ring on the dot.

They're trim, alert, dependable, and low in price; *thrift clocks.*

There are not enough *Westclox* to go 'round. Take good care of yours.



Western Clock Co - *makers of Westclox*

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Factories at Peru, Ill.

Here's the Way to Have a Beautiful Skin

You often see a beautiful complexion and wish you had one like it. You may have, if you take care of your skin properly and treat it according to our directions. No matter what non-infectious skin trouble you may have, consult us, we can help you—perhaps cure you. Our advice is FREE. We specially recommend these—

Princess Complexion Purifier	$1.50
Princess Skin Food	$1.50
Princess Hair Rejuvenator	$1.50
Princess Cinderella Cream	.50

Write for FREE SAMPLE of this delightful Cold Cream

Our preparations are sent to any address in Canada, carriage paid, on receipt of price. Write for copy of our Booklet "W."

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, Limited, 61E College Street, TORONTO
ESTABLISHED 1892

15c Saved On Every Pound

The biggest and best economy in the grocery basket is H. A. BRAND OLEOMARGARINE.

It is so good—so wholesome, that it cannot be distinguished from the best of Creamery Butter.

Every pound is *guaranteed* fresh to your dealer.

15c. per lb. saved! Think what this would buy in a single month.

Creamery Butter - -	55c
Oleomargarine	40c
	15c

H·A BRAND

OLEOMARGARINE

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR COMPANY, LIMITED.

TORONTO • CANADA

Canada Food Board Blanket License No. 165.

Care and Cleanliness

are just as desirable in the preparation of a medicine as a food. This is another reason why you should carefully choose medicines required.

At every stage in the manufacture of

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

the watchword is "cleanliness". Every bottle used is a new one and is thoroughly cleansed with fresh, clean water. All utensils and machines are scoured and scalded each time they are used.

You couldn't use more care in your own kitchen.

Yours for Health —Granny Chamberlain

The Strange Woman

SHE was young and superlatively beautiful. She was independently rich and possessed of a glorious voice. *Yet she was unhappy.* Life put a testing hand on the shoulder of this favored daughter. Then came a dawning romance and the crisis.

You'll wonder what you would do if you were in the same place, for you cannot fail to respond to the compelling magnetism of *The Strange Woman*. Don't fail to make her acquaintance in Sidney McCall's powerful story of the same name.

Free with a new membership in

Everywoman's Book and Music Club

259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

The First Upholsterer

MORE than three thousand years ago, an Egyptian furniture maker conceived and executed a new idea: He made a folding chair and, over its wooden frame, he stretched for a seat the hide of a bullock. Thus, in the shadow of the Pyramids, was the art of leather upholstery born.

This founder of a new art soon had many followers, one of whom was gifted with more than average discernment and common sense. He saw that the full thickness of the hide made it stiff, unwieldly and uncomfortable for upholstery. He discovered that the grain, beauty, strength, resiliency and durability of leather lay entirely in the outer portion of the hide. Accordingly, he skived off the fleshy, pulpy inner portion and cast it on the refuse heap.

His fellow craftsmen quickly adopted the new idea and prepared their leather for covering chairs and couches in the same way. In ancient Greece and Rome, in medieval Granada, Spain, France and England, and down through all the ages until almost the dawn of the twentieth century, the practice of the Egyptians was closely followed. The upper half of the side only was utilized. The lower half was discarded as waste.

Toward the latter end of the nineteenth century, a day arrived when it was no longer possible to continue this wasteful method. For a quarter of a century, the world's cattle supply had been gradually diminishing. Growing population, the development of old industries and the founding of new ones and greater activity in the arts and trades all exacted their toll on leather until consumption had overtaken the supply. Then came the automobile with its demand for 75 to 100 square feet of leather for the upholstery of each car.

The leather manufacturer met this crisis by turning to his scrap heap. A marvelously ingenious machine was perfected which split a hide into as many sections as desired. First an outer thickness of good grain leather was removed. Then the underside of the hide, the fleshy, pulpous, loosely fibred part, was split into three sections, each one weaker than the last. These splits were treated to a coat of dressing to give them the required finish and then embossed with a grain. The resultant material looked like good grain leather, but had a texture and tensile strength far inferior. These splits were foisted on the public as "genuine leather." Once in use, they cracked, tore and disintegrated rapidly. They soon lost their attractiveness and gave unsatisfactory service in comparison with the price charged.

After a most trying experience with split leathers, car makers began to look for a dependable substitute for leather and science responded with a product made of woven cloth, coated with Pyroxylin and embossed in exact imitation of grain leather.

This new product had the appearance and soft, glovey feel characteristic of the best leather; it possessed much greater tensile strength and durability than split leather and retained its attractive appearance indefinitely. It had qualities that leather, because of its porosity, cannot have. It was absolutely sanitary, water, grease, dirt, stain and vermin proof. Water and vermin could not penetrate nor dirt and grease be absorbed by its Pyroxylin coating—soap and water cleanse it thoroughly.

Pyroxylin coated fabrics soon superseded leather splits for upholstery on most of the popular priced cars. Their sanitary qualities also popularized them for upholstery uses in homes, theatres, hotels and other public buildings. They invaded many fields in which leather formerly enjoyed a monoploy and gave such satisfactory service that they can never be displaced.

To-day, the U. S. Government specifies leather substitutes for marine upholstery, where they have proven more serviceable than leather because they do not mould nor mildew. That government also uses them for leggings, trucks, ambulances, passenger cars, and ships. Leather substitutes are particularly adapted for use in bookbinding, making suitcases and travelling bags. They are also used in the manufacture of hats and caps, in short, almost every place that leather was formerly employed.

Leather substitutes of the Pyroxylin type can be made in any colour, any finish, or grain. They are made in varying widths, weights and qualities and have proven a blessing in these days of the scarcity and high cost of leather.

"I am Helping to Win the War by Watching Carefully the Amount of Fuel I Use"

Have YOU figured how much fuel is consumed if you use your oven and three burners on topof the stove?

Cook a whole meal at one time over one burner on top of the stove in the

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Roaster

delicious roast, baked potatoes, macaroni, and even a dessert such as baked apples or rice pudding.

The "Wear-Ever" Roaster can be used also for roasting meat and baking fish, for steaming fruit and baking bread—and as a bread or cake box.

"Wear Ever" is not an expense. It is an investment that pays.

"Wear-Ever" saves Fuel

1. Because "Wear-Ever" absorbs the heat quickly. Turn flame to the usual height only until food is thoroughly heated through. TURN DOWN ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF. If coal stove is used, CLOSE THE DRAFT.

2. Because "Wear-Ever" stores up a large amount of heat and holds it. Therefore, it takes less time to cook in "Wear-Ever" and LESS FUEL IS CONSUMED.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Northern Aluminum Co., Limited
Dept. 48 Toronto, Ont.

Send prepaid 1 qt. (wine measure) "WEAR-EVER" stewpan. Enclosed is 35c (in stamps—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until Dec. 20, 1918, only.

Name .....

Address .....

FREE TO GIRLS

Rolled Gold Locket and Chain

We will give this beautiful rolled gold locket and chain free of all charge to any girl who will sell 30 packages of lovely embossed Xmas and other post cards at 10 cents a package.

Send us your name and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold, send us the money and we will send you the locket and chain. Address:

Homer-Warren Company
Dept. 206, Toronto

MTG

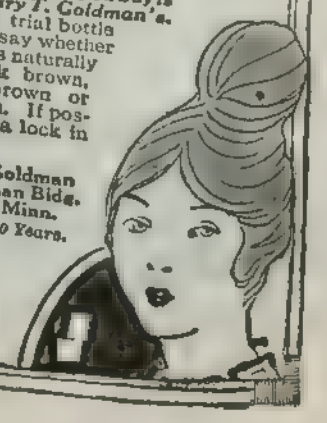
NO MORE GRAY HAIR!

The free trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER proves how quickly gray hair disappears when this scientific restorer is used. Simply applied with special comb; leaves hair clean, fluffy and natural; does not interfere with washing. Make this test on a lock of hair and you will never accept a cheap imitation. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me. But be sure that the bottle you buy is the real *Mary T. Goldman's*.

Send for trial bottle today and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, send a lock in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman
802 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years.

Free Trial Bottle



Try This Delicious Dish!

"USE more potatoes" is the timely, sensible suggestion —because the potato crop is abundant.

There is lots of food value in potatoes—proteins, carbohydrates, mineral salts, but only a trace of "fats." Add Carnation Milk to potato dishes and you not only get "fats" in quantity about twice as rich as ordinary milk, but you give the potato a delicious taste.

There's ***real*** baked potato goodness when you pour Carnation right into the hot, mealy potato and season it as usual. Carnation makes the potato rich and creamy in flavor. Try it also with mashed and creamed potatoes, potato souffle, potato au gratin. Every one at your table will enjoy the dish.

Carnation is the regular milk supply in hundreds of thousands of homes. It is just pure, whole, cows' milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to maintain its purity and wholesomeness. Only water is taken out—nothing is added.

Carnation is convenient—keep a few cans in your pantry; it is always ready for every milk use. With your coffee, use Carnation undiluted, as you would cream. For cooking, baking and drinking add pure water to reduce its richness as desired. (Half water and half Carnation is the general method.) Try it with your favorite recipes and see the improvement.

The economy of Carnation is more than worth while. It "stays sweet" until opened and for several days thereafter, if kept in a cool, dry place. It is the "wasteless milk supply."

If you are not a user of Carnation Milk, write for our booklet, "The Story of Carnation," telling how it is received and handled in our sanitary condenseries, and also giving 100 choice, practical, tested recipes, including "The Carnation Way of Creaming Vegetables."

Made in Canada and Guaranteed by

Carnation Milk Products Company, Limited

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CHICAGO and SEATTLE, U.S.A.

Remember—your Grocer has Carnation

Carnation Milk

Thomas A. Edison

Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Amberola—Only

$100 *After Trial!*

Yes, we will send you the New Edison Amberola, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of the latest Diamond Amberol Records *on free trial without a penny down.* On this offer you can now have the genuine Edison Amberola, the instrument which gives you real, life-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument.

Edison's Favorite Invention

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last his efforts have been crowned with success. Just as he was the first to invent the phonograph, so is he the only one who has made phonograph music life-like. Read our great offer.

Rock-Bottom Offer Direct!

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only $1.00. Pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it—a $1.00 payment and a few dollars a month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all musical results of the highest priced outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for $1 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first! No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send coupon now!

To F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,
Dept. 208 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Amberola.

Name.....

Address.....

New Edison Catalog FREE!

Your name and address on a postal or letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Find out about Mr. Edison's great new phonograph. Get the details of this offer—*while this offer lasts.* Write NOW!

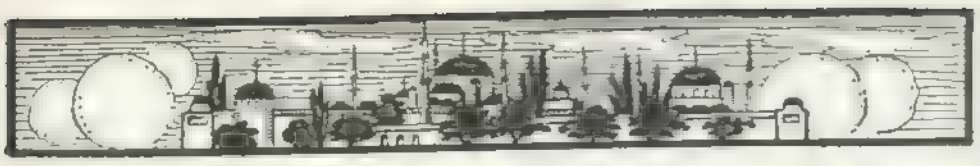
F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dept. 208 — 355 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
United States Office: Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a *real home* I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy, united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison Amberola makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement, yes, it will mean genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family unit—a new home.

Entertain Your Friends

Get the New Edison Amberola in your home on free trial. Entertain your family and friends with the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until your sides ache at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns. Hear the cornet, brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, the duets and quartettes. You will sit awe-stricken at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment, AT home on free trial. Then, after the trial, send the outfit back at our expense if you choose. Or keep it on our great rock-bottom offer. **Send the coupon today!**

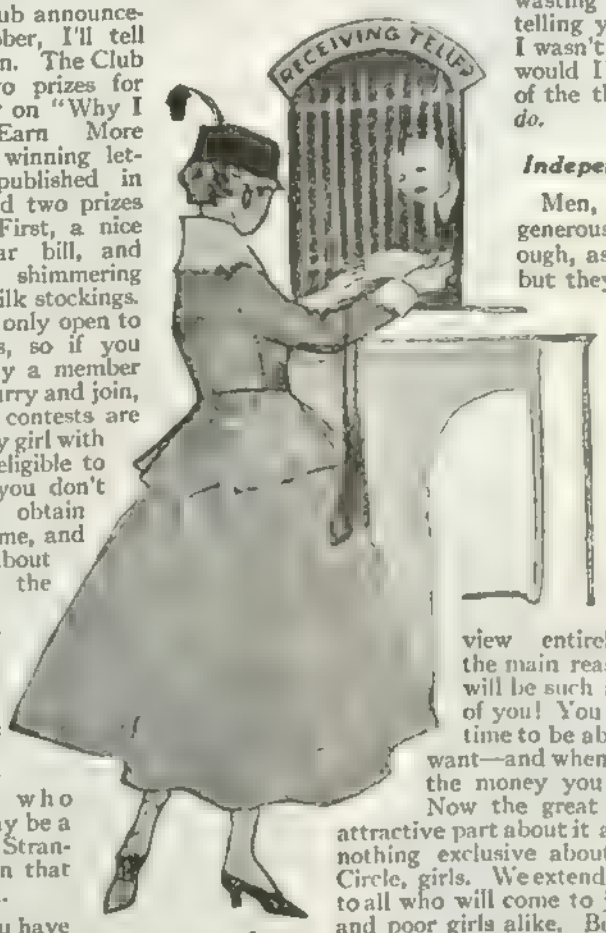


The Friendship Circle Club

Our Girls' Club for Making Money

WE are all just trembling with excitement to know who is going to win the five dollars, and who is going to win the silk stockings in December. Of course we are not betting because—well, ladies don't bet, I suppose, but we all have strong feminine "hunches" that it's going to be an interesting contest, and a close one too.

For the benefit of those girls who did not see the Club announcement in October, I'll tell it all over again. The Club is offering two prizes for the best letter on "Why I Want to Earn More Money," the winning letters to be published in December—and two prizes are offered. First, a nice new five-dollar bill, and secondly, a shimmering shiny pair of silk stockings. The contest is only open to Club members, so if you are not already a member you want to hurry and join, because other contests are coming. Every girl with a club pin is eligible to compete. If you don't know how to obtain our pin write me, and I'll tell you all about it. Most of the girls know just how it's done—then you sit down and write me a nice newsy letter on "Why I Want to Earn More Money," and who knows, you may be a prize-winner. Stranger things than that have happened.



And once you have learned our magic secret and have been initiated into our "Goode Friendship" Club you'll find out a great many interesting and fascinating things. And of course I must tell you right here that there is no third degree attached to our club—no goat to ride—no hot coals to walk on, and no tumbling into tanks of ice-cold water. And s-sh, girls—no club dues to pay. Club dues always frighten me. Have you ever heard your mother say "Now, Henry, I just must have $3.00 for my club dues," and Father growls and grumbles $3.00 worth before he pays Mother's dues. At least that's the way mine always did, and so when I formed the Friendship Circle Club I made up my mind we'd never have dues, but we'd make money instead.

Real Money

And when the shekels come pouring in fast and furiously, and you hear the merry jingle of the shining silver dollars, or finger with smug satisfaction those crisp, clean bank-notes, that's the time when all the world is clothed in dainty garb of rose-coloured hue; then you hear the morning lark trilling away, till it seems to you as if his dear little throat must burst, and the trees and flowers and butterflies appear to be putting forth every effort to make this for you too, the really glorious world it is! And you can do it, girls! I *know* you can. I wouldn't be wasting valuable time telling you all about it, if I wasn't sure you could, would I? Besides, think of the things money will *do*.

Independence For All

Men, as a rule, are generous creatures enough, as far as they go, but they don't realize—they can't—how many things a girl needs, be she wife or daughter, sister or sweetheart. But never having been girls themselves, perhaps we're a little unreasonable in expecting them to see our point of view entirely. And that's the main reason why our club will be such a salvation to all of you! You will learn in no time to be able to do what you want—and when you want—with the money you earn yourselves. Now the great thing, the really attractive part about it all, is that there's nothing exclusive about the Friendship Circle, girls. We extend a hearty welcome to all who will come to join us, rich girls and poor girls alike. Besides, one never grows too old to delight in a surprise. I don't, I know. And that's another reason why you should write at once, and ask all about our plans. There are just hordes of surprises for you! Now, printers are very arbitrary creatures, I have long since discovered, so it's rather tragic when I run out of literature now and again. And my Friendship Circle girls get so impatient when they don't hear from me at once!

But I haven't yet asked you what you would want most to find in that little square box which is our special prize gift. I shall be so interested to know. Won't you just start your pen scribbling off a few lines right now? I am awfully anxious to hear from you, so write to-day.

Joan Arthur

Manager Girls' Club,
Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

A Cure For Stammering

BY means of an original method, Mrs. Mabel Farrington Gifford, a member of the University of California Extension Faculty, is relieving little children of the burden of stammering, stuttering and lisping. Her curative methods include direction and control of the outer speech mechanism, emotional development, and noise, tongue and mouth vocal gymnastics and voice-control in connection with articulation and enunciation.

By means of exercises with the mirror and the flash-light, a conscious control of the outer speech organs is gained. The individual must gain confidence in his ability to control his organs. A few well-directed exercises designed to bring under conscious control the mechanism of the breath and voice form the start of the corrective work now being given in the schools of San Francisco

The photos show Mrs. Gifford's methods in conducting a scientific war on defective speech. The candle-breath exercise brings into play the muscles of the jaw, lips and tongue—all factors in the control of speech. The flashlight and mirror exercise also plays an important part in the curative work.

No garment is so essential to the well being of the women of Canada as the

GOSSARD

Corset

The Original Front-Lacing Corset

The health, comfort, service and style found in every Gossard can not be found in any other corset.

Your **health** is safeguarded by a hygienically correct body support that means sustained energy and increased efficiency.

A priceless comfort through the longest and busiest days will be found in the light, scientific boning and soft, pliable materials that give delightfully with every movement. A Gossard Corset permits you to stoop, bend or kneel with perfect freedom.

Every Gossard offers a **wearing service** that alone is worth the price paid, whether it be $2.00, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.50 or more. This is a conservation that must appeal to every patriotic woman.

Gossard Corsets give **inimitable style** and ideal proportions to every type of figure and so permit a pleasing dress economy by enhancing the beauty of the most inexpensive frock or suit.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
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Demand the genuine.

Look for this name
Gossard

Sold at the Best Stores

THE FINAL TEST

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE EDISON RECORDING LABORATORIES

BEAUTIFUL Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang the "Mad Scene" from Lucia for the December list of Edison Re-Creations.

Did Mr. Edison's recording experts succeed in obtaining an absolutely perfect Re-Creation of her voice? That was the all-important question and there was but one way to answer it. Miss Case stood beside the New Edison and began to sing the number again. Suddenly she paused and the New Edison continued the song alone. Was it possible to distinguish Anna Case's voice from the New Edison's Re-Creation of it? Other artists who also had made recordings for the December list listened to the comparison. The Re-Creation was pronounced an exact duplication of Miss Case's wonderful voice.

Similar tests with similar results have been made by thirty different artists in public before more than two million people and have been reviewed at length by America's principal newspapers. Ask for a copy of the booklet "What the Critics Say" containing reprints of what the newspapers have said about these amazing comparisons.

The New Edison, termed by the New York Globe "The phonograph with a soul," is the only sound reproducing instrument that sustains the test of direct comparison with the artists who make recordings for it. The New Edison is the only sound reproducing instrument that can bring into your home the work of great singers and instrumentalists exactly as presented by them on the stage.

May we send you a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway?"

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC. ORANGE, N. J.

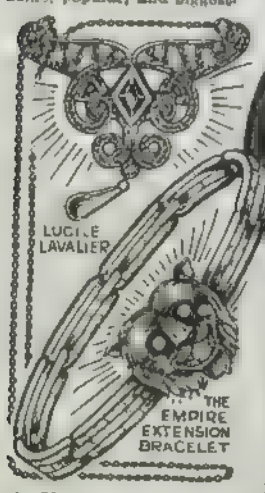
FREE

Lovely 5 Piece — Jewelry Outfit

GIRLS you can have this entire magnificent and expensive five piece jewellery outfit absolutely without cost if you take advantage of this grand offer to-day. The set consists of three lovely Everwear Gold Filled Rings, each with sparkling imitation jewels that resemble the most expensive diamonds and rubies. You will be proud of them. Also the genuine Empire Extension Bracelet that is all the craze now, with the newest sterling extension, and the charming Lucile Lavallière, daintily set with brilliant gems.

NOTHING TO BUY
NOTHING TO SELL

Just send us your name and address and we will immediately send you a copy of Canada's Great Home Magazine, which we publish and which everybody reads and wants. It is the most handsome, popular, and biggest-selling magazine in Canada. People buy a million and a half copies every year. All that we ask is that you show it to two friends of your family, who will subscribe through you. We will send you our big prize-winning outfit, worth more than $1.00, that will enable you to get only two subscriptions quickly and easily. You can't fail. Hundreds of boys and girls are winning our magnificent presents to-day on our successful free plan.

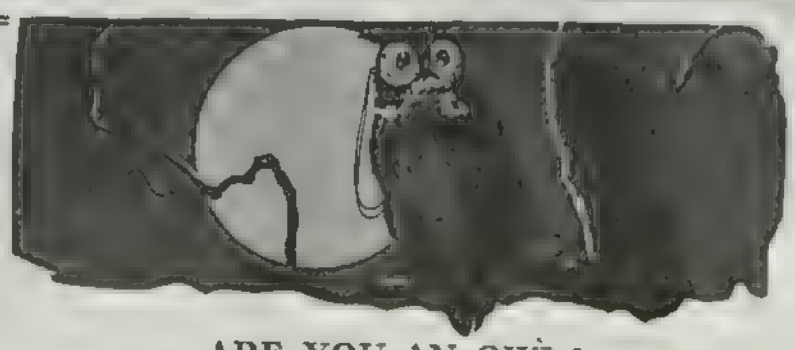


As soon as you have obtained only two subscriptions, return us the $4.00 and we will immediately send you the complete Jewellery Set, exactly as shown, without a piece left out.

Send No Money Just your name and address to-day. A postcard will bring your prize outfit to-day. Address;

JEAN STERLING, Secretary
Office 2 259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Can be used on either warm or cold stove



ARE YOU AN OWL?

"A wise old Owl lived in a tree
And a very wise old Owl was he
The more he listened the more he heard
Now why aren't some people like that old bird"

You see an Owl is wise because he listens while some people are just "wise." Unlike the Owl, they never listen. Are you an Owl? Because if you are, you'll be wise and join the Friendship Circle Club.

There is lots to be learned and lots to be earned. For further particulars address,

JEAN ARTHUR
259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto — Manager, Friendship Circle Club

Canada's Machinery

(*Continued from page 12*)

to carry on without any training in a school; and the other, in which the man is taught his new occupation in a trade school or other educational institution. These two systems, however, are the extremes, and the system is so operated that a man can follow a course which varies anywhere between these two extremes, and this is done by organizing the schools and courses as far as possible on the tuition system. The training of every man is given individual consideration, after it is decided what occupation he is to follow and after careful consideration has been given as to whether his training can be given completely in the industry, or completely in the school, or partly in the industry and partly in the school. If he is to have composite training, the course is laid out to fit the individual case and the training given in the school is placed as far as possible on the individual or tuition basis

WHEN this work was first undertaken, it was thought undesirable to train the men in industries, because it was feared that the man's labour would be exploited, and that the manufacturer would, rather than give the man training, use his labour for further production. On further consideration, however, it was felt that if the industries in which the men were to be trained were carefully selected this would not occur. In order, therefore, to prepare the way for training in industries a system of industrial surveys was instituted.

These industrial surveys are made by the same class of men as are selected for interviewers, and they go into the various industrial establishments and interview the president, or head man in charge of the industry, and lay before him the problem of the disabled soldier, and enlist his sympathy. After securing his support, the industrial surveyor then interviews the works superintendent, each foreman, and the men actually working in the factory. They make an intensive study of every occupation from the standpoint of the relation of that occupation to the disability or handicap of the disabled soldier. They study the hours of work; the mental and physical effort necessary; the various members of the body used in the work; the time necessary to train; whether the training could be given entirely in the factory or in the school, or partially in one and partially in the other; the tools used and the wages he will receive. These studies are used as a basis for finding new openings for training. When the men were put into various factories and industries, it was found necessary, in order to meet the various objections and to prevent the men's labour being exploited, that an agent of the Department should see each man once a week and enquire into the progress being made, his state of health, and the other conditions surrounding his work, and, if for any reason these were found unsatisfactory, to change him from one place to another.

In training in schools, the Department has adopted the policy of making use of such engineering or technical facilities as already exist in the country, and experience has taught us at the present time that the Engineering Faculties of the Universities were in the best position to offer us aid. The Technical Schools were filled with pupils, but the Engineering Faculties of the Universities had practically no students, as all had enlisted. The staff of instructors and professors were there and the equipment was at our disposal, and arrangements have been made with practically every university in Canada to carry on this work. We have found that there is a peculiar psychology in training the men in universities, and that the soldiers training there take a special pride in their work, feeling that the best has been placed at their disposal and that they must take advantage of it and, with one accord, the University Staff tell us they have no better class of students than the soldiers who are taking training.

The Department also uses the Technical Schools throughout the country, and in some districts have equipped and staffed schools of their own where no educational facilities existed.

The disabled soldier, after being interviewed by the industrial expert, is examined by the doctor in regard to the handicap under which he is suffering, and the relation of that handicap to his previous occupation and the one he is about to follow. During their course of training the men receive medical care from a staff of civilian doctors who are attached to the Department, in order that they may carry on their course of training under the best conditions. The doctors keep very closely in touch with the work all the way through, as it is absolutely necessary that a man's

(*Continued on page 43*)

Canada's Machinery

(*Continued from page 42*)

physical ability be measured carefully from time to time. In the weekly inspections of men in the industries and in those taking training at the schools it is sometimes found that some medical reason has developed which makes it necessary to change the occupation originally selected.

AFTER a man has graduated from our course, he is carefully followed up by the After-Care Department, whose duty it is to see that he is successfully placed in a position where he can carry on and reap the benefit of his training and earn a living adequate to his needs. This After-Care is continued until it is ascertained that the man is either successfully placed or that it is impossible to place him. In this connection it might be stated that in the army, as well as in civil life, there is always a certain proportion of ne'er-do-wells who never will settle down to any definite occupation, but this proportion in the army is no greater than in civil life, and it is these men that make up the small number that cannot be successfully placed.

While the man is taking training he is given pay allowances graduated on the number of dependents for whose care he is responsible. The discipline exercised is that of ordinary civil life—the discipline of the pay envelope. If he does not attend, either at the industry or at the school for training and cannot bring a doctor's excuse, his pay is stopped for the time he is absent, and if he persists in lack of attention to his work, or in absenting himself from training, the course is taken away from him, and it may be said that this system of discipline has been found sufficiently adequate to induce concentrated effort.

AS part of the vocational work in the larger centres, we have social workers whose duty it is to investigate the domestic conditions of the men who are taking training. It is found in some cases that while the course of training is fitted to the man's needs, and his relation to the employer who is training him is good, and other conditions apparently satisfactory, that for some unknown reason he is not making progress. In such a case the social worker investigates and often finds that the answer to this unknown problem rests in some domestic condition, which we are usually able to rectify. There is no attempt to generally interfere with the man's domestic life.

As this is regarded by the Department as an industrial problem, an effort is being made in building up the staff to bring into it as far as possible a proportion of men with industrial experience, together with educationalists, to bring the work very closely in touch with the industrial life of the country and make it as practical as possible. The staff from coast to coast has been built up to the largest possible extent of returned men.

OUR relations with the trades unions have been of the best. They have recognized the great need of this work and have co-operated fully. In each province there is an Advisory Committee who assist and give advice in the work, and labour is represented on these committees.

The system of training in factories has so extended the number of occupations in which men can be trained that the number going into any particular occupation is extremely small, and it is the policy of the Department to have such a number of courses available that any one trade would not be overcrowded. This policy has been so successful that at the present time men are taking training in over 200 occupations, and this is extending every day.

From last reports we have over 2,500 men taking courses in industrial re-education, 3,200 courses have been granted, 350 men have already graduated, and of these 350 practically 90 per cent. have been successfully placed.

The general result of the work of the Department up to the present time has been to show us that of those men returning from the Front, the percentage who are either incurable or who cannot be trained to follow some self-supporting occupation, is extremely small. That while the present system is not perfect, and doubtless never will be, it can be said that in general it has developed to a point which gives most gratifying results, and it is thought it can be developed further to a point where practically every man, except those who are absolutely incurable, can be successfully placed on a wage-earning basis.

The main thing is, above all others, to enable the returned man by his own efforts to once more re-establish himself in civilian life. That is the keynote of the work of the Department.

All's Comfort Here

A PERFECTION Oil Heater rids home of chill, draught or dampness. It insures cold weather comfort —from the first frosty days throughout the winter.

Easily carried—upstairs and down—to any room, it soon converts chill to glowing warmth with smokeless, odorless heat. Keeps your home healthful for every member of the family.

Moreover, it's economical. Postpones the need of furnace heat—supplements it later in emergencies. Keeps down fuel bills—saves the nation's coal—runs full blast for ten cosy hours on a gallon of Royalite Coal Oil.

The Perfection is durable and good-looking—a necessity in every home. Get yours to-day at your hardware dealer's.

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IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

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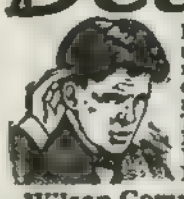
BE PREPARED—HAVE A BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE

Attacks of rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, toothache, earache, sore throat are *quickly* relieved by Hirst's Pain Exterminator. It is equally effective for relieving swollen joints, sprains, lame back and other painful ailments. Has a hundred uses—and for over 40 years used and recommended! Don't experiment—buy Hirst's the time-tried family friend—at dealers or write us. 35c. Bottle.

HIRST REMEDY COMPANY, Hamilton, Canada.

Makers of HIRST'S Family Salve (50c), and HIRST'S Pectoral Syrup of Horehound and Elecampane (35c), for coughs and colds.

Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

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"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

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A VACANT room on the top floor of a ramshackle old tenement house, the murder of an aged appleman, the theft of a bag of uncut diamonds by Skeeter and his gang and the second robbery of the gems—*the only clue*, a mocking Grey Seal.

Read the fascinating details of this story in

The Adventures of Jimmy Dale

Given free with one new or renewal subscription to Everywoman's World.

Everywoman's Book and Music Club, Toronto, Ont.

WIN This Magnificent CHEVROLET TOURING CAR

$2500.00 in GRAND PRIZES

First Prize *Value $935.00*

Which of these World-Famous Proverbs fits this Picture?

The hypocrite's hopes shall perish.
Hasty climbers have sudden falls.
He that sows iniquity shall reap sorrow.
Peace begins where ambition ends.
Where villainy goes before, vengeance follows after.
Foxes come at last to the furrier.
Big heads have big aches.
Who takes up the sword shall perish by the sword.
Punishment follows close on the heels of crime.
To the wicked, misfortune comes triple.
Force can never destroy right.
The wicked shall not inherit the earth.
The punishment shall fit the crime.
Evil conduct is the root of misery.
Ill deeds heap on thy soul.

TWELVE proverbs prophesy the downfall of Germany in this Great War. Some of them were written centuries ago, others are of more recent origin, but they all point the same way—to the destruction of arrogance, tyranny, villainy, vice. We have represented these twelve proverbs by twelve pictures without the titles. **$2,500.00 in grand prizes can be won by those who can fit the correct proverb to each picture.**

How to Enter this Great Contest

Only the first of this series of proverb pictures will be published in this paper. It is shown on the right, and a clue to it may be found in a list of a few of the Hun Beating Proverbs opposite. Write out your answer to this proverb picture No. 1 on a sheet of paper with your name and address and mail it to us to-day. If it is correct we will write and tell you so, and you will receive by next mail

FREE **Our fine 48-page book of Hun Beating Proverbs and the series of 12 Proverb Pictures completing the contest**

The publishers of Canada's Greatest Monthly Magazine are conducting this great contest. Therefore contestants are assured of its absolute fairness and squareness. In order to give an equal chance to every competitor they have published a fine book of Hun Beating Proverbs, and all the proverbs represented by the series of twelve pictures have been chosen from this book. Answer proverb No. 1 correctly and this fine book will be mailed to you free. With it you will receive the complete series of twelve proverb pictures which complete the contest. Thus, there will be no waiting or delay. All the pictures will be presented to you at once and you can set to work to find the answers that can win you your share of these wonderful prizes.

PROVERB PICTURE No. 1

SECOND PRIZE
World-Famous Cecilian Player Piano. Value $800.00

FIRST PRIZE

Magnificent Chevrolet Touring Car

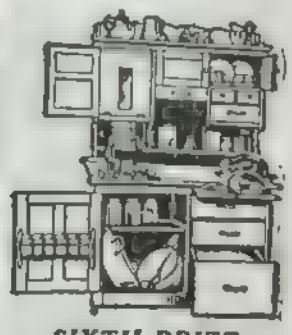
Value $935.00, and Over $1,500.00 in Other Grand Prizes

The other Magnificent Prizes in this contest surpass anything ever offered in Canada heretofore. They include:

World Famous Cecilian Player Piano, value $800.00; Beautiful Brunswick Phonograph (plays all records), value $241.00; Singer Sewing Machine, Frantz-Premier Vacuum Sweeper, Waltham Watches, Lovely Shetland Pony, Furniture, Kitchen Cabinet, Stoves, Books, C.C.M. Bicycles, Electric Cooker, and Many Others

Big 16-Page Illustrated Prize List Will Be Sent To You Free It Shows All The 75 Grand Prizes That Will Be Awarded

THIRD PRIZE
Beautiful Brunswick Phonograph
Value $241.00



SIXTH PRIZE
Famous "Hoosier Beauty" Kitchen Cabinet

FOURTH PRIZE
Lovely Shetland Pony
Value $100.00

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

This is the fifth great annual contest conducted by the Continental Publishing Company, Limited, one of the largest and best known publishing houses in Canada, whose name and reputation is your guarantee of absolute fairness and squareness in the awarding of the prizes. Frankly, it is being conducted with the object of further advertising and introducing Everywoman's World, Canada's Greatest Magazine, but you can enter and win the best of the prizes whether you are a subscriber or not. Moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine nor spend a single penny of your money in order to compete. A free copy of the current number will be sent to you without charge, because we want you to know the new, improved Everywoman's World, and the only condition attached to entry is that you help us in this great advertising campaign by showing your copy to just four of your friends or neighbours, who will appreciate this worth while, all Canadian magazine, and want it to come to them every month. This simple favor you will easily fulfil in a few minutes of your spare time in order to compete for your share of these wonderful prizes. We will even send you copies for each of your friends if you wish

FIFTH PRIZE
Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range. Value $75.00

OTHERS HAVE WON BIG PRIZES SO CAN YOU

Here are the names of only a few of the big prize winners in previous contests, to whom we gladly refer. More than $150,000.00 in other grand prizes and awards have already been given—Overland Touring Car, Lorne Hicks, Centralia, Ont.; Ford Touring Car, Roy G McGrath, Ottawa, Ont.; Chevrolet Touring Car, J. H Moor, R.R.4 Winnipeg, Man.; Ford Touring Car, W. E Geddes, Kinburn, Ont Ford Touring Car S E Waddell, Ottawa Ont.; Ford Touring Car, Hugh A Ross, Smith's Falls, Ont.; $450 Piano, Mrs Florence Clark, Montreal; $450 Piano, Mrs. Chas. Stafford, Calgary, $400 Cash Prize A du LaRiviere, St Polycarpe, Que.

NOTE THIS AND SEND YOUR ENTRY IN TO-DAY. THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME

Don't hesitate. Don't delay. Send your answer to Picture No. 1 to-day and get all the Proverb Pictures completing the contest, and the Hun Beating Proverb Book. You can win the auto or your share of the big prizes if you try. According to the rules, contestants may send as many as three answers to each picture, if they desire, so if you are in doubt as to the correct proverb to fit Picture No. 1, you may send two extra solutions. Send your answer to

WAR PROVERB EDITOR, CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD. Y, CONTINENTAL BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

How did Larry the Bat, that shambling dope fiend of the underworld know who murdered Metzer?

How was the foul crime "framed" on the Grey Seal and how did he clear himself without getting caught?

How did Gentleman Jimmy snare the fellow "higher-up" and save an innocent man from being railroaded to Sing Sing?

All these absorbing questions will be answered in the swift moving chapters of

The Adventures of Jimmy Dale
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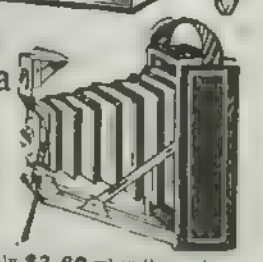

BOYS AND GIRLS—This is the best and most complete Scholars' Outfit you have ever seen. It would cost you a small fortune to go into the store and buy all these useful and necessary articles. **Just read what it contains:**—One large size English school bag, boy's or girl's style, three gold finished nibs, big complete printing outfit with three rows of type, type holder, tweezers, and everlasting ink pad, one dozen high grade lead pencils, a fine pencil box with lock and key, a first rate eraser, a fine quality pencil sharpener, a sanitary covered aluminum pocket drinking cup, a box of fine crayons, a box of paints containing 8 good colors, a twelve inch wooden ruler, a set of six blotters, a dandy hundred page scholar's memo pad, a point protector for your lead pencils fitted with fine eraser, and last, but not least a fine self-filling fountain pen with a package of ink tablets, sufficient to make five bottles of finest quality fountain pen ink. **It is a wonderful outfit.**

Send us your name and address today and we'll send you only 24 bottles of our lovely new Coronation Bouquet Perfume to introduce among your friends at only 15c each. This delightful odor is a wonderful blending of the true perfumes of flowers. Everyone wants two or three bottles and you can sell them in no time. It's easy.

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Address: GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. S. 4 Toronto, Ont. 228

Canadian Women in Foreign Legions

(*Continued from page 11*)

plaster casts; but artists of all varieties, becoming craftsman during the war, are attracted by this work, which demands skilful fingers. Miss Kemp, the head worker, served her apprenticeship by painting large pictures for the Paris Salon, and Miss Foster, by playing the harp.

ONE of the most important members of the "American Committee for the Devastated Regions of France" is Mrs. Valentine Schuyler, formerly of Kingston, Ontario, daughter of Chief Justice Britton. She is dividing her time between the organisation of the work in Paris and the canteens for refugees near the Front.

"The Canadian Committee for the Devastated Regions of the Aisne" is in charge of Mrs. Hamilton Gault, of Montreal, who has been in Canada to recruit new workers. During her absence the work was in charge of the secretary, Mlle. de Loynes, who lived in Montreal for three years, when her father was the French Consul-General. Both these societies are interested especially in agriculture. The Canadian Committee have been given charge of ten villages in the Department of the Aisne, Canton de Craonne, including Roncy, Berry au Bac, etc., which they hope to have adopted by various cities in Canada. They were expecting to rent a farm in the vicinity of Chateau Thierry and hoped to induce the former inhabitants to return an I cultivate the soil, but the offensive of the 27th of May forced them to change their plans and at present they are aiding, with money and clothing sent from Canada, the refugees from these towns who pass through Paris.

The work of reconstruction is somewhat previous and has, when undertaken by other societies, often resulted in much valuable material and food-stuffs falling into the hands of the Germans, while the civil population, encouraged to return, has proved an obstacle in the way of our fighting forces.

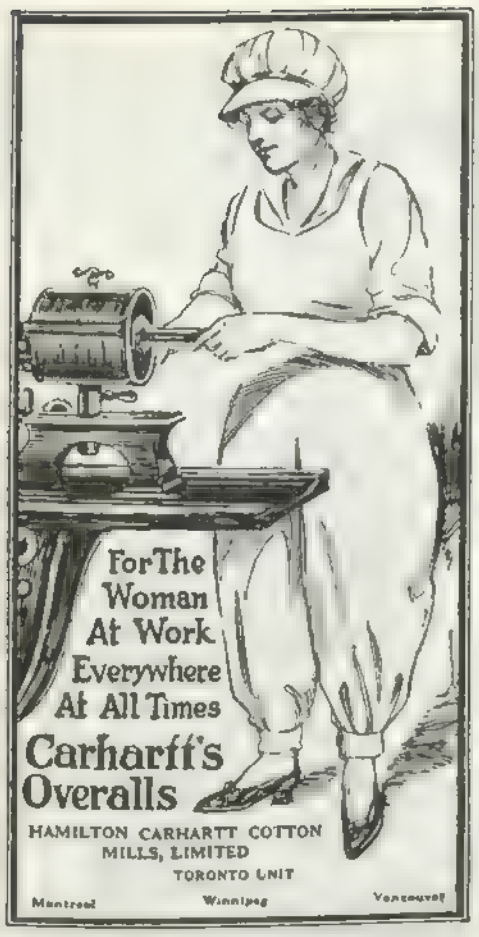
While most of the organisations at Bastion 55 have their Canadian representatives, it is strange that the largest one which bears the name of Canada should have none, but at the present all the so-called "Canadian" ambulance drivers are English girls. The Canadian Red Cross has no individual organisation in France and the workers are under the authority of the British Red Cross or St. John's Ambulance Brigade, so it is only by chance that they may be sent to drive ambulances which are Canadian only in name, for they work for the French. During last winter the drivers included three Ottawa girls—Mrs. Lawrence Martin (nee Olive Jeannette), Miss Helena Hughson, and Miss Jessie McLachlin, but now they have all been moved elsewhere. We should like to claim the present drivers as Canadian, for the girls in this unit have a most enviable reputation for the good work they do and the willingness with which they submit to their long hours and utmost military discipline.

The first time I entered Bastion 55 I noticed a very small girl with bobbed hair standing by a very large motor ambulance. She was dressed in a black overall and engaged in the unpleasant task of filling grease cups. When I learned she was a Canadian I talked to her and found she was a war bride. She had driven her own little run-about for years, she told me. "But Dad wouldn't let me drive the touring car—I just wish he could see me with this great brute!" I thought it was perhaps as well that Dad couldn't. She has since broken down from overwork. But Canadian "Dads" have as much reason to be proud of their daughters as their sons, though they are serving in such obscurity. It is only when a bomb falls on a French hospital or a Belgian village, or when an American hospital ship is sunk, that the fact is brought to our notice that another of our compatriots is serving in a Foreign Legion.

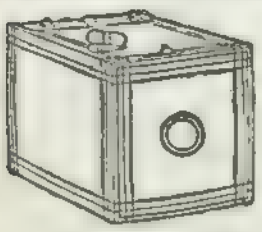
During the German offensive last May I was sent to Meaux with a motor laden with equipment for a Front Line canteen. The town was in a perilous position on a direct line between the German trenches and Paris. Most of the inhabitants had fled and with them the girls of the town who acted as assistant nurses in the auxiliary hospitals. The big military hospital had been evacuated with all its nurses as it had become a Front Line clearing station, and in these women nurses are not allowed. Yet the wounded were pouring in and many were dying for lack of attention. So our mobile canteen was sent to give some slight comfort.

The only women remaining in that large hospital were three Canadians who ran the

(*Continued on page 53*)



Brownie Cameras



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Big Doll and Doll Carriage, Birthday Pendant and Ring.

GIRLS—Here is the greatest prize offer ever made in Canada. The big doll is simply exquisite. She is over 18 inches tall and has beautiful curly hair and loveliest clothes imaginable. She is fully jointed so that she can sit down or move around in almost any position. The big handsome Go Cart is lovely enough for a real baby. It has genuine rubber tired steel wheels, a folding hood to protect dolly from the sun and best of all, it can be folded right up tight when it is not in use.

You and all your friends will just be delighted with the beautiful gold finished birthday Pendant and Chain and the lovely ring we send you. The pendant is the newest style, handsomely engraved, set with a sparkling birthstone jewel with a nice pearl drop and if you will tell us the month of your birth your pendant will have your own birthstone in it. The ring is genuine gold filled and is set with five lovely sparkling manufactured jewels that glisten like diamonds.

Girls we offer these beautiful presents in order to obtain agents to help us quickly introduce "Daintees" our delightful new Whipped Cream Candy Coated Breath ets. Write us to day and we will send you FREE a big 10 cent package of "Daintees" to try yourself, and just 25 large handsome packages to introduce among your friends. You sell them instantly by offering your sample package and all buy your friends to try them. Everyone will buy a package or two because they cannot resist the delicious flavor. Two or three little "Daintees" will perfume the breath, cleanse the mouth and leave a lasting fragrance.

Return our $2.50 when the "Daintees" are sold and we'll promptly send you all charges prepaid the beautiful birthstone pendant and ring just as represented, and the lovely doll with her fine go-cart too, you can also receive with us selling any more goods, by simply showing your grand presents to your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Don't delay girls. Write today and in a short time all these lovely presents will be yours. Address 2B
THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. K. 4
Toronto, Canada.

The Path That Lies Before

(*Continued from page 38*)

The war has shown us forcibly and clearly that we are all brothers. It has broken down barriers and prejudices, obliterated old divisions and shown our dependence one upon the other.

It has shown us the necessity for consideration and co-operation for and among our men and women. It has given us a sense of new values, new ideals, and a new perspective.

Surely in the future we must give greater consideration to the educational advantages, the moral and social conditions that surround every section of the community, than in the past. Surely we must make greater efforts than we have yet made to banish ignorance, hardships and want from our land—a greater effort to eliminate all unfairness and inequalities, so that the best living conditions possible may exist in every corner and section of the land.

Co-operation should be our watchword. If after the war the same co-operation, the same devotion to duty, the same consecration to our country's needs—the same consideration of one for the other, should continue as now exists, what miracles could be accomplished in improving the social conditions of the country. To gain the best results there must be team work. Kipling puts it well in his verse—

"It ain't the individual
or the Army as a whole,
It's the everlasting team work of
every blooming soul."

We must see to it that we rise from the carnage and slaughter through which we are passing to a new and better world.

We must, as citizens, do our part to make this Canada of ours worth the price that has been paid for its protection. Those who have risked their lives to maintain free institutions and safety and liberty for this fair land must come home to find the Canada which they have made honourable among nations, a nobler and better country than the one they left, a people with higher ideals and greater determination to *make this land worthy of the noble blood that has been shed, and the treasure that has been expended to redeem it.*

Coal War-Time Suggestions

A CHUNK of fire wood in your furnace will help heat the house quickly in the early morning and save one or two shovels of coal a day. Get hold of some wood and try this.

Dead trees in pastures at the outskirts of cities and villages may often be secured for the asking and a little use of a cross-cut saw and axe on Saturday afternoon will be a great tonic in your pocket book and your constitution, if you can get the time.

The New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University has "loaned" Henry H. Tryon, of the Utilization Department, to the Wood Fuel Sub-committee of the State Fuel Administration, of which George D. Pratt, Conservation Commissioner, is chairman. Mr. Tryon will have charge of the Committee's work in stimulating cord wood production and use in one of the four divisions in which the State has been laid out. Foresters from other State services will have charge of the remaining districts.

The New York College of Forestry at Syracuse University recommends the purchase of green cord wood wherever it can be obtained during the coming season. It should be piled loosely in cellars or sheds of village and city residences so that it will be seasoned for next year.

Owing to the probable continuation of the shortage of coal during next winter, authorities recommend the cutting or blasting out of crooked and dead specimens in the farm woodlots at the present time and working them into fuel lengths so that there will be a good supply of fire wood for sale when it is needed.

The fire places in many homes are not used enough according to the foresters of the country, and much good fire wood [illegible] to waste every year. In addition, the increased use of local wood would tend to relieve the overcrowded transportation systems.

Early Christmas Shopping

DON'T be a slacker this year and leave all your Christmas shopping until the ninth hour. It means a happier holiday for you and the rest of the world as well. Sooner than it will seem, Yule-tide will be upon us and the gratification of finding your Christmas shopping completed before the difficult days for all who serve you is appreciated only too well by every conscientious shopper.

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TWO fundamental considerations enter into the purchase of a Player Piano.

The piano is the basic instrument. Since 1883 the Cecilian Piano has reflected in tonal qualities, in volume and in delicate responsiveness, the personal effort of master musical craftsmen.

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COMPLETE HOCKEY OUTFIT

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WITH THIS SPLENDID OUTFIT YOU WILL BE THE BEST EQUIPPED PLAYER ON THE TEAM.

Write to-day and we will send you just 24 handsome bottles of our exquisite new Coronation Bouquet Perfume to introduce among your friends at only 15c a bottle. This new perfume is such a wonderful blending of the true flower odors that everybody will just love it. You sell them easily. Then send us our $3.60 and you will receive at once the complete hockey outfit of fine quality skates, rubber puck and hockey stick, and the fine hockey gloves or hockey boots you can also receive without sending any more goods, by simply showing your fine premiums to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Hurry up boys! We arrange to stand payment of all charges on your outfit under our reimbursement system, and if you can't sell all the breathlets we will take them back and give you presents for what you do sell.

Address: **THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. H 4 TORONTO, ONT. 25B**

This Watch is a genuine octagon thin model, with high-grade precision works and fine gold filled Expansion case. It is the very latest style. With it goes the real Waldemar Chain and stylish gold filled knife with the best steel blade. A magnificent combination you will be proud to own. We also give you the real Army flashlight of heavy steel construction, with a powerful lens; strong, long lasting battery. It is the flash of a thousand uses. Equal to a ten dollar light.

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Just send us your name and address and we will immediately send you a copy of Canada's Great Home Magazine, which we publish, and which every boy reads and wants. It is the most handsome, popular, and rapid selling magazine in Canada. Everybody buys it month and a half comes every year. All we ask you to do is to show it to friends of your family who will be glad to buy from you. We will send you at once your beautiful premiums and the two free gifts of your choice. Remember, you do not have to send us one cent of money. Just your name and address and we will send you the magazine. When sold, send us the money and we will send you the premiums you have selected. We pay charges. Many boys and girls are winning our magnificent premiums every day in our successful free plan.

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"Human Touch" Player Piano
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THE value of anything is its value to life. Does it bring happiness? Is it uplifting, ennobling? Is it broadening and educational? Herein lies the power of the Nordheimer Player Piano. It is a tremendous force as an educational element in music. It is a prolific source of pleasure in the home—BECAUSE IT MAKES MUSIC AVAILABLE to you, who cannot play a note. The whole world of music is opened to you through the marvellous mechanism and tonal perfections of this superb instrument.

The fine tonal quality of the Nordheimer Piano itself is the fundamental feature in the success of this instrument.

Played by hand, the Nordheimer "Human Touch" Player Piano reveals the same tonal qualities that are achieved only by a few instruments of world renown.

Played as a Player, the "Human Touch" feature removes all suggestion of the mechanical. It gives to the automatic playing, a light, firm touch, closely resembling the actual finger playing of an artist.

The Nordheimer Player Piano is made in two styles, and two sizes.

The smaller is known as the Nordheimer Apartment Player. It is a little jewel of an instrument—dainty, artistic, and with most astonishing tone and sensitive control for so compact an instrument.

The Player Piano is an important investment. Do not make your selection a "speculation," when you can be sure of that satisfaction which the name "Nordheimer" ensures. First write for our literature; but before choosing be sure to hear the Nordheimer played.

Write for design Book "E" containing full particulars

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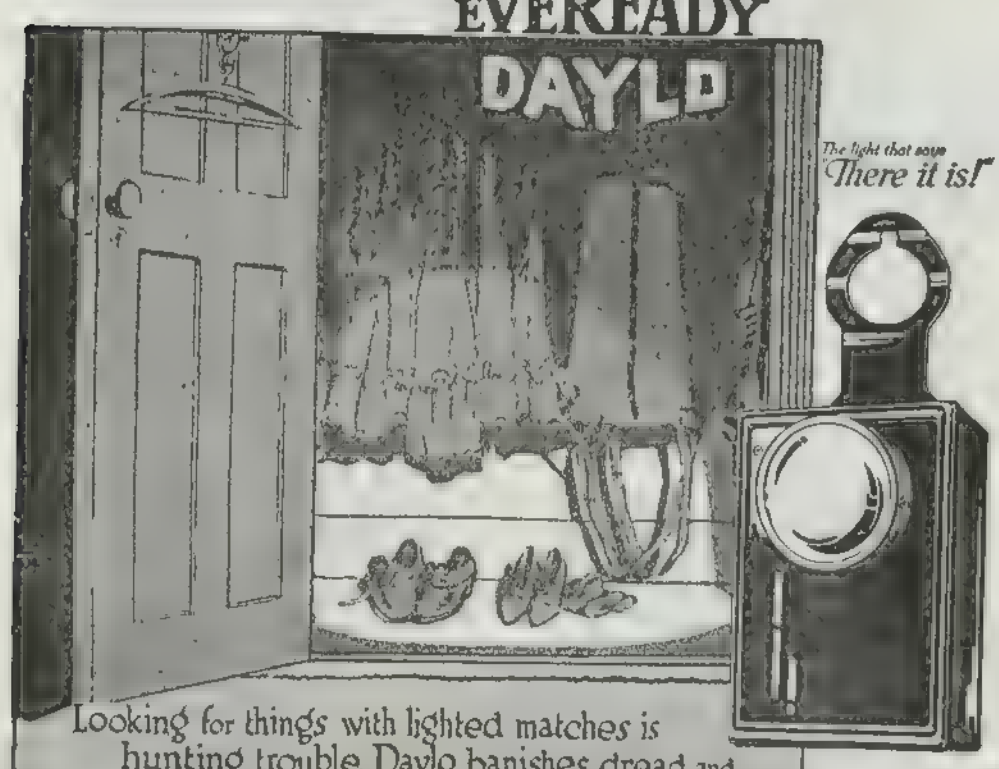

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This is the Military Daylo. Style No. 3651.

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PURGATIVE WATER

It cleans out and keeps clean the digestive organs and wards off disease

At all Druggists—25c the bottle (except in far West)

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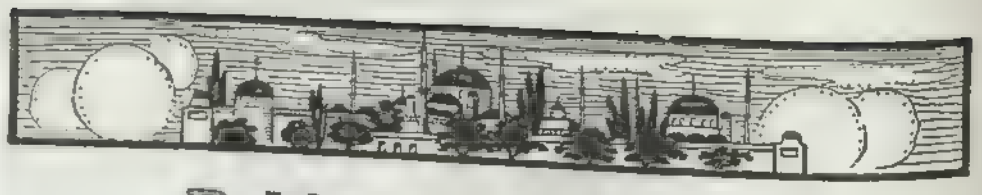


Behind the Barrage

(*Continued from page 8*)

made, he has strength now. I envy him his faith.

"Have a smoke now, Phil," he suggests.
So I step down and light another fag.
We obtain solace from different sources!

THE artillery lapses into a silence, that can be felt. Up to this time it has been desultorily active. For at least five minutes the quiet lasts and then a little to our right a barrage opens up.

A clever ruse, this, to put over a "Fake" attack an hour before the actual attack comes off.

The enemy fireworks look very pretty, for he celebrates every time anything untoward happens. More often he celebrates when he only fears something is going to happen. A set-piece at Brock's Crystal Palace Benefit is nothing compared with this display. Hundreds of Verey lights, red lights that mount up in eccentric paths, clusters of blue, white, and yellow lights—it is all too funny for words, because it denotes the enemy's nervousness.

Our morale is never to be compared with *this* fear of contact.

When all is quiet again I ask Harry the time.

It is four o'clock.

We get everything ready for "going over," it keeps us from just standing and thinking.

Ten minutes past four!
We can hear the watch ticking.
I light another fag.
Twenty minutes past four!
I ask Harry how he feels.
He replies, "Don't ask me!"

I persuade him to take his share of the rum, for we are both chilled and stiff.

We place our bags of bombs and our bundles of sand-bags on the top of the parapet.

It is a strain, this waiting!

I am glad my mother does not realise what we have to do, she is so tender and sensitive. Marjorie's eyes are wet and her hair all dishevelled. What is she crying for? My ears are throbbing, my heart is being crushed—I wouldn't——

"There it is, Phil! Over!"

THE red flares shot up on our left. Simultaneously the screeching and rushing of many wind demons commenced over our heads. In front of us the shells were bursting. Great upheavals shook the serried earth. Heavy shrapnel burst with deafening detonation in the air. Whiz—Whiz—Whiz—Whiz. Our batteries are drumming as only British batteries can.

Enemy machine guns are pattering—rat-tat-tat-tat-ti-r-r-r, traversing our parapet with a deadly hail.

We are on the top and have our bombs and sand-bags. I am wondering how Chum Harry feels.

I feel saggy, but tickled to death to be moving.

We cannot see them, but every bay has disgorged its complement of men who march, parallel across this fire-swept inferno.

Behind the barrage—we walk on slowly with rifles at the "high-port."

"Oh! Oh! Phil!" I turn around to look for Harry. "Where are yeh?" I shout.

"I'm here!" and he certainly is there—shoulder deep in a shell hole full of ooze. By the time I get him out he is without bombs or sand-bags, but he clings to a mud-coated rifle.

I hand him my bag of bombs and we press forward.

The barrage lifts—the bursts are occurring farther ahead. Fritz's second line is catching it now and will catch it until we have consolidated our gain. Stumbling through the wire—Fritz's wire—mangled, torn and tattered by our accurate artillery fire, we reach what was Fritz's trench.

A wide breach enabled us to enter easily, a large shell has made a direct hit here. But I no sooner turn down the trench than "phit-phit," a sniper has his eye on us. So, bending, we make a rush to deeper ground. Round a traverse we come face to face with three very terrified Germans. We are just as taken aback as they, but this is no time for sentiment. The foremost Hun drops his gun and his sagging, sloppy lips are busy framing the usual German greeting. "Mercy Kam-agh!" he says, for I have punctured him "*tout suite*," the chaps behind him are raising their "Mausers" you see. They never get them up to their shoulders. "Point-withdraw-point!" it is so like bayonet drill that I laugh hilariously. The second "Withdraw" takes all my strength, for this Prussian Rat's ribs are very closely built At last I have to clear my rifle by pulling the trigger!

"Ga! Ga! Ga!" shouts Harry in my rear. I don't know why it should do so, but it inflames my blood, and I see red. I rush round the bay madly, right into a bunch of Hun reinforcements breasting it up a communication trench. Up goes the rifle!

"Bombs!" I yell, as I empty my magazine into the hesitating crowd, and Harry is there with the bombs. I see them going over. A Hun darts out to pick up and throw the first one back, but he is too late.

"Bang!"—"Bang!" "Bang!" While the lucky ones who have escaped flee squealing for all the world like pigs, we hastily build our barrier, using the scanty supply of sand-bags we have brought.

UNINTERRUPTEDLY we work, wondering at the easy success of the attack.

An officer staggers along to where we are working. His face is contorted with pain and his breath is coming and going in great open-mouthed gasps.

"Buck boys—back for the love of God!" he cries.

"Whatsermatter?" demands Harry.

"Wire wasn't cut on the right," he wheezes, "boys are wiped out!"

Ah! The enemy artillery has got wind of it! We are cut off by their barrage now, falling in No Man's Land.

"Come on, Harry!"—taking an arm each of the officer, who is, I fear, wounded in the lungs, we boost him up and over and climb up beside him.

Harry is the stronger, so I help the officer on to his back. Harry starts off at a trot. The snipers have seen us—"phit—phit—phit!" Curse them.

"Ah-h!"—the officer's arms loosen from round Harry's neck, and he collapses backwards before I can help him. We kneel down to examine his hurt.

"Gone!" I remark, and we start on again, alone.

At last.—we literally fall into the welcome trench, and crumple up, completely done out.

After a while I find a fag and light up.

Harry raises his head and stares at me queerly.

"So that's 'going over the top,' is it, Phil?"

"You betcher!"

"Well, that's some experience—say, let's try one of those smokes, will you?"

And while we are both puffing and the blood is thumping less persistently in our ears, Harry says, reflectively,

"They die like hogs! I hate them!"

* * * * *

I like my new chum fine. Pity we can't get our Blighty leave together.

Cheaper Cuts

(*Continued from page 22*)

There is a growing taste for certain kinds of meat. One of the biggest packers in Canada says that they have never sold more oxtails than they did this year. Beef brains are always saved now and their entire stock was sold out last year. There is considerable local demand, too, for beef liver which retails at 18 or 20 cents a pound. Beef hearts are particularly good, as they have neither fat nor bone.

M. Derouet did his share in getting Canadian women interested in the subject of "offal." Now the Canada Food Board wants to see Canadian women learn how to make the best use of all varieties of meat on the market and is shortly issuing a booklet dealing with the subject of cheaper cuts of meat which will contain recipes for the use of "offal."

Hunting in Ontario

PROBABLY the best hunting districts in America are located in the Highlands of Ontario and that section of the Province opened up by the Transcontinental Railway. This area offers opportunities to the hunter for moose and deer. The open season for the Highlands of Ontario District is from November 1st to November 15th, both days inclusive. In some of the northern districts, including Temiskaming, Timagami, and the territory north and south of the Canadian Government Railway in Ontario, the open season has been extended and is from October 1st to November 30th, both days inclusive. A synopsis of the Game Laws is contained in the G.T.R. publication "Playgrounds." Full information on application to agents, Grand Trunk Railway System, or Mr. C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto.

SOMETHING YOU WILL LIKE

WARM, STYLISH SET OF BLACK WOLF one of the very very special values offered, fine silky jet black fur which will give real service. SCARF is wide on shoulders trimmed with head, tail and paws as shown, MUFF is large, roomy and warm, trimmed as shown, sateen lined, silk poplin ends and wrist ring, scarf lined with silk poplin. A rich dressy set at a very moderate price.
M 898, Price Per Set Delivered..... $25.90

STYLISH COAT OF NORTHERN MUSKRAT made from the finest selected skins, length 60 inches, cut full and roomy, finished with full belt. Note the deep sailor collar and the handsome reverse border effect on the skirt. Lined with guaranteed satin Venetian. MUFF to match, cut in reverse effect to match border on coat. Sizes 34 to 44.
M 712, Coat Delivered.....$175.00
M 713, Muff Delivered..... 22.50

Snappy—up to date—of course—but more than everything else, in every HALLAM Fur Garment there is sterling quality, which means long wear.

You see HALLAM buys the Raw Furs direct from the Trappers *for Cash*, and every skin is carefully inspected—sorted and matched.

Then Hallam selects the best and most suitable skins, makes them up into the famous *Hallam Guaranteed Fur Garments* and sells them *by mail* direct *to you for cash.*

With over 32 years' Experience in the fur business, we are able to select and guarantee the Skins used in Hallam Furs and to give unexcelled values for the money.

And how easy *for you*—simply look through HALLAM'S Fur Fashion Book, select the articles you think you like and send the order to us *by mail*; no time wasted—no noise—no waiting in a busy store—no bother—and no urging by an anxious sales clerk—then by return you receive your furs—the whole family can examine them in your own home without interference—and at your leisure.

If you like them "Nuff-Sed," but if you are not satisfied *for any reason*, simply send the goods back and we return your money in full at once, as this is our *Positive Guarantee* under which all HALLAM FURS are sold.

You Cannot Lose—be up to date, **BUY YOUR FURS BY MAIL FROM HALLAM**

It is easier—more pleasant—and cheaper.

Hallam's GUARANTEED Furs "FROM TRAPPER TO WEARER"

FREE Hallam's 1919 FUR FASHION BOOK

It is larger and better than ever—showing a wonderfully extensive range of Fur Sets and Fur Coats—we do not think there is a fur book published in Canada equal to this—it contains 48 pages and cover, with over 300 illustrations of beautiful furs—photographed on real living people—thus you see how the furs actually appear—it also gives a lot of valuable information about Fur fashions, and what leaders of fashion will be wearing.

Everyone should see this BOOK, it shows Fur Coats from $36.00 up to $550.00 and Fur Sets from $6.50 to $300.00.

The articles shown here are all taken from this Fur Fashion Book and will be promptly sent on receipt of money.

Thousands of pleased people from all parts of Canada, who have purchased Hallam's guaranteed Furs by mail, bear testimony to the wonderful values given.

As we are the only firm in Canada selling Furs exclusively by mail and direct from **"Trapper to Wearer"** you save all the middlemen's profits when you buy Hallam's guaranteed Furs.

Write to-day for YOUR copy of Hallam's 1919 Fur Fashion Book—it will save you money.

Address in full as below:

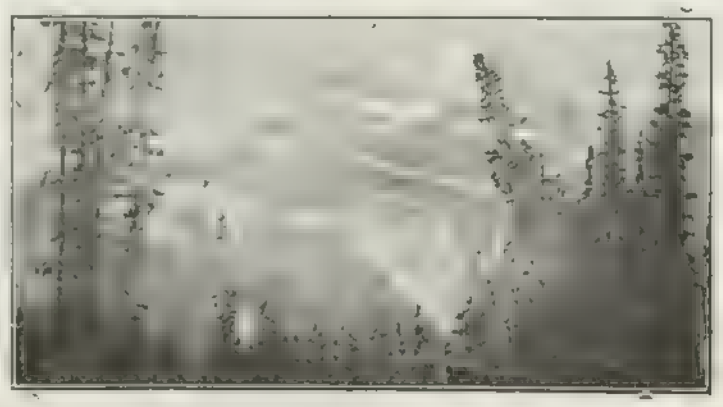
John Hallam Limited
233 Hallam Building, TORONTO

DURABLE, WARM COAT OF MANCHURIAN FUR, 60 inches long, made from jet black glossy, full-furred skins. It is very full and roomy and just the garment for hard wear and warmth combined. Lined with farmer's satin, finished with pouch pocket, fastening with large crochet buttons. Deep storm collar and lapels, deep cuffs on sleeves. Sizes 34 to 46. MUFF to match in barrel shape trimmed with head and tail, satin cuff and ring.
M 730, Coat Delivered..... $45.00
M 731, Muff Delivered..... 8.50

HANDSOME SET OF NATURAL GREY CANADIAN WOLF, beautifully soft full-furred skins are used. Scarf is in wide cape effect, giving great warmth and protection. MUFF is in the new "Canteen" shape roomy and warm, lined throughout with grey silk poplin, muff has wristring, silk cuffs, etc., trimmed with natural heads, tails and paws.
M 868, Scarf Delivered.. $24.00
M 867, Muff Delivered.. 22.50

Beautiful Route Through Mountain Valleys to Vancouver

WEST of Edmonton the prairie continues, then it becomes rougher, until the haze-clothed mountains loom up in the distance. Striking the river here, we ascend the Athabaska for miles, passing through Jasper National Park, and Yellowhead Pass where we cross the Great Divide—the main ridge. Beyond, picking up the Fraser we follow its upper reaches to Mount Robson, the highest known peak in Canada, (alt. 13,068 ft.), thence, skirting the Canoe and Albreda rivers, which in turn are succeeded by the North and Main Thompson rivers, we reach the lower Fraser at Lytton, from where we cross and re-cross, hugging its mighty and picturesque banks through to Vancouver. Nowhere in the journey of over 700 miles from the gateway to the Rockies clear to the Pacific does it grow monotonous, or time hang heavily, so insistent are the attractions which flash past the windows of the comfortable Observation Cars.



Typical of the picturesque C. N. R river valley route between Edmonton and Vancouver

Mount Edith Cavell

(Alt. 11,033 ft.) one of the most impressive and magnificent peaks in America.

Named after the martyred British nurse, judicially murdered by the Germans, October 12th, 1915.

CANADIANS SHOULD KNOW CANADA AND PARTICULARLY ITS NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE, CANADIAN NORTHERN—*The People's Road*

Illustrated and descriptive booklet free on request—lowest fares and information—any C. N. R. agent, or write to General Passenger Department: Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont.; or Winnipeg, Man.

A tale of two Trade Marks

For over 59 years Turnbulls have been making good knitted underwear in Canada—and underwear exclusively—They came from the Old Country with the knowledge of how to make good underwear bred in them—They brought out expert workers from the Old Country from time to time as their business grew—thus have always kept their products up to the highest standard, being made with that thoroughness and care for which the Old Country workers are famous.

The reason for this tremendous growth and popularity can be summed up in one word "Quality" first and all the time—

You cannot get away from the fact that Canadians appreciate "Quality" more than anything else—

Turnbull's two brands are

Turnbull's PERFECT FITTING and TURNBULL'S UNSHRINKABLE NATURAL WOOL

UNDERWEAR

This brand is on all Turnbull's ribbed underwear which is extremely popular with ladies and children because of its great elasticity and comfortable fitting. Made in all sizes in separate garments and union suits with special closed crotch.

This brand is on Turnbull's plain knitted underwear, all wool — finest and cleanest obtainable, made in separate garments and union suits with special crotch that stays closed and is always comfortable.

Sold by good dealers everywhere.

A. 84.

Made only by

The C. TURNBULL COMPANY of GALT, Limited

GALT, ONTARIO

Also sole manufacturers of the famous "CEETEE" full fashioned underclothing.

STAMMERING

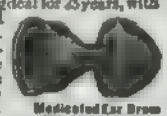
or Stuttering, overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. Noone sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co., (Inc.)
52 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Here's the Remedy!

All Sufferers from Aching Back Should Take

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

DO not neglect a backache. It is a warning that one of the vital organs of the body is not doing its proper work, and if you do not heed the warning, you may have serious cause to regret it.

What is the cause of that backache?

The kidneys are not functioning normally. That is to say, the kidneys are not eliminating the poisons and waste matter from the blood stream. As a consequence, any one of the following may result, with or without the preliminary warning of backache—Sciatica, Lumbago, urinary derangements, restless nights, stone or gravel, inflammation of the bladder.

Don't Neglect Backache!

Gin Pills go right to the root of the trouble, healing and soothing the kidneys so that they resume their work of removing the poisons.

Gin Pills are sold by dealers at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50. Sample free upon request to

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

Laugh Time Tales

"Life Without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

A Systematic Cuss

MRS. BROWN would never purchase a leg of mutton unless it had been hanging up for several days. And her butcher catered to her peculiarity in this respect. One day she entered the shop and discovered, hanging in full view of all patrons, a large quarter of mutton with the explicit label: "Mrs. Brown's leg."

She Knew

"CAN any member of the class tell anything about waves?" asked the pretty young school-teacher.

"Yessum," whanged little Ethel, "I can."

"Well, how many different kinds of waves are there?"

"Three—ocean waves, thought waves, and Marcel waves."

Those Army Horses

MAJOR.—"A very embarrassing situation occurred to me at Review this morning."

Colonel.—"How so?"

Major.—"As I galloped across the parade grounds a private yelled 'Milk,' and the horse came to a dead stop."

Brave Dame

SHE is the best of women, and for four years she has worked untiringly. But the other day, at the N—— sous N—— hospital she was not exactly tactful. Seeing a newcomer in the ward she was in the habit of visiting, she said:

"So you have lost a leg?"

"Yes."

"Ah, poor fellow! Have a chocolate!"

Reassured

SURGEON—(Before the operation)—"Worrying? Tut! Tut! Why, it won't amount to anything."

The Tightwad (with a sigh of relief)—"Thank you, Doctor. I knew you'd be reasonable."

WELL-PRESERVED Maiden (in electrical shop): "I would like to see one of your osculating fans."

Doctor's Only Chance

WIFE—"Hello! Dr. Bunyon? Yes? Come right away. Mr. Little has another one of his spells."

Doctor (half-hour later)—"Why didn't you send for me sooner? You should not have waited untill your husband was unconscious."

Wife—"Well, so long as he had his senses he wouldn't let me send for you."

Valid Reasoning

LITTLE Marie was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and after looking at him intently for a time she said,

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," answered the astonished old man.

"Then why weren't you drowned?"

A Famous Battle Ground

PARKE—"Yes sir. The war will be won in the kitchen."

Lane—"Good! I've had several wars in my kitchen and never won one yet."

Always the Way

MRS. HEN, having performed her oviparous function, cackled and cackled, and took a constitutional around the yard. Returning to her nest she found it empty and clucked angrily.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" asked the rooster.

"It's mighty funny," she grumbled, "that I can never find things where I lay them."

Medical Advice

"SO the doctor told you to go to a warmer climate. What was the nature of the trouble you consulted him about?"

"I went there to collect a bill."

A Knockout

THE tramp rang the doctor's bell, and asked the pretty young woman who opened the door if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would kindly give away.

"I'm the doctor," said the smiling young woman, and the tramp fainted.

The Profiteer

"I'LL have to tell Mother that I saw you kissing Sister."

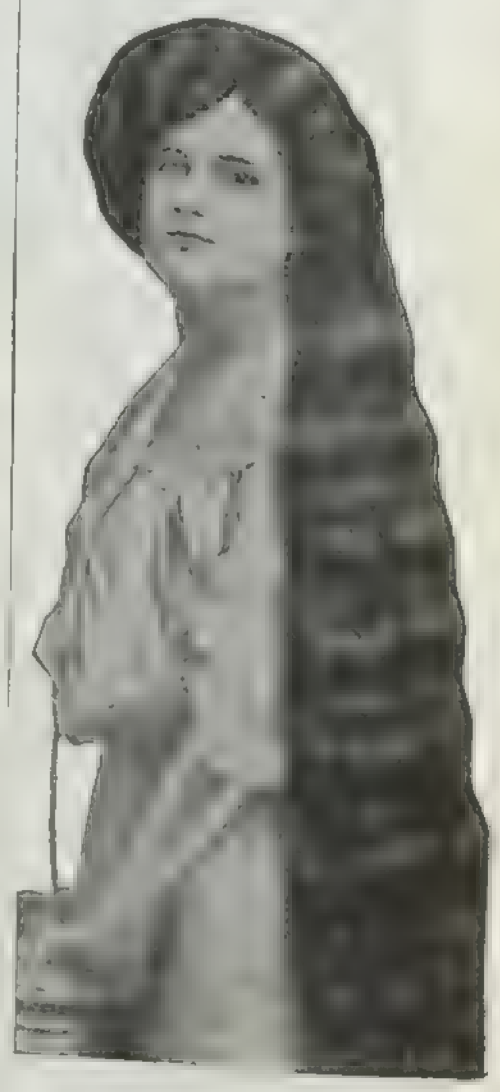
"I'll give you ten cents, Bobby, not to tell."

"Nope, I've had to raise my price on account of the war."

Dandruff Makes Hair Fall Out

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.



Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle, and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy, and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness, and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.

Growth and Development of a Healthy Baby

(Continued from page 10)

not once or twice, but many times.

A friend or acquaintance drops in to pay an afternoon call bringing her baby just about the age of your own, or perhaps you meet while out with babies and go carts in a shady park. Your friend's baby is toddling along pushing his cart before him, and she looks surprised when you explain that your baby is not walking yet.

"Not walking yet!" she cries, with just the slightest possible emphasis on the "yet." "Why, mine has been walking for more than a month," and no matter how polite she is you catch the echo of pardonable pride in her tone as she looks down at her clever baby.

If you are a young mother you will no doubt feel the hurt and sting of this, no matter how wise and sensible you are, but if you have had a number of babies, you will have become hardened and will have learned to reply as I have,

"Oh, well! My baby is healthy and strong, I have nothing to worry over. Dear me! there's lots of time. He has all his life to walk."

USUALLY at the age of one year a child will be able to say "Mamma" and "Daddy," and other single words. By the end of the second year he will put several words together and form short sentences. Here again must come the warning: Beware of encouraging your child too much. Let him develop along normal and natural lines. There is really no glory in having a precocious child. Any observing doctor will tell you that these unusually clever and advanced babies rarely show any marked mental superiority when they grow older. No wonder! Their little brains had too much stimulation when they were infants.

If you have an unusually bright baby, don't, whatever you do, try to make him "show off" for the benefit of visitors. Don't trouble to "teach" him, Nature is doing that every day, every hour. Of course he must be trained to obedience even in his baby days, but by "teaching" I mean the urging onward of his mentality. Remember he is learning a whole language, the names of numberless objects, and also an amazing amount about life in general all the time. The baby's brain is more active now than at any other time. Don't force his mental development in the slightest degree. The nervous system of a little child is easily overstrained and menengitis or some other serious nervous ailment is very likely to be the result if you do.

The time is fast approaching when you will be able to teach him. When he will come to you with questions—deep, serious questions that will tax all your cleverness and ingenuity to answer wisely. Begin now to prepare for that day. Motherhood is a grave business full of responsibility. Let the up-to-date mother prepare herself that she may be the guide and protector of her child, and it will be time better employed than encouraging either his mental or physical powers to too great or unnatural development.

$10.00 Cash

And Many Prizes for Observant Women

What is it that:

"Overcomes all disadvantages."
"Will mean more than entertainment."
Is "extra thick and extra good."
Was "invented to give greater wear."
"Will protect the sensitive pores."
Is "For the woman at work."
"Not only cooks by steam."

Each of the phrases above is taken from one of the advertisements in this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and refers to a product or house with which our readers should be well acquainted.

Tell us the name of the product (or company) from whose advertisement each phrase is taken and say what you know about it (giving such information as whether you use it, if your dealer sells it, etc.).

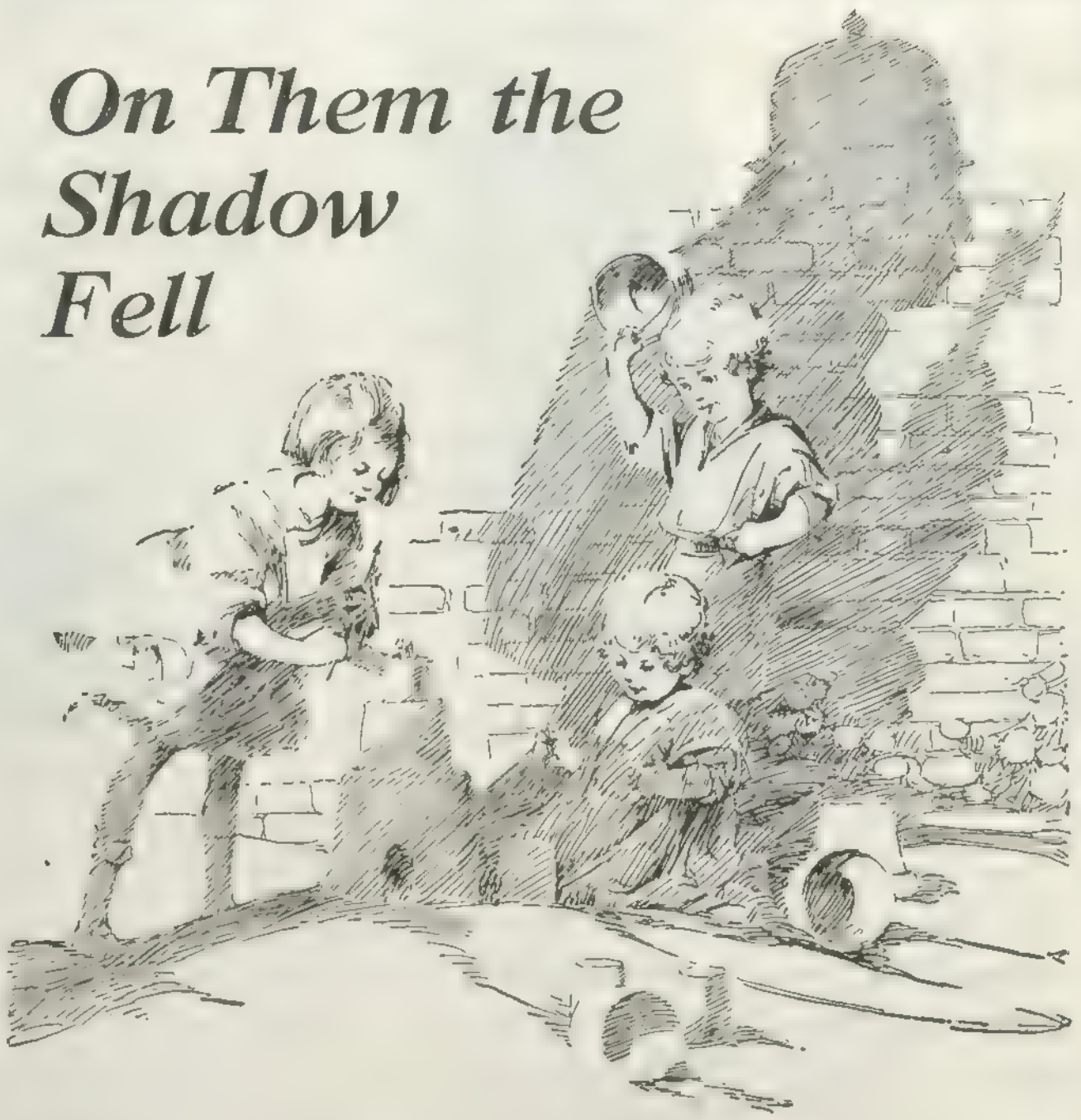
For the best letter received on or before December 15th we will pay $5.00 cash, for the second best $3.00 cash, for the third best $2.00, and for the next five best each a "Win the-War" Cook Book.

Try to solve this interesting problem to-night. You will find it most instructive. Then write out your answers and send them to

The Advertising Manager
Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

Names of the winners in the Advertising Manager's contest that appeared in the October issue will be announced in the December issue.

On Them the Shadow Fell



THESE, our little Canadians, born to freedom, to a heritage of happiness, Germany's greed would enslave!

For they were heirs to Canada's boundless wealth—our mines, our forests, our teeming fields—the Hun hungered for these riches of Canada.

In his plans for world power, Canada was not overlooked in the German scheme of plundering the nations.

Doubtless there are to-day in Berlin plans for the apportionment of concessions of Canada's natural resources, plans for the government of Canada, for the policing of our cities, the levying of taxes, for enforced adoption of the German language as was done in Lorraine after 1871, and all the other systems of government by German methods.

And a brutal German soldiery would have enforced those systems by which the people would have been enslaved and every vestige of freedom and independence destroyed.

If Prussian plans had carried, the smile would have passed forever from the happy little faces in our homes.

Our boys and girls—heirs to Canada's riches—would have worked as slaves in *their mines, in their forests, their fields and factories.*

The fruits of their toil, the wealth of Canada, theirs by right, would have been borne across the seas to fatten the German beast.

While the beast lives, his venom, his gall, his merciless, monstrous ambition threaten our homes.

Canada—young, high-spirited, independent—must stand firm.

Canada must use the wealth the Hun lusts after to crush him to earth.

Canada's strength, the united strength of each and every true Canadian, must raise the shield of protection for the generations to come.

The call will soon come for more of Canada's wealth. It is *your* money that is needed—every cent that you by cheerful sacrifice and loving self-denial can lend to your country.

Be Ready When the Call Comes to Buy Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

Ambassador Gerard Says.

"The German Armies were held only a few days, yet the delay of those few days changed the fortunes of the whole world."

The Belgian soldiers who held on those few days, died fighting. Their children are dying of slow starvation. It would be well to digest these two statements.

If we grasp what this situation means, we can SAVE Belgium—not by the sword, but by paying our debt in part.

A contribution of a few dollars, administered by the Canadian Bureau in Brussels will restore health and strength to a little Belgian, now in the grip of pitiless starvation. Oh, it is hard to write calmly and sanely about a horror that is positively ghastly.

Growing chidlren struggling along on a bowl of soup and two pieces of bread a day, furnished by United States loans to the Belgian Government .... Poor little mites, what hope is there in such a ration of building flesh and bone? No wonder Consumption and Rickets stalk through the stricken land.

Through the Belgian Relief Fund, YOU can help to alleviate this horror for at least one little sufferer. You needn't forego your three good meals a day to do it. Send in your contribution. Mark it "For the Belgian Children." And whatever you give, give quickly!

Make cheques payable and send contributions to

BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

(Registered under the War Charities Act)

to your Local Committee, or to

Ontario Branch—Belgian Relief Fund

95 King Street West, Toronto

Business Women Who Have Won Success

By MADGE MACBETH

THE idea is still prevalent in some quarters, I believe, that women prefer the responsibility of business life to the more sheltered if more monotonous routine reflected from the domestic hearth. Personally, I am of the opinion that such an idea is incorrect, though it would be folly to say that many, yes, hundreds, women are not happier "working" than when at home—living the fictitious life of ease credited to them by the majority of men. The point is this—women like to choose the sort of work they are to do, and they like to prepare themselves for it in exactly the same way that men are prepared. Girls are now going through adequate business training; but twenty-five years ago a woman who was faced by necessity was hurled into business and that is not at all dear friends, the same thing!

Mrs. E. C. Connell of Ottawa, was one of the first advertising women in the country. She is, I think, the only one in Ottawa to-day. After a domestic holocaust, which woul have crushed a less courageous spirit, she did the thing nearest her, and took a position in the Journal newspaper office. Before long, however, she saw the advertising opening and had the pluck to "pioneer" and try it. She accepted the post of advertising "man" for one of the largest and most exclusive departmental shops in the Capital, and she has kept that post for about twenty years. "I have seen the firm change hands, managers come and go, floor walkers and salespeople drift away, but I go on forever," she laughingly says.

Mrs. E. C. Connell
Ottawa's Premier Advertising Woman

Miss Jean Waller
Calgary's Most Exclusive Milliner

She attributes her early success to the fact that she had a splendid knowledge of foreign currency, and in the days when the present space was not given to advertising, part of her work was to translate into dollars and cents the pounds, francs, marks, and what-not under which imported goods came into the shop. She had the responsibility of a man and did her work as a man would have done it, all the while playing a more important role at home with her two children. As the little girl used to put it, "You are the father in the big world and the mother in our home, aren't you?" And the fine son, now a member of the Tank Battalion, would ask each night, "Well 'Mum, how speaks the Voice of Trade?

Mrs. Connell finds time for a good deal of patriotic work, and she holds the presidency of the Ottawa Canadian Women's Press Club.

THAT a woman should adopt Customs Brokerage as a profession may strike many of us as strange; but a woman milliner—ah, there we are on familiar ground! Who is better fitted to gild the lily than a woman who, herself, appreciates being well gilded? A designer of stage costumes once remarked in my hearing, "A woman's hat makes or mars her whole costume. It is—or should be—the most distinctive thing about her." Miss Jean Waller, Calgary's most exclusive milliner, must have had some such idea, for her hats are eminently "distinctive." She began her business career in a rather small way as manager of a department in a dry goods house, and when she decided to open a place of her own, she took her customers with her.

"I attribute my success to study," she says, "study and study—not only the styles but the customer as well. The purpose behind every sale is not only to please the buyer of my hats but to please her friends also. Keeping them satisfied is the goal for which I strive."

Shall The Children Starve?

IN Belgium at the present moment there are 1,200,000 starving children. This is not a figure of speech, but a literally exact fact. The horror of it is impossible to be conveyed in words. Imagine if you saw a child on the street faint from lack of nourishment. How quickly your hand would fly to your pocket to succour it.

You would not grudge giving up some pleasure to relieve its hunger, indeed, the pleasure would be yours in giving. But in Belgium there are not a few isolated cases, but quite literally over a million such. To alleviate this horror devoted men and women are working day and night, but their best efforts will go for little unless you too help. Give according to your means, though it be ever so little, yet every little aids in stemming the tide of sorrow that is sweeping over unhappy Belgium. Ten dollars will support and save a child for a month, and the Department that is caring for these poor little mites spends $60,000 a month. The need for funds is urgent every day of the year and the appeal is directly to you who read this.

Nothing is refused, even thirty cents will keep a child for a day and you have perhaps often spent as much in small luxuries. Remember that every penny you contribute goes straight to the children and no part of it whatever is diverted to any other expenditure.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth of Belgium was asked to choose a flower to be placed on sale in various countries for the benefit of the babies of Belgium, she very happily chose the forget-me-not. Whatever else is forgotten in the final peace negotiations it is safe to say that the Belgian babies will not be included in the list. By the ravishing of Belgium the mark of Cain was stamped upon the brow of the Hun. And by the ravishing of Belgium, as a "military necessity" was Germany definitely condemned to complete defeat. Millions of swords leaped from their scabbards when Germany decided to make a scrap of paper of a solemn engagement and make war on the helpless women and children of Belgium. And they will not return until the despoiler is made to provide what poor restitution he may. But in the meantime, the children of Belgium must be helped. The invader is still in the land and the children are still being ground down under his iron heel. One of the features of the present system of succouring Belgium is the transporting to Holland for brief periods of recuperation of the Belgian children affected by the ravishes of war. Money is urgently needed for the continuance and extension of this work. Make your cheques payable to your local Belgian Relief Committee, or send them to the Central Committee, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Aid is Provided for War Orphans

NOTWITHSTANDING the terrible conditions maintaining in Belgium since first the German troops swept through that country, war orphans have been cared for in a manner which in view of these conditions, is little short of miraculous. One of the first of the charitable organizations to spring into being with the advent of the Germans was the War Orphans' Society. This organization was made into a national association early in 1915, and, thanks to the financial assistance provided by the Belgian Relief Commission, has been able to accomplish wonders. It has many sub-committees and these look after children of dead soldiers, children of civilians who lost their lives through causes connected with the war, children dependent on some one other than a father serving in the army, and children of civilian prisoners. Pecuniary assistance takes the form of a supplementary amount given to each child according to a sliding scale. The charity operates by providing aid for the children's families, its purpose being not to remove the child from the family circle. Only where necessary is the little one placed in an institution or with foster parents. The professional future of the war orphan is the object of particular attention. This association sees to it that the orphan learns an occupation that will prove useful after the war. In this way Belgium is being prepared most effectually to carry on, by her own efforts, so soon as the invader has been driven from within her boundaries. More than 15,000 children are now being provided for. It is for this, as well as for numerous other charities, that the Belgian Relief Commission is to-day appealing to the people of Canada for financial aid. Contributions should be sent to the local committee of the Belgian Relief Fund or to the Central Committee at 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Que.

Music: The Common Bond of Humanity

Apollo is Doing His Bit! Music is an Inspiration and a Panacea in These Troublous Times

By HELEN BRICE

"MUSIC will help win the war!" "That's a broad statement," you say, but did you ever stop to consider what a vital, indispensible part the "Pipes of Pan" have played in this and every other holocaust of conflicting forces since the days of Nero, and the debt of gratitude which we owe to Apollo? It has been and always will be one of the most powerful panaceas for sorrow, pain, worry, care. It stimulates, invigorates, purifies and unites all peoples of all tongues in a bond of common joy and pleasure which not even time can separate. It appeals to the best in man and arouses the sluggard, the backslider, the "slicker" and the "slacker," to his responsibilities, his privileges. Since the early days of 1914 it has been one of the chief recruiting agents of the Allies, sounding the "bugle call" to the man in the street, literally lifting the book-keeper off his high perch, the clerk from behind his counter, the banker from his gold, the broker from his bonds, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, from their wares, and transported them over there, or led them to some yawning gap in the government where their mental, moral and physical powers were needed to keep the cog-wheels of the multitudinous industries of war spinning.

Patriotism is born in people—it is one of the vital ingredients of life, but like the plant or flower needs sunshine and moisture to refresh and stimulate it, so patriotism requires the tonic of enthusiasm to fire it to fever heat.

Music is and always has been this tonic, and the accomplishments of the art in this present hour of trial are legion. It is part of the war propaganda of every allied country from recruiting base to firing line and perhaps most important of all back here in the cottage, the castle, or the farm helping to keep the home fires burning.

Many "mysterious melodies," quaint old tunes, spirited strains, or soothing simple hymns have helped "Multitudes in the Valley of Indecision," lessened the broiling heat or the piercing cold in the training camp where the putty-like muscles of millions of indoor sports have been hardened into steel to strengthen the allied arm of victory which has shown its fatal "punch" to the defeated enemy. A visit to the recreation hut of any training camp in the Dominion will prove what it has done and is doing for the young recruit, and yes, the old recruit too, who left their hearts and their thoughts back in the bosom of their families. For them and their noble brethren who have helped to blot out the "Hindenburg line," it has bridged over that terrific span, that gulf, which separates the old homestead from the energetic life in the training camp, and the bomb bursting bedlam of "No Man's Land" with peace and harmony.

ON the strength of verbal testimony from countless numbers of our returned heroic Hun-harassers we have learned of the tune that took "John," or "Jim," or "Harry" whistling "over the top" or died away in a contented smile on the lips of "Joe" as he "went west." Down the long hot dusty or mud clutching roads of France after a gruelling in the trenches which only the "God of War" could subject humanity to, when the way seemed beyond physical fortitude, some inspired patriot called off the "glooms," and the agony of tired, weary feet and backs with a faint whistle, a straggling tune, or the remains of an air that had followed him through the battle, tucked away in his subconscious mind, which gained strength and impetus as every mother's son of them took it up as a drowning man clutches at a straw, all the way down the battle-branded line—lifting them out of the agony of the moment, and literally putting life into limbo and wings to their feet.

What was it that spread like an epidemic, relieved the tense moments, averted a panic and filled the last earthly moments of hundreds of khaki clad heroes with courage and hope before their torpedoed transport took its final plunge, but music, the common bond of humanity!

So much for melody in the hearts and lives of *les tres bon Militaire* but the contagion has spread into every nook and cranny of industry, where as Cervantes, in Don Quixote wrote three centuries ago "Sing away sorrow; cast away care," has become the slogan upon which their successes have been founded during the crucial test of "carry on" under abnormal conditions. In the largest department stores in the world, this musical germ has often found the most fertile soil and has become a regular part of the work of such undertakings. The number of choruses and bands connected with industries in England is enormous, we hear, and although the war has made a slight difference in some instances in this respect it is anticipated that when the real peace enmeshes that land again, this melodious means of inspiring employer and employee alike will receive enormous development and increase.

In Canada and the United States it has been estimated that there are over one thousand industrial organizations which include choral work among the employees in their "rules and regulations." Competent directors and conductors are employed to lead these choruses and their aims and achievements are of the highest order.

In accord with this enlightened age upon which we are now entering, tearing the mask of delusion from our eyes as we go, is the fact that many of the country's most prominent and trusted business men, and leaders of industry make the study of music their hobby, "just for the fun of it." They find it a physical and mental refreshment, a living, a vitalizing, indispensable diversion, that balances the work-a-day strain of the busy business man and chases away his cares.

True, kings and emperors, princes and paupers, since the days of David, King of Israel, have aspired to musical fame as a side line to their other daily duties, and have received great eminence for their noteworthy service to music, but this part of the world has been deemed a practical land, peopled with practical materialists too intent upon attaining and holding the dollar-mark before their gaze to have time for the Muses and it is like finding a "pearl of great price" hidden beneath a shell of superficialities to discover Apollo so much in our midst of everyday commonplaces.

It's a platitude, perhaps, to say that music like every other beautiful gift which has been bestowed upon us has led us through the ages, our constant companion under all circumstances, part of the atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being; but when so many things we love are "here to-day and gone to-morrow," it is somewhat of a comfort to realize it is one of the few real things which can never be taken from us.

We are all enlisted for our country in the battle against fear and anguish. We must keep up the good fight until every Johnny Canuck and Tommy Atkins alive, has returned to the "home fires." The blessing of music in the home, the sound of piano, even when tinkled by the tiniest tot, violin, gramophone, *et al.*, will help us to do this by erasing the worry and anxiety of the waiting moments. It is the duty of every adult and junior to do his bit by making as much bright music and many happy smiles in the homes as possible—the whole world needs them.

"THE Siren's Christmas Gift," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne, which will appear in its entirety in the Christmas issue of Everywoman's World, is one of the cleverest bits of fiction of the season Mr. Osborne has won his laurels with many of the large American magazines. This particular story is of a character that one cannot resist. It holds the interest to the final paragraph, where it springs a surprise.

Norah M. Holland has just completed for us another Celtic Fairy Tale. "Brigid of the Byre" is Miss Holland's interpretation of an old Celtic Christmas legend. It is one of the best she has written yet. This, with the usual quota of regular fiction and timely features, go to constitute one of the best issues of Everywoman's World ever put into the hands of its subscribers.

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Quaker Oats Muffins

1 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt. Add this to Quaker Oats mixture, add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cake yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, 5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes.

If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

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The Times Demand Vigorous, Beautiful Women

YES, to-day, after four years of war it becomes the duty of every woman of Canada to take stock of her natural resources, to discover wherein she is deficient in health and looks and to take immediate steps to put herself into shape to carry the burdens that the nation is placing in increasing quantities upon her shoulders. The men of Canada who have fought and bled on Flanders' battlefields are setting a high standard of the health and beauty they are requiring and expecting in their women. Their blood, fired and enriched by the ordeal of battle, seeks blood of equal strength and richness, and the height and nobility of their ideals of patriotism will be satisfied with nothing short of such ideals expressed in beautiful and healthy women. The call has gone out to the women of Canada—"Be beautiful, healthy and strong"—for *a nation is only as healthy and beautiful as its women.*

It is a well-known fact that a nation is no greater than the beauty, vigor and virtue of its women.

Lord Beaconsfield said:
"Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness."
Sir Philip Sydney said:
"Beauty can give an edge to the bluntest sword."
Charles Reade said:
"Beauty is power."

And so to-day it becomes every woman's duty to herself and her nation to be beautiful, healthy and strong.

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Canadian Women in Foreign Legions

(Continued from page 44)

diet kitchen and who were attached to the French Red Cross. They very kindly invited us to breakfast, and as we had been on the road since five that morning we were glad to accept; but it was some time before I recognized an old acquaintance in the pale but energetic young woman who cooked for all the men who required a special diet and thought nothing of being called on to give coffee to three hundred convalescents about to be evacuated in the early hours of the morning. She had been up all night and her white head-dress hung limply about her shoulders, there were dark rings around her eyes and a smudge across her cheek, but her voice and her movements stirred my memories until I identified her as Miss Julia Hallam of Toronto. She was still slower to recognize me in the dusty, khaki-clad chauffeuse. With her was Miss Dorothy Ross of Quebec, while another Miss Hallam was resting. They worked sixteen hours then were off duty for eight, so that two were constantly on duty.

I accused them of seeking excitement, for a more thrillingly interesting place than Meaux at that moment could not possibly be imagined, but Miss Ross denied this. She had not the slightest desire to go to the Front she told me, and chose Meaux because it was a good safe place, not too far from Paris. They had been here for over a year now and had left for a well-earned rest, when they heard in Paris that the offensive had begun. "We knew we would be needed, so of course we returned at once, but minus all our luggage. We have hardly a thing but the clothes we stand in! Now that the Front has come to us I don't mind it, but I would never willingly have sought it out."

Miss Hallam wished to be near her brother and neither of the girls saw anything unusual in their position; they had not time to realize it or even to look at the wonderful sights of military activity on the roads. The number of requests from doctors, orderlies, and soldiers who came to the kitchen while we were having our coffee revealed to what a great extent the entire hospital staff depended on them.

THE girls who most long for Front Line work are usually those with insufficient imagination to picture it. One little Canadian girl who has been acting as a Paris chauffeuse for many months, at last achieved her ambition to be sent near the Front and now she writes from an active spot where she combines canteen work and nursing with the driving of a car:

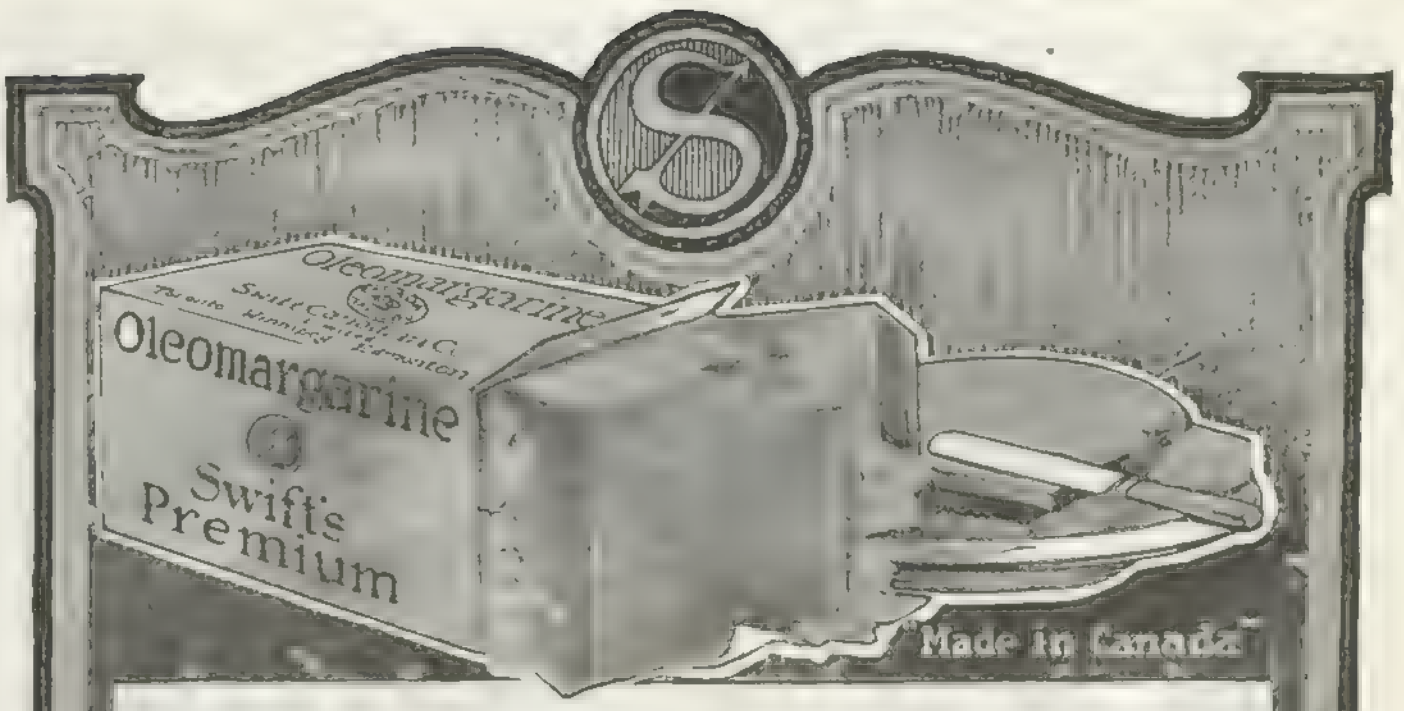
"The Boche gives us many nightly visitations, and in spite of the big white crosses marked on the ground a doctor and a nurse have been wounded, so now we are ordered into deep trenches and have to wear helmets! We also see a little too much of the Boche wounded. We have part of a tent to sleep in and the weather has been infernally hot, so we are plagued with flies and earwigs. Really, feeding-time is a battle to get food into our mouths before the flies get it into theirs. The food is quite disgusting. I have seen enough of the miserable tragedy of war to last a life-time."

All war workers admit, however, that even under the most trying circumstances there is a satisfaction in any work that brings you into direct contact with the men.

One of my motor orders took me to Coulommiers with a load of surgical dressings. Our line had been driven back, and a thousand British wounded were stranded in Coulommiers waiting for a train that was two days late in coming. The French hospitals were already full, so that only the desperately wounded could be provided with beds and the great bare yard of the largest hospital was crowded with men weary and hungry, whose wounds had gone undressed for two days. Imagine their joy when they saw Red Cross cars drive into the court! Madame O'Gorman and her two excellent English nurses quickly installed a dressing station and attended to three hundred men that day; while four girls sent by the French War Emergency Fund unpacked their great camion-load—stoves, coffee in great sacks, chocolate in enormous boxes, cigarettes, everything necessary for a canteen. No wonder the boys crowded round. In this little unit there was one Englishwoman, one American, and two Canadians!

One was Mrs. Noel Barclay, a war bride from Quebec, who had previously worked in a canteen at Folkestone. There she enjoyed serving the British Tommies, but the possibility of seeing her husband on Paris leave caused her to sign on for work in Europe. The F.W.E.F works for the French military hospitals exclusively, so its members rarely come into contact

(Continued from page 55)



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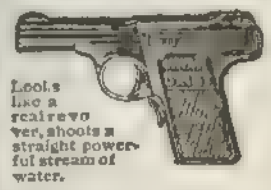

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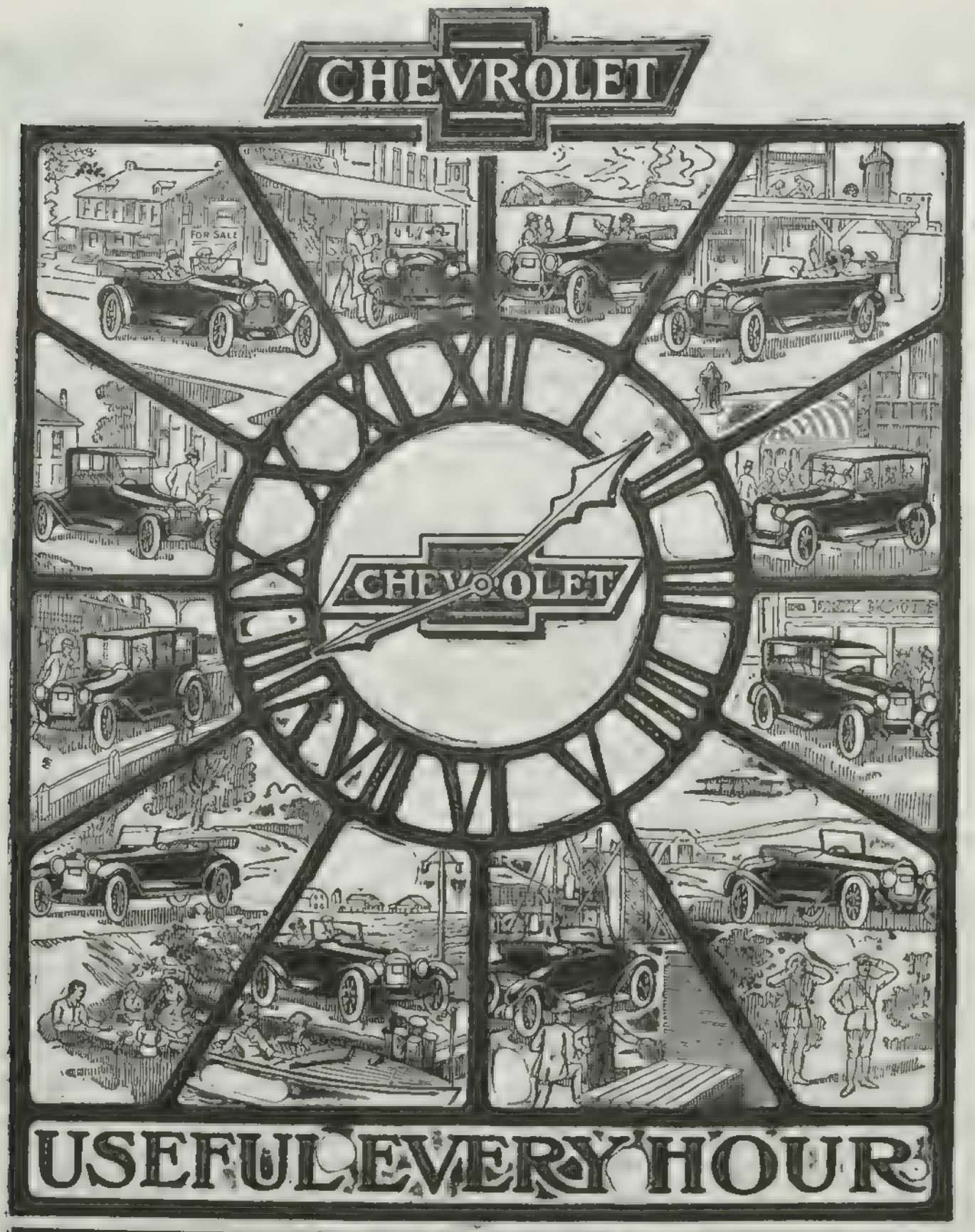

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SEND FOR DESCRIPTION OF CHEVROLET MODELS

Every Woman Who Buys a Bond Stands Behind a Soldier. Buy Victory Bonds. Buy to Your Utmost
THIS SPACE DONATED BY CHEVROLET MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

To Our Subscribers

THE publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD sincerely regret if your copy of the magazine is late in reaching you.

Added to the difficulties under which every large Publishing Plant is working owing to war conditions, is the great handicap under which the post office and the great railroads are labouring on account of the shortage of help and the necessary priority that must be given shipment of munitions of war.

We want you to know that we are doing everything in our power to improve conditions and are endeavouring to so arrange matters as will enable us to give a greatly improved service to our subscribers with the coming issues.

For the next couple of issues, however, we earnestly request you not to complain if your copy does not reach you during the first ten days of the month. Please wait a few days and it will arrive.

If for any reason you miss a copy, we shall gladly replace it or extend your subscription for a month to cover it.

THANK YOU!

Book Review

What's What In The Newest Literature

Five Tales
By JOHN GALSWORTHY
Copp, Clark Co.
Price, $1.50

TO those who enjoy really excellent short fiction, a new book of John Galsworthy's always brings a sensation of pleasurable excitement. In these "Five Tales" Mr. Galsworthy returns to the types which he so masterfully depicted in "The Man of Property," "The Country House," etc. Each story is built round a single dominant character and all are arresting and interesting Mr Galsworthy writes with distinction. He is one of the few modern novelists who really count.

A Traveller in War Time
By WINSTON CHURCHILL
Macmillan Co. of Canada.
Price, $1.25

MR. CHURCHILL, who has recently returned from abroad, endeavours to give in this little volume an impression of "what it is like" in the countries under the immediate shadow of war. To this, he has added an essay on "The American Contribution and the Democratic Idea," which is not the least interesting section of the book. In this essay he makes a special plea for the American as an idealist at heart. "Failure to recognize this," he says, "means a lack of understanding of our national character." Without in every point agreeing with Mr. Churchill's views, we think readers will find this volume a suggestive and interesting contribution to the voluminous literature of the war.

Virtuous Wives
By OWEN JOHNSON
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price, $1.50

THIS is a tale of married life in New York society circles. Its heroine, Amy Forrester, the young wife of a successful business man, has youth, beauty, and sensibility, but succumbs to the growing need of mental and physical excitement, which the life of society creates. It needs the shock of tragedy to open her eyes to her need of her husband's love.

Songs of the Wayside
By WILLIAM BOWMAN TUCKER
John Lovell & Son
Price, $1.25

DEAR Mr. Tucker,—We have read your "Songs by the Wayside." Oh, my dear Mr. Tucker!

Mother Goose's Garden
By CARROLL F. SMYTHE
E. & H. McLean.

THIS is a little book of tales for children, each story inculcating some lesson of patriotism and thrift. It is profusely illustrated and has an educational value which should make it available for use in the lower grades of the schools. Among the tales contained in the book are, "Patriotic Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Kernel Wheat's Garden Army," "Old Mother Earth," "Mrs. Peter's Patriotic Pies," and many others. The book is on the whole a novel and interesting method of applying the old legends of infancy to the questions of the day.

Ransom
By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price, $1.35

THIS is a detective story of a rather unusual type. The agents of "The Readjustment Society of the World" set on foot a plan to control the wealth of the world, by dint of kidnapping certain magnates of finance. The tale introduces us to two rather unusual characters, the kidnapped millionaire, Burton Conybear, and Herkomer, Chief of Police. As usual, a love story runs through the plot, which ends in the accepted manner.

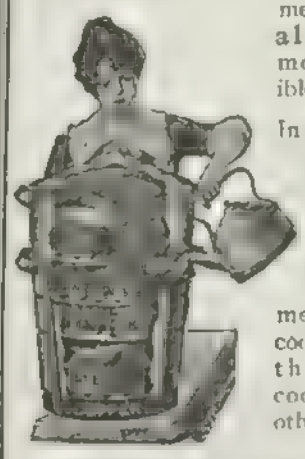
Cheerful—By Request
By EDNA FERBER
Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.
Price, $1.40

IN this volume, by the well-known author of "Dawn O'Hara," the reader will find collected a dozen short stories of people in general. Some of these people he will learn to know very well in deed. They are all flesh and blood men and women, with their loves and their hates, their moments of depression and of mirth. Some of them he will like, some hate, some feel sorry for. At least he will read these sketches with interest and lay the book down with a sigh that it has come to an end.

(*Continued on page 55*)

How You Can Reduce Your Food Bills

Simply cook by steam. All authorities agree that steam-cooked foods contain much more nourishment than foods cooked by any other means. It is also much more digestible.



In other words takes less food to give your family the same amount of nourishment if you cook by steam than if you cook by any other method.

THE PEERLESS STEAM COOKER

not only cooks by steam but cooks everything over the one flame.

The cash saving in fuel alone will buy a Peerless Cooker in a few months

Write to-day for full particulars and our special offer

THE ONWARD MFG. CO.
Kitchener, Ont.

Be a Belle of the Ball

Let Stuart's Calcium Wafers Drive Away Pimples and Skin Eruptions and give you a Complexion That Is a Marvel of Beauty

Send for a Free Trial Package.

Nature decreed that every woman should have a clear, smooth, delicate skin. If it is blotched with pimples, blackheads and other such eruptions, it is simply an evidence that the skin lacks certain elements that promote and preserve skin health. And the greatest of these is the wonderful calcium sulphide in Stuart's Calcium Wafers. It is one of the natural constituents of the human body. Your skin must have it to be healthy. It enriches the blood, invigorates the skin health, dries up the pimples, boils, eczema and blotches, enables new skin of fine texture to form and become clear, pinkish, smooth as velvet and refined to the point of loveliness and beauty. To use these wonderful wafers means to become the belle of the ball. Stop using creams, lotions, powders and bleaches which merely hide for the moment. Get a 50-cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store today.

And if you wish to give them a trial send the coupon below.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

F. A. Stuart Co., 710 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

Book Review

(*Continued from page 54*)

Barbara Picks a Husband
By Hermann Hagedorn
Macmillan Co. of Canada
Price, $1.50

THIS is the tale of the difficulties that Barbara Collingwood, a rather impossible and decidedly vulgar young person, meets with in her endeavour to decide between the claims of three eligible young men. The action of the story is confined to the last seventy hours of her struggle None of the characters are particularly sympathetic, although some readers may be interested in the convolution of thought through which she finally comes to her decision.

The Sister of a Certain Soldier
By Stephen J. Maher
Tuttle Morehouse & Taylor Co.
Price, 25c.

THIS little pamphlet should have a strong appeal to the coloured people of America. It is primarily a vindication of their right to equal treatment with the whites, and an appeal to their patriotism. The tale is that of a woman of negro blood, who by service and self-sacrifice, rose to the highest place in the hearts of her native town. The book will be invaluable to all who are interested in the negro problem.

Ambulance 464
By Julien H. Bryan
Macmillan Co. of Canada
Price, $1.50

MR. BRYAN, a Princeton Freshman, seventeen years old, went to the war and drove an ambulance in the Verdun and Champagne sectors. This volume contains the history of his adventures, and is modest, sometimes amusing and generally vivid. Most of the photographs contained in the book were taken by Mr. Bryan himself.

In Defence of Women
By H. L. Mencken
Philip Goodman
Price, $1.35

"THE Defense of Women," by H. L. Mencken, put forth in the book bearing this title, is based upon arguments anything but conventional. There is an elaborate enquiry into the motives behind marriage in both sexes, and an exhaustive discussion of the demand for open suffrage. Many will find the volume interesting.

Canadian Women in Foreign Legions

(*Continued from page 53*)

with our own men and Mrs. Barclay's joy at being able to work once more for the British—if only for a day—knew no bounds. The other Canadian was Miss Elsie McLachlin of Ottawa, who not only did her share as a canteen worker, but on this occasion drove a big ambulance laden with supplies, which was retained at the canteen to be used in case there was need of evacuation.

THE last place I had the pleasure of meeting some compatriots was very different. I had been invited to join some nurses from the American hospital at Dijon at a picnic, the first real picnic I have attended in France. There were great baskets of sandwiches made of delicious white bread (the rarest of luxuries), salad and pickles and coffee and lemon pie! There was nothing French about it except the long avenues of ivy-coloured trees and the monument of Napoleon erected by one of his followers who bequeathed it, with his beautiful property at Fixin near Dijon, to the State. The round stone table on a gravelled space near the spring was arranged with French orderliness and when the rain began to fall in the middle of the feast, one of the nurses remarked that that was distinctly French.

"It never rains at picnics in Canada," she asserted.

I was too patriotic to recall vague memories of certain showers, and my exclamation, "What, are you a Canadian?" brought forth the fact that three of the seven nurses present had been born in Canada. They had all taken their training in the States, and so found that they could be accepted more easily for service in the American Army than with the Canadians, who give the preference to nurses trained in our own hospitals.

Nothing can surprise me now. I shall expect to find a maple leaf concealed about the person of every nurse, every chauffeuse, every canteen worker I meet. As a nation we do not advertise ourselves; but through the work of individuals working in Foreign Legions, Canadian women are making an enviable reputation for themselves in France.

CLASSIFIED ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than $00,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange.

Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Articles Wanted

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH (BROKEN OR NOT)—We pay up to $35.00 per set, also highest prices for Bridges, Crowns, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Silver and Platinum. Send NOW and receive CASH by return mail, your goods returned if price is unsatisfactory. Mazer's Tooth Specialty Dept. 118, 2007 S 5th Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Educational

DOLLARS FOR MINUTES made by spare time study. We teach you at home. Bookkeeping, Stenography, Business Courses, Special English, Story Writing, Civil Service, Mind and Memory Training, Engineering, Architectural Drawing, Mechanical Drawing, Teachers' Courses, Matriculation, Salesmanship. Ask about what interests you. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited Dept. E W,, Toronto, Canada.

Help Wanted—Female

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

Home Furnishings

WRITE for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

Nursing

PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Dept. A., Toronto, Canada.

Photoplays—Stories

WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each, experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis

WRITERS—STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3, Hannibal, Mo

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 4275 St. Louis, Mo.

FREE TO WRITERS—A wonderful book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely Free. Just address Writer's Service, Dept. 32, Auburn, N.Y.

$1 200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer. Photo Playwright College, Box 278, R25, Chicago

Songs Wanted

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 247, Chicago.

SONG WRITERS—Send your poems to-day for best offer and immediate publication. Free examination. Music composed. Booklet on request. Authors & Composers Service Co., Suite 518, 1433 Broadway, New York.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We will write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Send poems on love, war or any subject. Fairchild Music Co., Suite 18M, 203 Broadway, New York City.

Short Stories Wanted

WANTED—Stories, Articles, Poems for New Magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send MSS. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 427, Washington, D.C.

Wearing Apparel—Fancy-Work

BEAUTIFUL SILK Remnants for crazy patchwork. Large, well assorted trial package only 25c.; five lots for $1.00. Embroidery silk, odd lengths, assorted colours, 25c. per ounce. People's Specialties Co., Box 1836, Winnipeg, Man.

WIN

This Real—Gasoline Auto

for Boys *and* Girls

$150.00 *in* other Prizes

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

23	8	5	14	•	7	5	18
13	1	14	25	•	9	19	•
4	5	6	5	1	20	5	4
•	1	14	4	•	14	15	20
•	1	•	13	9	14	21	20
5	•	2	5	6	15	18	5

WHEN WILL THE WAR BE OVER?

CAN you answer this question—When will the war be over? Every boy and girl wants to know. You can, if you are able to read this puzzle. The answer is contained within the 48 squares above. What is this answer? Solve it, and valuable prizes await you.

HOW TO SOLVE IT

The above squares hold the answer. It is in one sentence of nine words, containing forty letters. Each letter is represented by a number, and that number is the position of the letters in the alphabet. For instance, A is represented by the figure 1, as it is first in the alphabet, and so on. Now, to help you get started, we will tell you that the first letter in the puzzle is "W," because W is the 23rd letter in the alphabet. Get to work and figure out the words in the sentence, and try to find the answer to the great question, "When will the war be over?" It is not easy, but it is worth while trying for.

You will be the Envy of all your Friends with this Car

FIRST PRIZE

Real 5 horse power auto with high class air cooled 4 cylinder gasoline motor, just big enough for one boy or girl. Built like big autos. Has artillery wheels, solid rubber tires, steering gear and wheels, 2 brakes, tool box tools, cone clutch. Any boy or girl can run it easily. A real prize for boys and girls.

THE PRIZES

Prize	Value
1st—Five Horse Power Auto	$150.00
2nd—Dandy Folding Camera	25.00
3rd—Magnificent Gold Watch and Chain, or Girl's Wrist Watch	15.00
4th—Lovely 36-inch Doll, hand-gowned, and beautiful English Doll Carriage	10.00
5th—Electric Projectoscope. Better than a magic lantern. Will show any picture or post-card photo on screen	7.50
6th—Full-size Football	5.00
7th to 10th—Self-Filler Fountain Pens, each $2.50,	10.00
Also 10 Extra Prizes for Boys and Girls, each $1.25,	12.50
Total Value of Prizes	$235.00

Copy your answer upon a plain white sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, hand writing, and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write to [illegible] as your answer is received, and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

What Others Have Done, You Can Do

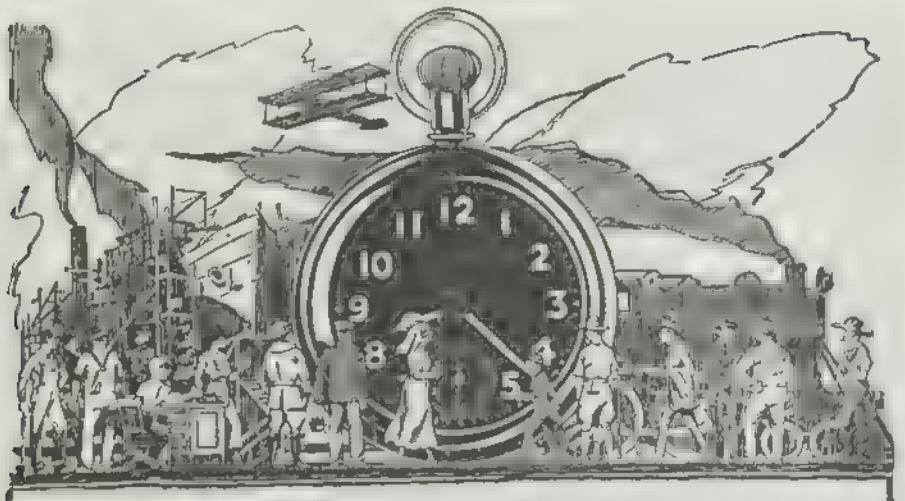
Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes—

Shetland Pony and Cart, Helen Smith, Edmonton.
Shetland Pony, Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
$100.00 Cash, Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
$ 50.00 Cash, Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.
$ 5.00 Cash, Florence Nesbitt Arthur Ont.

We will send you names of many others too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy or girl will be required to perform a small service for us for which an additional valuable reward or special cash prize will be given. The contest will close on March 31st at 5.30 p.m.

Send your answer this very evening. Address:

THE AUTO-MAN, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. Z., TORONTO, ONT.



If All The Watches Suddenly Stopped Ticking—

How could the thousands of shipyard workers continue their team-work?

How could the armies of factory hands be ready for the "start work" whistle?

How could railroads with their big groups of employees run on time?

How could the mails be delivered?

How could the newspapers bring the world's news to your doorstep each morning?

A good watch is a necessity. That's why men and women of every profession and occupation depend upon Ingersoll and there is a model to suit everyone.

There is the *Waterbury* with 4 jewels and the *Reliance*, the master 7-jeweled watch, which are the Ingersoll aristocrats—handsome watches that men are proud to carry.

***Radiolites* that tell time in the dark are indispensable to mine and factory workers, farmers, nurses and soldiers.**

The well known *Maple Leaf* is sturdy and reliable and dealers have special models for boys and girls and for women.

Buy a watch with the name INGERSOLL on the dial and you are guaranteed a good time-keeping service.

Ingersoll Radiolite

Tells Time in the Dark

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 128 Bleury Street, Montreal.

Mother! If your Child's Tongue is Coated.

If Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Bilious, and the Stomach out of Order, give

"California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative to-day saves a bilious child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste; then the liver grows sluggish, and the stomach is disordered.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, with tainted breath, restless, doesn't eat heartily, or has a cold, sore throat, or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is a perfectly harmless dose, and in a few hours all this constipation-poison, sour bile and fermenting waste-matter will gently move out of the bowels, and you will have a healthy, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is ofttimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," made by the California Fig Syrup Co., which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle.

The Family and the Victory Loan

By ELIZABETH CLARE

ON the twenty-eighth day of October, in this stirring year 1918, every member of every family of Canada was faced with the question "What am I going to do about it?"

About what? Why, the great new Victory Loan, of course. Victory in fact rather than in hope, this year, for with the Hun armies in retreat, the Allies getting closer and ever closer to Berlin, there is a literalness about the sound that we all like.

In the home of wealth and the home of work, in the stone palace and the tar-paper shack, in the heart of the city or on the bosom of the plain, every individual one of us began on that day to round up our every possible dollar to "get it into the Big Drive to Berlin."

Mr. Canada, Mrs. Canada, Miss Canada and Master Canada—it's a roll-call that includes every one. And what glorious opportunities for personal and individual preferences lie in the list of things one's bond-money may do!

Father knows, perhaps more than any one of us, what *wages* mean. He will delight in lending his thousand dollars to pay the wages of almost a thousand soldiers—nearly a whole Canadian battalion—for one day. That's something mighty fine, he knows! The thousand dollars when it comes back to him, and all its added interest, will not give him the thrill of that one-day battalion pay-roll he financed when he lent it.

Mrs. Canada will feel a glow round her real mother-heart when she thinks that the $500.00 that might in ordinary times have been used for the purchase of a new piano will go instead to buy fifty complete sets of infantry equipment. Fifty lads outfitted with the physical as well as the fighting needs of the infantryman!

Miss Canada, with her truest V.A.D. instincts uppermost, will consider $100.00 spent in the purchase of twenty gas masks, that may save the lives of twenty soldiers, money well spent indeed.

And Master Canada? Why, bullets—2,000 revolver cartridges can be bought by the Government for $50.00!

These tremendous privileges are offered the people of Canada on the one condition: that they *lend* (not give) their money, every dollar of it that they can produce, to the Canadian Government for a chosen number of years, the term to be long or short as they desire.

Interest? Yes, a wonderfully high rate of interest is paid—considerably higher than is given by the Governments of the Allied countries who are also financing the war by a system of loans from the people. For instance, the United States Liberty Loans, that have been so splendidly subscribed by our neighbours across the line, pay but 3½ per cent. interest, or $3.50 a year on each $100.00 bond. Yet Canada pays 5½ per cent. interest, or $5.50 a year on each $100.00 bond.

Safe? Truly the safest investment in the world. The whole Dominion of Canada guarantees the Loan—this great country, with its wealth in forests, mines, lands, and all its revenues. *Everything* else would have to be ruined and worthless before the worth of our bonds could be effected.

How to Buy

WITH the actual day of the opening of the Loan came the last details, secret until then, of the actual terms. Every district in this broad country is organized—every community has its canvassers, whose main energies until November 16th are directed toward the local success of The Great Loan. Every bank stands ready to give information and to sell the bonds—whether they be paid for in full or by instalments. Practically every big firm in the country sees that its employees are fully informed on this all-important question, and is willing to assist them in purchasing their bonds, arranging for the payments to be made through their own accounting departments, so that it may all be as simple as possible. In many cases the firm takes up the large amounts and allows the employees to pay for their bonds in small, well-spread sums.

Wherever you buy your bond, the procedure is much the same. You fill out an application blank and hand it to the canvasser or send it to the Victory Loan headquarters in your district. This may be done any time between October 28th and November 16th, 1918. These applications must be made in the special form prescribed by the Minister of Finance, and cheques are made payable to him. Payment in full may be made there and then, if you desire, or if your bond is to be paid for month by month, you "pay down" 10 per-cent. of the amount of the bond you are buying, that is, five dollars, if it's a fifty-dollar bond, ten on a hundred-dollar bond, and so on. For this you get an Official Government Receipt, on which each subsequent payment (which you will make to your bank) will be entered.

If at any time—say when your bond is half paid for—you want to pay for it in full, you are quite free to do so, and your receipt will show that this has been done. Six months are allowed, however, the payments being due on the first day of each month. This Official Receipt for the full amount of your bond will then be exchanged by the bank for the bond proper.

To Collect the Interest

ON May 1st and November 1st of each year, during the entire life of your bond, you are entitled to 5½ per cent. interest. If you bought a "bearer" bond, there are coupons attached to it, each with a date inscribed on it and the amount of interest due on that date. For instance, on a hundred-dollar bond one coupon will read "On the first day of May, 1919, the Dominion of Canada will pay bearer $2.75 at any chartered bank in Canada." Cut that coupon on that date, and present it at the nearest bank. On November 1st, you cut the coupon that bears that date, and so on. At the expiration of the term of your bond (you may have bought a five-year or a fifteen-year bond), you collect the full amount paid for it in the first place. Meantime you have been paid $5.50 a year on every hundred-dollar bond, or $2.25 on each fifty-dollar bond—splendid interest.

If you bought a "Registered" Bond, your own name will appear on the actual bond, but there will be no coupons. Instead you will receive a cheque from the Treasury Department at Ottawa, when each payment of interest falls due. Obviously one should be prompt to notify the Department of any change of address.

A married woman is sometimes doubtful as to how she should sign when subscribing for a bond. The correct form is to use her own name, Mrs. Bessie Brown—*not* Mrs. John Brown. If a woman has married since she bought her bond, she should have her registered bond transferred to read "Bessie Smith, now by marriage Bessie Brown."

SHOULD the unexpected happen and the nest-egg represented by the Victory Bond be needed, you can sell the bond or you can borrow money on it (more readily than on any other existing security). To sell it, take it to any *reliable bond company*, or to a bank or trust company. Never give some unscrupulous person, unknown to you or your bank, a chance to pose as a broker and sell your bond for less than it is worth. If you only require temporary financial aid, however, the bank will lend you money up to almost the full amount of your bond, and you can redeem it again.

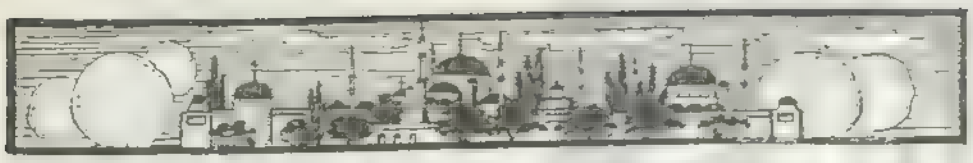
We Benefit Everywhere

THEY are wonderful things, these people-raised Loans that are financing the war for the Allies. We lend our money primarily because in that way we can help win the war and as a pledge to our soldiers and our Allies that we are with them to the victorious end. Victory is only possible where there is plenty of money for "the sinews of war"—food, equipment, ammunition, ships. But the odd thing is the *direct* benefit to ourselves, no matter who or what we are, for the successful War Loan means a prosperous year for the country.

Why? Because every bit of that money remains in Canada—is spent here. Great Britain, with tremendous money calls on her elsewhere, looks to us to finance the purchase of munitions, the grain, flour, meats, lumber and other war needs which she buys from Canada. So this very money which we, the people of Canada, lend to our Government *at a good rate of interest*, is paid back to us indirectly, in some form. The farmer receives it for his produce, the manufacturer for his goods, the workman everywhere in high wages. No matter what our station or occupation, the financial prosperity of the country is affecting us.

And meantime, we *have* something. The "rainy day," illness, age, the return of the boy over there, any contingency that makes a little money a great comfort and convenience—such a happening finds us upheld and safe—we have our Victory Bonds.

And with all these *personal* benefits, we are at the same time privileged to help to stand behind our boys, our country and our cause. The Victory Loan is indeed very, very wonderful!



"My Lady Caprice"

(Continued from page 6

recollections of huge piles of bread and butter, vast slabs of cake—damp and 'soggy,' and of mysterious hue—of glutinous mixtures purporting to be 'stick-jaw,' one inch of which was warranted to render coherent speech impossible for ten minutes at least. And then the joy of bolting things fiercely in the shade of the pantry, with one's ears on the stretch for foes! I sometimes find myself sighing over the remembrance, even in these days. Don't worry about the Imp's appetite, it is quite unnecessary."

"Oh, but I can't help it," said Lisbeth "it seems somehow so—so weird. For instance, this morning for breakfast, he had first his usual porridge, then five pieces of bread and butter, and after that a large slice of bacon—quite a big piece, Dick! And he ate it all so quickly I turned away to ask Jane for the toast, and when I looked at his plate again it was empty, he had eaten every bit, and even asked for more. Of course, I refused, so he tried to get Dorothy to give him hers in exchange for a broken pocket-knife. It was just the same at dinner. He ate the whole leg of a chicken, and after that a wing, and then some of the breast, and would have gone on until he had finished everything, I'm sure, if I hadn't stopped him, though I let him eat as long as I dared. Then at tea he had six slices of bread and butter, one after the other, not counting toast and cake. He has been like this for the last two days—and—oh, yes, cook told me to-night that she found him actually eating dry bread just before he went up to bed. Dry bread—think of it! Oh, Dick, what can be the matter with him?"

"It certainly sounds mysterious," I answered, "especially as regards the dry bread; but that of itself suggests a theory, which, as the detective said in the story, 'I will not divulge just yet;' only don't worry, Lisbeth, the Imp is all right."

Being now come to old Jasper's cottage, which stands a little apart from the village, in a by-lane, Lisbeth paused and held out her hand for the basket.

"Don't wait for me to-night," she said. "I ordered Peter to fetch me in the dogcart; you see, I may be late."

"Is the old chap so very ill?"

"Very, very ill, Dick."

"Poor old Jasper!" I exclaimed.

"Poor old Jasper!" she sighed, and her eyes were brimful of tenderness.

"He is very old and feeble," I said, drawing her close, under pretence of handing her the basket; "and yet with your gentle hand to smooth my pillow, and your eyes to look into mine, I could almost wish—"

"Hush, Dick!"

"Peter or no Peter, I think I'll wait—unless you really wish me to say 'good-night' now?" But with a dexterous turn she eluded me, and waving her hand hurried up the rose-bordered path.

An hour, or even two, does not seem so very long when one's mind is so full of happy thoughts as mine was. Thus, I was filling my pipe and looking philosophically about for a likely spot in which to keep my vigil, when I was aware of a rustling close by, and as I watched, a small figure stepped from the shadow of the hedge out into the moonlight.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick!" said a voice

"Imp!" I exclaimed. "What does this mean? You ought to have been in bed over an hour ago!"

"So I was," he answered, with his guileless smile, "only I got up again you know."

"So it seems!" I nodded.

"An' I followed you an' Auntie Lisbeth all the way, too."

"Did you though! By George!"

"Yes, an' I dropped one of the parcels an' lost a sausage, but you never heard."

"'Lost a sausage'!" I repeated, staring.

"Oh, it's all right, you know," he hastened to assure me. "I found it again, an' it wasn't hurt a bit."

"Imp," I said sternly, "come here, I want to talk to you."

"Just a minute, Uncle Dick, while I get my parcels. I want you to help me to carry them, please," and with the words he dived under the hedge to emerge a moment later with his arms full of unwieldy packages which he laid at my feet in a row.

"Why, what on earth have you got there, Imp?"

"This," he said, pointing to the first, "is jam an' ham an' a piece of bread; this next one is cakes an' sardines, an' this one is bread an' butter that I saved from my tea."

"Quite a collection!" I nodded. "Suppose you tell me what you mean to do with them."

"Well, they're for my outlaw. You remember the other day I wanted to play at being outlaws? Well, two days ago, as I was tracking a base caitiff through the woods with my trusty bow and arrow, I found a real outlaw in the old boat-house."

"Ah! and what is he like?" I inquired

"Oh, just like an outlaw—only funny, you know, an' most awful' hungry Are all outlaws always so very hungry, Uncle Dick?"

"I believe they generally are, Imp. And he looks 'funny' you say?"

"Yes; I mean his clothes are funny all over marks like little crosses, only they aren't crosses."

"Like this?" I inquired; and picking up a piece of stick I drew a broad-arrow on the path.

"Yes, just like that!" cried the Imp in a tone of amazement. "How did you know? You're awful' clever, Uncle Dick!"

"And he is in the old boat-house, is he?" I said, as I picked up an armful of packages. "'Lead on, MacDuff!'"

Mind that parcel, please, Uncle Dick; it's the one I dropped an' lost the sausage out of—there's one trying to escape now!"

HAVING reduced the recalcitrant sausage to a due sense of law and order, we proceeded toward the old boat-house—a dismal, dismantled affair, some half-mile or so down-stream.

"And what sort of a fellow is your outlaw, Imp?"

"Well, I 'spected he'd be awful' fierce an' want to hold me for ransom, but he didn't; he's quite quiet, for an outlaw, with grey hair and big eyes, an' eats an awful lot."

"So you saved him your breakfast and dinner, did you?"

"Oh, yes; an' my tea, too. Auntie Lisbeth got awful' angry 'cause she said I ate too fast; an' Dorothy was frightened an' wouldn't sit by me 'cause she was 'fraid I'd burst—so frightfully silly of her!"

"By the way, you didn't tell me what you have there," I said, pointing to a huge, misshapen, newspaper parcel that he carried beneath one arm.

"Oh, it's a shirt, an' a coat, an' a pair of trousers of Peter's."

"Did Peter give them to you?"

"'Course not; I took them. You see, my outlaw got tired of being an outlaw, so he asked me to get him some 'togs,' meaning clothes, you know, so I went an' looked in the stable an' found these."

"You don't mean to say that you stole them, Imp?"

"'Course not!" he answered reproachfully. "I left Peter sixpence an' a note to say I would pay him for them when I got my pocket-money, so help me, Sam!"

"Ah, to be sure!" I nodded.

We were close to the old boat-house now, and on the Imp's earnest solicitations, I handed over my bundles and hid behind a tree, because, as he pointed out, "his outlaw might not like me to see him just at first."

Having opened each package with great care and laid out their contents on a log near-by, the Imp approached the ruined building with signs of the most elaborate caution, and gave three loud, double knocks. Now casting my eyes about, I espied a short, heavy stick, and picking it up, poised it in my hand ready in the event of possible contingencies.

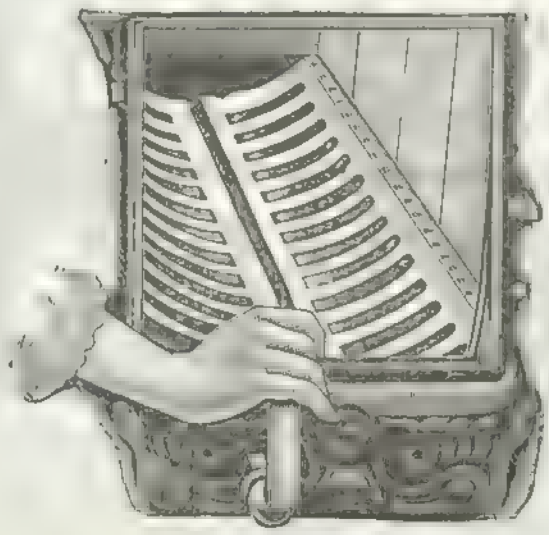
The situation was decidedly unpleasant, I confess, for I expected nothing less than to be engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle within the next few minutes; therefore, I waited in some suspense, straining my eyes towards the shadows with my fingers clasped tight upon my bludgeon.

Then all at once I saw a shape, ghostly and undefined, flit swiftly from the gloom of the boat-house, and next moment a convict was standing beside the Imp, gaunt and tall and wild-looking in the moonlight.

His hideous clothes, stained with mud and the green slime of his hiding-places, hung upon him in tatters, and his eyes, deep-sunken in his pallid face, gleamed with an unnatural brightness as he glanced swiftly about him—a miserable, hunted creature, worn by fatigue, and pinched with want and suffering.

"Did you get 'em, sonny?" he inquired, in a hoarse, rasping voice.

"Aye, aye, comrade," returned the Imp; "all's well!" (Continued on page 59)



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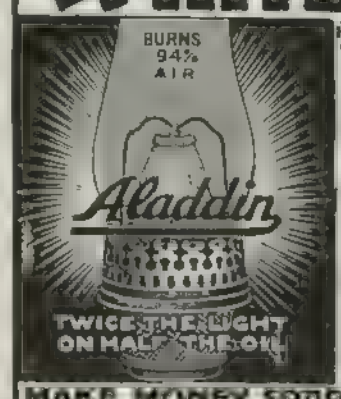

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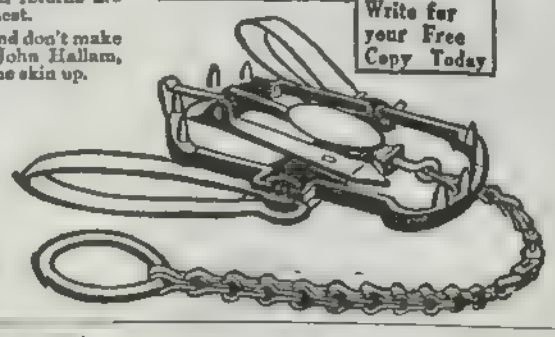

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The Price

(*Continued from page 7*)

changeless—history in the making and history made—ended, the volume shut and eternally sealed. Sphinx, Pyramid, the desert's obliterating sand, all speaking the same message:

"As you are, so were we. As we are so you shall be. The fret, fever, passion—love, ambition, conquest—of life and after the crowded stage, the swift vivid action, the laughter and the tears, come the sands of Eternity and Oblivion! The Riddle? There is none. The Solution you dream of? You pass on to find it."

HOURS spent dreamily floating on the mystic Nile, the flowing highway along which the most vivid, varied pageantry the world has ever seen has passed, long the one living thing in a dead and buried land. Rides and drives to this and that wonder she had to show him. Idling delightfully in Cairo's bazaars. Watching some splendid spectacle of military power that Britain had massed to repel the attack planned to drive a wedge into the middle of the great fabric of Empire, to sever the spinal column of the Island Kingdom at Suez. Very wonderful was the world to the two lovers, not so much because of what it was, as because of the golden mist of love through which they beheld it, the spirit of perfectness that makes divinest harmony—symphony.

"It is Egypt!" she said, in smiling reply to his expression of fascinated delight.

"It is you—you!" he replied and, as his eyes rested on her and saw the light in hers, a great hope filled him. The fear was fading out of them, love was casting it out. He kept his pledge to her. Neither did he speak of departure, nor would he allow others to seek to persuade her. Until the healing came he would wait. It was enough for him that fear had brought anguish to her. As he would have fought to save her from harm, as he would have sat by her bed of pain to comfort her, so he waited the strengthening of her will; and the change was coming. The tiny tendrils of a new faith and courage, twining about his strong love, gave promise of revival and restoration. Here, in Lotus Land, if it were not paradise itself, one might delightfully dream of it, hope and wait for it.

THE news was not unexpected but the declaration of war by the United States against Germany came at last with suddenness. Mr. Langham had been in Cairo. At Shepheard's he had heard the tidings, and hastened home without waiting for Dunstan who was to dine with him that night.

"It has come at last," he said, and he gave them the gist of the President's message and the action of Congress on it.

"Never a people so highly tried, never a people so patient, but it is all over now. Our tremendous weight thrown into the scale will settle the matter decisively."

"What, precisely, will it mean?" asked Mrs. Langham.

"Full participation—army—navy—wealth—resources," he replied. "I suppose the Regulars will be sent across at once. They are terribly few, but efficient up to the last detail. Then there will be the Militia, and drafting by some method as in the Civil War. Some of the boys who have been here since war broke out are packing up already."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Langham.

"To go home, of course," he answered. "The real kind won't wait to be fetched. Some feel that to have to be conscripted is a blot of some kind on their escutcheon. Of course it is really not so; conscription, or selective draft, is the only equitable, democratic method. Voluntarism means that the country's pick goes and its slackers shirk. The equal rights and opportunities of a republic mean equal responsibility to guard and fight for it."

Peggy listened silently. Few women hear war's alarm without a pang. It is on them the burden falls most heavily. The surrender, the long anxious waiting, the price to pay. It is not the man slain in the fight who pays the cost but the woman who lives.

The fragrant peace of the Lotus days came back to her almost as pain. The thought that was in her mind her mother expressed:

"And Hugh?" she asked.

"I do not think it need affect Hugh's arrangements," replied Mr. Langham. Peggy looked up quickly at her father.

"These pleasuring boys on whom little or nothing depends are in one class. A man of Hugh's position and usefulness is in quite another," he continued. "It might have been just as well had you been married, Peggy."

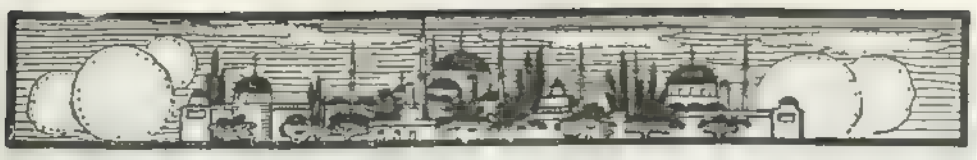
The colour came into her face.

"I don't understand," she said.

"If the call comes, they will, naturally, take the single men first," he answered.

"I don't think that would affect Hugh one way or the other," she said. "He

(*Continued on page 61*)



"My Lady Caprice"

(Continued from page 57)

"Bless ye for that, sonny!" he exclaimed, and with the words he fell to upon the food, devouring each morsel as it was handed to him with a frightful voracity, while his burning, restless eyes glared about him, never still for a moment.

Now as I noticed his wasted form and shaking limbs, I knew that I could master him with one hand. My weapon slipped from my slackened grasp, but at the sound, slight though it was, he turned and began to run. He had not gone five yards, however, when he tripped and fell, and before he could rise, I was standing over him. He lay there at my feet, perfectly still, blinking up at me with red-rimmed eyes.

"All right, master," he said at last; "you've got me!" But with the words he suddenly rolled himself towards the river, yet as he struggled to his knees I pinned him down again.

"Oh, sir! you won't go for to give me up to them?" he panted. "I've never done you no wrong. For God's sake don't send me back to it again, sir."

"'Course not," cried the Imp, laying his hand on my arm; "this is only Uncle Dick. He won't hurt you, will you, Uncle Dick?"

"That depends," I answered, keeping tight hold of the tattered coat collar. "Tell me, what brings you hanging round here?"

"Used to live up in these parts once, master."

"Who are you?"

"Convict 49, as broke jail over a week ago an' would ha' died but for the little 'un there," and he nodded towards the Imp.

THE convict, as I say, was a tall, thin fellow, with a cadaverous face lined with suffering, while the hair at his temples was prematurely white. And as I looked at him, it occurred to me that the suffering which had set its mark so deeply upon him was not altogether the grosser anguish of the body. Now for your criminal who can still feel morally there is surely hope. I think so, anyhow! For a long moment there was silence, while I stared into the haggard face below, and the Imp looked from one to the other of us, utterly at a loss.

"I wonder if you ever heard tell of 'the b'y Jarge,'" I said suddenly.

The convict started so violently that the jacket tore in my grasp.

"How—how did ye know—?" he gasped, and stared at me with dropped jaw.

"My feyther," he muttered; "old Jasper—'e ain't dead, then?"

"Not yet," I answered; "come, get up and I'll tell you more while you eat." Mechanically he obeyed, sitting with his glowing eyes fixed on my face the while I told him of old Jasper's lapse of memory and present illness.

"Then 'e don't remember as I'm a thief an' convict 49, master?"

"No; he thinks and speaks of you always as a boy and a pattern son."

The man uttered a strange cry, and flinging himself upon his knees buried his face in his hands.

"Come," I said, tapping him on the shoulder; "take off those things," and nodding to the Imp, he immediately began unwrapping Peter's garments.

"What, master," cried the convict, staring up, "are you goin' to let me see 'im afore you give me up?"

"Yes," I nodded; "only be quick."

In less than five minutes the tattered prison dress was lying in the bed of the river, and we were making our way along the path toward old Jasper's cottage.

The convict spoke but once, and that as we reached the cottage gate:

"Is he very ill, sir?"

"Very ill," I said. He stood for a moment, inhaling the fragrance of the roses in great breaths, and staring about him; then with an abrupt gesture, he opened the little gate, and gliding up the path with his furtive, stealthy footstep, knocked at the door.

For some half-hour the Imp and I strolled to and fro in the moonlight during which he related to me much about his outlaw and the many "ruses he had employed to get him provision." How on one occasion, to escape the watchful eyes of Auntie Lisbeth, he had been compelled to hide a slice of jam-tart in his trousers-pockets, to the detriment of each; how Dorothy had watched him everywhere in the momentary expectation of "something happening;" how Jane and Peter and cook would stand and stare and shake their heads at him because he ate such a lot, "an' the worst of it was I was awful' hungry all the time, you know, Uncle Dick!" This and much more he told me as we waited there in the moonlight.

At last the cottage door opened and the convict came out. He did not join us at once, but remained staring away towards the river, though I saw him jerk his sleeve across his eyes more than once in his furtive, stealthy fashion; but when at last he came up to us his face was firm and resolute.

"Did you see old Jasper?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I saw him."

"Is he any better?"

"Much better—he died in my arms, sir. An' now I'm ready to go back, there's a police-station in the village." He stopped suddenly and turned to stare back at the lighted windows of the cottage, and when he spoke again his voice sounded hoarser than ever.

"Thought I'd come back from furrin parts, 'e did, wi' my pockets stuffed full o' gold an' bank-notes. Called me 'is b'y Jarge,' 'e did!" and again he brushed his cuff across his eyes.

"Master, I don't know who ye may be, but I'm grateful to ye an' more than grateful, sir. An' now I'm ready to go back an' finish my time."

"How much longer is that?"

"Three years, sir."

"And when you come out, what will you do then?"

"Start all over again, sir; try to get some honest work an' live straight."

"Do you think you can?"

"I know I can, sir. Ye see, he died in my arms, called me' 'is b'y Jarge, said 'e were proud of me, 'e did! A man can begin again an' live straight an' square wi' a memory the like o' that to 'elp 'im."

"Then why not begin to-night?"

He passed a tremulous hand through his silver hair, and stared at me with incredulous eyes.

"Begin—to-night!" he half whispered.

"I have an old house among the Kentish hop-gardens," I went on; "no one lives there at present except a caretaker, but it is within the bounds of probability that I may go to stay there—some day. Now the gardens need trimming, and I'm very fond of flowers; do you suppose you could make the place look decent in—say, a month?"

"Sir," he said in a strange, broken voice, "you ain't jokin' with me, are you?"

"I could pay you a pound a week; what do you say?"

He tried to speak, but his lips quivered, and he turned his back upon us very suddenly. I tore a page from my pocket-book and scrawled a hasty note to my caretaker.

"Here is the address," I said, tapping him on the shoulder. "You will find no difficulty. I will write again to-night. You must, of course, have money to get there and may need to buy a few necessaries besides; here is your first week's wages in advance," and I thrust a sovereign into his hand. He stared down at it with blinking eyes, shuffling awkwardly with his feet, and at that moment his face seemed very worn and lined, and his hair very grey, yet I had a feeling that I should not regret my quixotic action in the end.

"Sir," he faltered, "sir, do ye mean—?" and stopped.

"I mean that to-night 'the b'y Jarge' has a chance to make a new beginning, a chance to become the man his father always thought he would be. Of course I may be a fool to trust you. That only time will show; but you see I had a great respect for old Jasper. And now that you have the address you'd better go; stay, though, you must have a hat; folk might wonder—take this," and I handed him my cap.

"Sir, I can't thank you now, I never can. It—it won't come; but—" with a nervous, awkward gesture he caught my hand suddenly, pressed it to his lips and was gone down the lane.

THUS it was that old Jasper's "b'y Jarge" went out to make a trial of life a second time, and as I watched him striding through the moonlight, his head erect, very different to the shambling creature he had been, it seemed to me that the felon was already ousted by the man.

"I 'specks he forgot all 'bout me!" said the Imp disconsolately.

"No," I answered, shaking my head; "I don't think he will ever forget you, my Imp."

(Continued on page 60)

Those Pictures from Home

"If they only knew the pleasure they bring us * * * * I am sure they would come."

Translation of an extract from a letter written by a young Belgian soldier to a friend in America.

"And often I must take in my hand, the pictures from home. I look at them all, one after the other, and they speak to me. Then I am once more at home—I listen, and I live again. It would be too much for me to write you all that they say. But above all, they say to me '*Au revoir.*' I find them all a little thinner, and Father and Mother a little grayer of hair. *Tiens!* If they only knew the pleasure they bring us, these pictures from home, there would not be one remaining in Belgium. All the pictures would rush towards us; even if they had to pass through the electrified wire of the frontier, or if they had to swim through Yser Canal, I am sure they would come."

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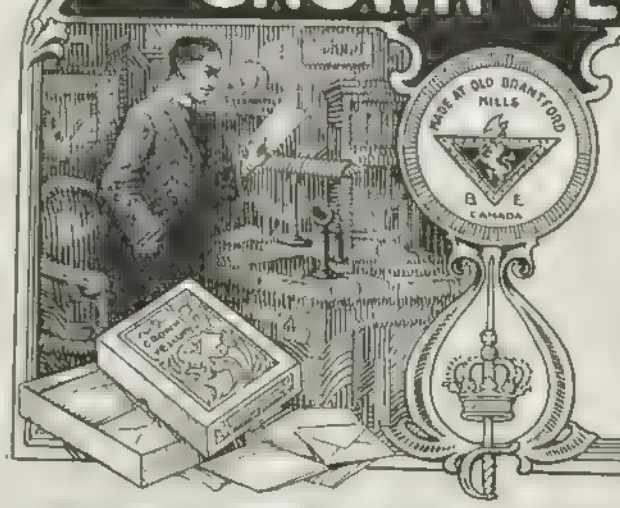

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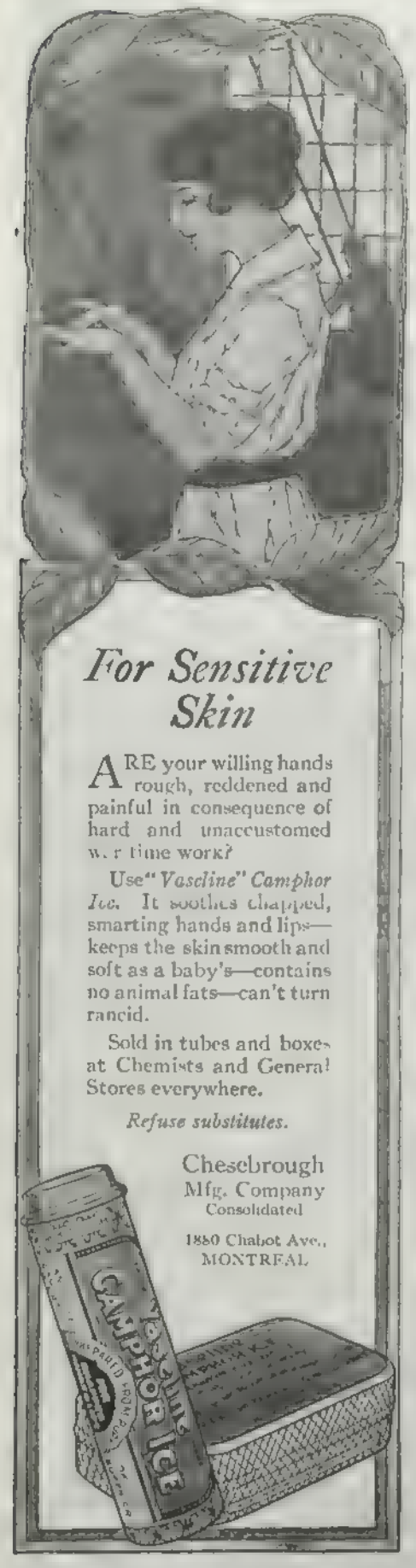

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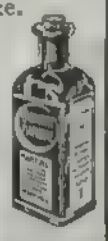

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"My Lady Caprice"

(Continued from page 59)

"I 'spose he's awful' fond of you, Uncle Dick?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then why did he kiss your hand?"

"Oh, well—er—perhaps it is a way he has."

"He didn't kiss mine," said the Imp.

A door opened and closed very softly and Lisbeth came towards us down the path, whereon the Imp immediately "took cover" in the ditch.

"He is dead, Dick!" she said as I opened the gate. "He died in his son's arms—the George he was always talking about. And oh, Dick, he died trying to sing 'The British Grenadiers.'"

"Poor old Jasper!" I said.

"His son was a convict once, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"It was strange that he should come back as he did—just in time; it almost seems like the hand of Providence, doesn't it, Dick?"

"Yes." Lisbeth was standing with her elbows on the gate and her chin in her hands, staring up at the moon, and I saw that her eyes were wet with tears.

"Why, where is your cap?" she exclaimed when at last she condescended to look at me.

"On the head of the escaped convict," I answered.

"Do you mean—"

"The 'b'y Jarge,'" I nodded.

"Oh, Dick!"

"Yes, Lisbeth; it was a ridiculous piece of sentiment, I admit. Your law-abiding, level-headed citizen would doubtless be highly shocked, not to say scandalized; likewise the Law might get up on its hind legs and kick—quite unpleasantly; but all the same, I did it."

"You were never what one might call—very 'level-headed,' were you, Dick?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"And, do you know, I think that is the very reason why I—good gracious! —what is that?" She pointed toward the shadow of the hedge.

"Merely the Imp," I answered; "but never mind that—tell me what you were going to say—'the very reason why you'—what?"

"Reginald!" said Lisbeth, unheeding my question. "Come here, sir!" Very sheepishly the Imp crept forth from the ditch, and coming up beside me, stole his hand into mine, and I put it in my pocket.

"Reginald!" she repeated, looking from one to the other of us with that expression which always renews within me the memory of my boyish misdeeds, "Why are you not asleep in bed?"

"'Cause I had to go an' feed my outlaw, Auntie Lisbeth."

"And," I put in to create a diversion, "incidentally I've discovered the secret of his 'enormous appetite.' It is explained in three words, to wit, 'the b'y Jarge.'"

"Do you mean to say—" began Lisbeth.

"Fed him regularly twice a day," I went on, "and nearly famished himself in the doing of it—you remember the dry-bread incident?"

"Imp!" cried Lisbeth; "Imp!" And she had him next moment in her arms.

"But Uncle Dick gave him a whole sovereign, you know," he began; "'an'—"

"I sent him to a certain house, Lisbeth," I said, as her eyes met mine; "an old house that stands not far from the village of Down, in Kent, to prune the roses and things. I should like it to be looking its best when we get there; and—"

"An' my outlaw kissed Uncle Dick's hand," pursued the Imp. "Don't you think he must love him an awful lot?"

"I gave him a month to do it in," I went on; "but a month seems much too long, when one comes to consider—what do you think, Lisbeth?"

"I think that I hear the wheels of the dogcart!" she cried. Sure enough, a moment later Peter hove in view, and great was his astonishment at sight of "Master Reginald."

"Peter," I said, "Miss Elizabeth has changed her mind, and will walk back with us; and—er—by the way, I understand that Master Reginald purchased a coat, a shirt, and a pair of trousers of you, for which he has already paid a deposit of sixpence. Now, if you will let me know their value—"

"That's hall right, Mr. Brent, sir. Betwixt you and me, sir, they wasn't up to much, nohow, the coat being tightish, sir—tightish—and the trousis uncommon short in the leg for a man o' my hinches, sir."

"Nevertheless," said I, "a coat's a coat, and a pair of trousers are indubitably a pair of trousers and nothing can alter the fact; so if you will send me in a bill some time I shall be glad."

"Very good, Mr. Brent, sir." Saying which Peter touched his hat and turning, drove away.

"NOW," I said, as I rejoined Lisbeth and the Imp, "I shall be glad if you will tell me how long it should take for my garden to look fair enough to welcome you?"

"Oh, well, it depends on the gardener, and the weather, and—and heaps of things," she answered, flashing her dimple at me.

"On the contrary," I retorted, shaking my head, "it depends altogether on the whim of the most beautiful, tempting —"

"Supposing," sighed Lisbeth, "supposing we talk of fish."

"You haven't been fishing lately, Uncle Dick," put in the Imp.

"I've had no cause to," I answered. "You see, I am guilty of such things only when life assumes a grey monotony of hue and everything is a flat, dreary desolation. Do you understand, Imp?"

"Not 'zactly—but it sounds fine! Auntie Lisbeth," he said suddenly, as we paused at the Shrubbery gate, "don't you think my outlaw must be very, very fond of Uncle Dick to kiss his hand?"

"Why, of course he must," nodded Lisbeth.

"If," he went on thoughtfully, "if you loved somebody—very much—would you kiss their hand, Auntie Lisbeth?"

"I don't know—of course not!"

"But why not—s'posing their hand was nice an' clean?"

"Oh, well—really I don't know. Imp, run along to bed; do."

"You know now that I wasn't such a pig as to eat all that food, don't you?" Lisbeth kissed him.

"Now be off to bed with you."

"You'll come an' tuck me up, an' kiss me good-night, won't you?"

"To be sure I will," nodded Lisbeth.

"Why, then, I'll go," said the Imp; and with a wave of the hand to me he went.

"Dick," said Lisbeth, staring up at the moon, "it was very unwise of you, to say the least of it, to set a desperate criminal at large."

"I'm afraid it was, Lisbeth; but then I saw there was good in the fellow you know, and—er—"

"Dick," she said again, and then laughed suddenly, with the dimple in full evidence; "you foolish old Dick—you know you would have done it anyway for the sake of that dying old soldier."

"Poor old Jasper!" I said. "I'm really afraid I should." Then a wonderful thing happened; for as I reached out my hand to her, she caught it suddenly in hers, and before I knew, had pressed her lips upon it—and so was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

The Blasted Oak

I HAD quarrelled with Lisbeth; had quarrelled beyond all hope of redemption and forgiveness, desperately, irrevocably, and it had all come about through a handkerchief—Mr. Selwyn's handkerchief.

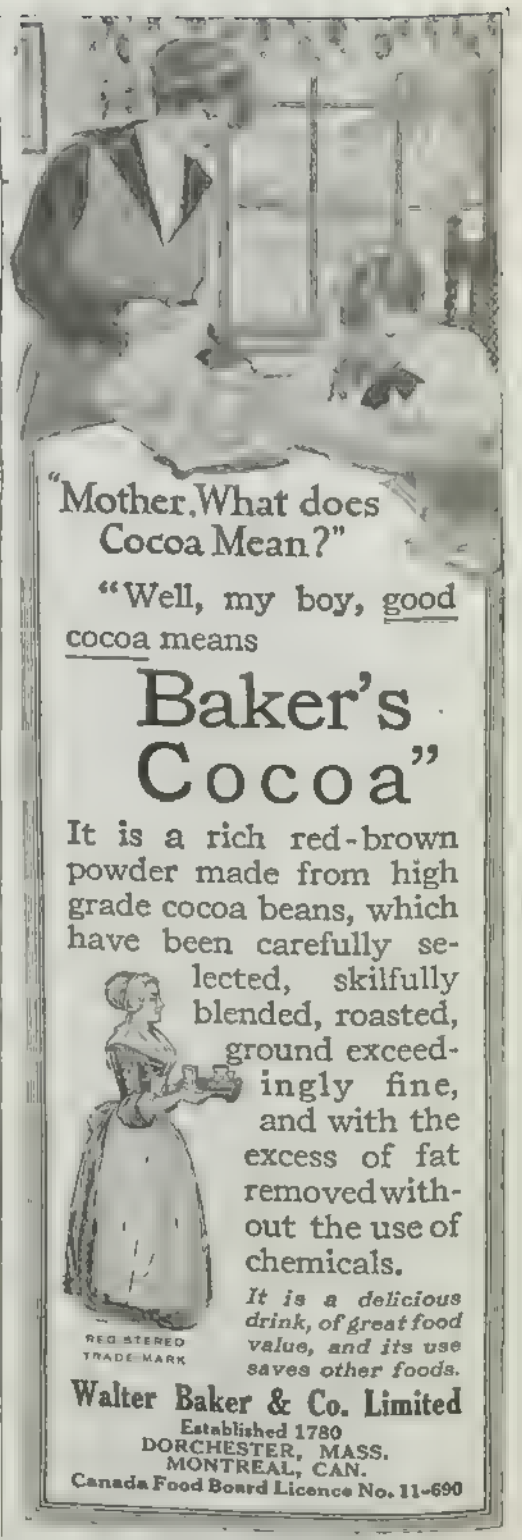
At a casual glance this may appear all very absurd, not to say petty; but then I have frequently noticed that insignificant things very often serve for the foundation of great; and incidentally quite a surprising number of lives have been ruined by a handkerchief.

The circumstances were briefly these: In the first place, I had received the following letter from the Duchess, which had perturbed me not a little:

"My Dear Dick: I hear that that Agatha Warburton creature has written threatening to cut off our dear Lisbeth with the proverbial shilling unless she complies with her wish and marries Mr. Selwyn within the year. Did you ever know of anything so disgusting?

If I were Lisbeth, and possessed such a 'creature' for an aunt, I'd see her in Timbuctoo first—I would! But then, I forget the poor child has nothing in the world, and you little more, and 'love in a cottage' is all very well, Dick, up to a certain time. Of course, it is all right in novels, but you are neither of you in a novel, and that is the worst of it. If Providence had seen fit to make me Lisbeth's aunt, now,

(Continued on page 62)



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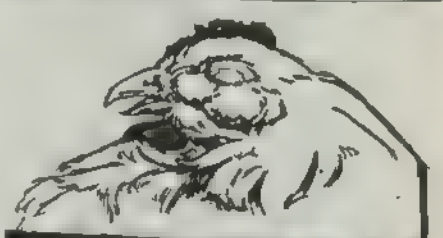

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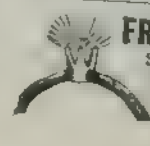

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The Price

(Continued from page 58)

does not belong to the type of man who hides behind a woman's skirts."

"Heaven help us, no!" exclaimed her father hastily. "That is not what I mean. Hugh will do his duty as he sees it, and none can doubt that he will see it sanely and broadly."

There was little else but war talked that night at the Langhams' table.

"We are late, terribly late," said Hugh. "We ought to have plunged into it, at latest, when the '*Lusitania*' was sunk. Canada, north of us, showed us the way, but we did not follow. By this time we should have had our strength mustered, equipped, drilled, and if we had this done probably the war would have been over now.'

SHE listened eagerly to the conversation, in which she took little part, for some illuminating word from Hugh that would enable her to see his personal attitude. He was keenly alive to the fact that the United States was at war, and rejoiced over it. He did not seem to realise that he, as an American, was at war. Millions would come forward to serve. It would be a good thing for most of them. The nation was becoming easeful, growing fat. Prosperity had been great, money coming easily. Labour needed discipline and war would furnish it. Obedience would be taught, slothfulness would be cast off, the country would work off its grossness and stand clear-eyed, far-visioned.

Then she blamed herself for the doubt. He was a man of action rather than of words. Speaking of what he would do was not his way. He would tell her, breaking it very gently. She nerved herself to hear it, fearfully, hopefully.

She was rarely bright and winsome that night. He should carry away cheery memory of her, not of the ailing, nervous woman, but the girl who could lay her most precious gift on the altar of her country.

She played and they sang. To-night she would have nothing sad or melancholy. Everything must be gay and cheerful. Her spirit kindled his. She was coming back to her old self. Always was she charming, adorable to him; sometimes her weakness made her, he thought, dearer in his sight than when she was the sunny, vivacious girl he had first loved.

"The news has stimulated you, Peggy," he said. They were alone in the softly lighted drawing-room.

"One has not felt very heroic these last years," she answered. "Every one else paying, suffering; we outside, rich, happy. Now that we are lifting our share of the world's burden there comes pride and gladness."

"Yes, it is good," he conceded. "Sometimes, as I have been travelling over the world it has seemed that the name 'American' has not been what we imagined it to be. One has fancied that men and women looked askance and regarded us rather as money-grabbers than fighters, but now we stand before the nations as we know ourselves to be. Shall we go into the garden?" He wrapped a light shawl about her pretty shoulders and, his arm through hers, they stepped through the open window on to the pillared portico, down the broad steps to the enclosure before the house. Slowly they paced the shaded walk. It was a magnificently serene African night. He unbarred the tall, narrow gate in the wall, and they stood silently for some time gazing on the soft mysterious splendour of the brooding, spirit-haunted land.

She thought, when they returned to the garden, that he meant to break the news to her. He spoke of some small excursion they would take the following day.

DURING the next few days there were many callers at the Langham house. The men of military age were leaving by the first steamer, and had come to say good-bye.

Presently there were left only a few ladies and the elderly men of the American colony. So far as Peggy knew, the only young American there was Hugh.

One afternoon Mrs. Langham returned from paying calls, greatly agitated. She was a candid, plain-spoken woman.

"Do you know what they are saying of Hugh?" she asked Peggy.

"What who are saying?" Peggy fenced with quick-beating heart.

"Every one. All our set," her mother replied. "I overheard it. They think Hugh is slacking, shirking. It is abominable, but since their sons and brothers went away the tongues of the women here have become sharper, and justly so."

"They don't understand," replied Peggy. "Their sons and brothers [illegible] since he left college. Of course you could

(Continued on page 63)

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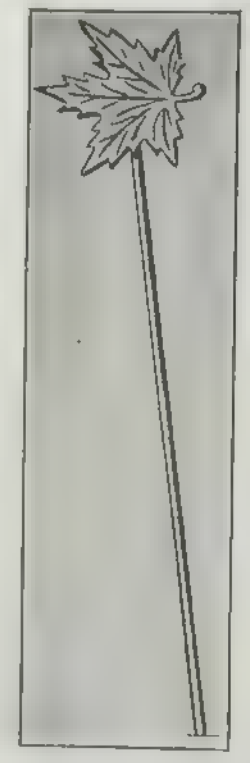

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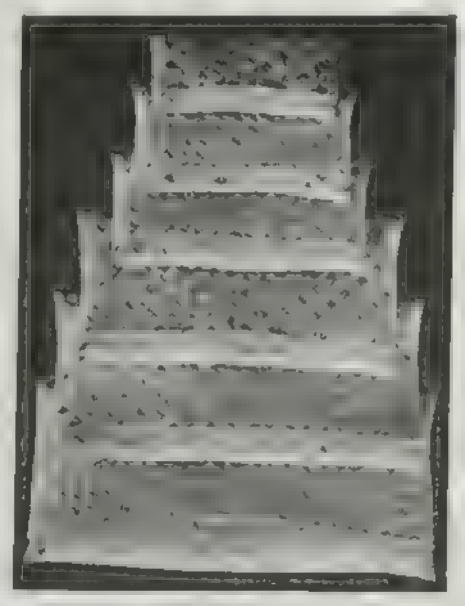

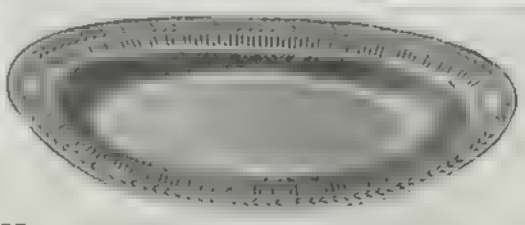

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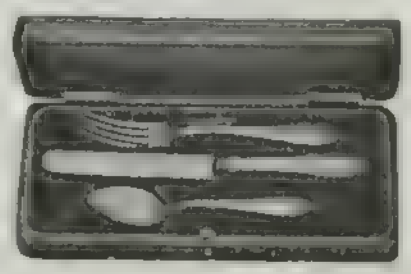

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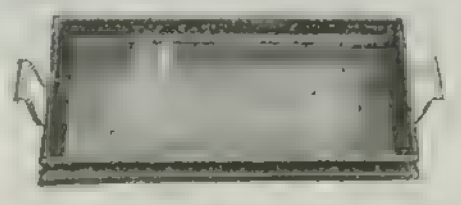

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The Friendship Circle Club

Everywoman's World **Toronto, Ontario**

My Lady Caprice

(Continued from page 56)

things might have been very different; but, alas! it was not to be. Under the circumstances, the best thing you can do, for her sake, and your own, is to turn your back on Arcadia and try to forget it all as soon as possible in the swirl of London and everyday life. Yours,

CHARLOTTE C.

P.S.—Of course, 'Romance is dead ages and ages ago;' still, it really would be nice if you could manage to run off with her some fine night!"

Thus the fiat had gone forth, the time of waiting was accomplished; to-day Lisbeth must choose between Selwyn and myself.

This thought was in my mind as I strode along the river path, filling me with that strange exhilaration which comes, I suppose, to most of us when we face some climax in our lives.

But now the great question, How would she decide? leaped up and began to haunt me. Because a woman smiles on a man, he is surely a most prodigious fool to flatter himself that she loves him, therefore. How would she decide? Nay, indeed, what choice has she between affluence and penury? Selwyn was wealthy and favored by her aunt, Lady Warburton, while as for me, my case was altogether the reverse. And now I called to mind how Lisbeth had always avoided coming to an understanding with me, putting me off on one pretence or another, but always with infinite tact. So fear came to me, and doubt began to rear its head; my step grew slower and slower, till, reaching the Shrubbery gate, I leaned there in doubt whether to proceed or not. Summoning up my resolution, however, I went on, turning in the direction of the orchard, where I knew she often sat of a morning to read or make a pretence of sewing.

I HAD gone but a little way when I caught sight of two distant figures walking slowly across the lawn, and recognized Lisbeth and Mr. Selwyn.

The sight of him here and at such a time was decidedly unpleasant, and I hurried on, wondering what could have brought him so early

Beneath Lisbeth's favorite tree, an ancient apple-tree so gnarled and rugged that it seemed to have spent all its days tying itself into all manner of impossible knots—in the shade of this tree, I say, there was a rustic seat and table, on which was a work-basket, a book, and a handkerchief. It was a large, decidedly masculine handkerchief, and as my eyes encountered it, by some unfortunate chance I noticed a monogram embroidered in one corner—an extremely neat, precise monogram, with the letters F. S. I recognized it at once as the property of Mr. Selwyn.

Ordinarily I should have thought nothing of it, but to-day it was different; for there are times in one's life when the most foolish things become pregnant of infinite possibilities; when the veriest trifles assume overwhelming proportions, filling and blotting out the universe.

So it was now, and as I stared down at the handkerchief, the Doubt within me grew suddenly into Certainty.

I was pacing restlessly up and down when I saw Lisbeth approaching; her cheeks seemed more flushed than usual and her hand trembled as she gave it to me.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" she said; "You look so—so strange, Dick."

"I received a letter from the Duchess this morning."

"Did you?"

"Yes, in which she tells me your aunt has threatened to—"

"Cut me off with a shilling," nodded Lisbeth, crossing over to the table.

"Yes," I said again.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Oh, for goodness 'sake, Dick, stop tramping up and down like a—caged bear, and sit down—do!"

I obeyed; yet as I did so I saw her with the tail of my eye whip up the handkerchief and tuck it beneath the laces at her bosom.

"Lisbeth," said I, without turning my head, "why hide it—there?"

Her face flushed painfully, her lips quivered, and for a moment she could find no answer; then she tried to laugh it off.

"Because I—I wanted to, I suppose!"

"Obviously!" I retorted; and rising, bowed and turned to go.

"Stay a moment, Dick. I have something to tell you."

"Thank you, but I think I can guess."

"Can you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Aren't you just a little bit theatrical, Dick?" Now, as she spoke, she drew out Selwyn's handkerchief, and began to tie and untie knots in it. *(To be continued.)*

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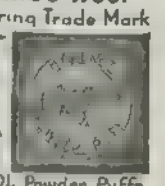

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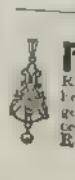

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The Price

(Continued from page 61)

not make them understand that kind of service."

What had been confined to suggestion, glances, gossip, now became more unmistakeable. She saw it on the street, in the houses of their friends, at the war philanthropic meetings they attended. People were as cordial, even more cordial, than before to her, but held aloof from Hugh. Sometimes hints were dropped, so plainly that it seemed impossible that he should not notice them. There were avoidances so direct as to be almost "cuts." She resented fiercely the sympathetic attention given to her.

One night at dinner she heard him express repugnance to modern warfare, its grim horror, its ruthlessness, in a way that raised new doubt within her. When she was alone she faced the question in all its naked evil. Was it indifference, the lack of sensibility, the clouding of clear patriotic duty by the absorbing interest in business—his contracts, their money? Or was he fearful? Might there not be in him a fear, an aversion, such as she had, against which he was as helpless as she?

She chose to believe that he did not see, did not understand. It seemed too utter a degradation to believe that it could be fear, cowardice.

"Peggy," he said to her the next day. "Would you mind very much if I had to cut my holiday short?"

"If you mean should I miss you tremendously, Hugh—yes, I should," she answered, her heart dancing with delight. "If you wonder whether I should seek to keep you when you feel you ought to go, the answer is No, many times over."

And she saw in his face at that moment something she had never seen there before. His eyes did not meet hers as they had been accustomed to. She understood that he knew what people were saying of him. It was not insensibility that had made him walk through the semi-hostile world of his own people as one unconscious of opinion, but—something else, what, she did not know, or would not.

"I am thinking of going over to Spain," he said. "There is, I am advised, a great potential market there. I should like to look over the ground while I am on this side of the Atlantic."

"You think of going soon, Hugh?" she asked.

"In three days," he replied. "But I will not go if you would rather I stayed here."

"No, it is not that. I would not like to hinder you, but I am glad to know that we shall have a few days more." She smiled, laying a hand on his arm.

AND that night she fought her fight in the darkness of her room, love warring with fear. The price of all salvation is the cross. There is no other way. Only by laying down life may one take it again in its full eternal splendour. It is measure for measure, mine for thine. The cup may not pass. Down to the bitterest dregs must it be drunk. The sorrow of the days of the Passion, the blackness of the Crucifixion hours, make the white glory of the Easter morning. The resolve was made though fear, bitter as death, stood in the way. He must go. He should go. No cloud must rest on him. Day was breaking when, at last, she slept.

It was late when she rose. Hugh was not coming until the afternoon. The struggle had wearied her, but she could not rest.

"You are overdoing this holiday making," said her mother, anxiously scanning the pale, tired face. "Hugh does not understand how ill you have been. You look worse than before he came."

"I slept badly," Peggy replied. "A wakeful night always makes me an object for pity."

The excuse did not satisfy Mrs. Langham. She cherished a little resentment against Hugh Dunstan. She knew her daughter's mind better than did her husband. It was the gossip that was breaking her. Hugh had no right to put her in so difficult a position. Mrs. Langham was a simple woman. Business she did not know a great deal about, but she understood that patriotism should transcend all other obligations and ambitions. The stinging tongues were destroying the girl's happiness; into her eyes the old haunting fear had returned. If Hugh could not see his duty as others saw it, the least he could do, would be to go away and spare the girl.

"Has not Hugh made up his mind yet?" she asked.

"He will do what is right, Mother," Peggy answered.

"Because what Hugh does must be right?" her mother said.

"No—because it is right," Peggy replied. "Those who have judged him lightly will see how ridiculous they have been."

"Well, I don't understand these new kinds of excuses," said Mrs. Langham. "One either stands by his country or he does not, and all the plausible excuse-making and reason-spinning will not alter it. A man either shoulders the rifle or he doesn't, and despite all you say, Peggy, this is what is troubling you."

Peggy smiled and put her arm around her mother.

"We shall make you mince up your words into little tiny bits and swallow them one by one," she said. "Some men blow trumpets on street corners when they propose to do anything they think noteworthy, others take duty as a matter of course and just do it; that is Hugh's way."

"I can't see what makes you unhappy then, Peggy," her mother said.

"One may make the sacrifice and not be able to smile over it," Peggy answered.

THEY watched the Highlanders drilling. Smartly set-up lads to whom, three years before, soldiering had been the last thought in their minds. From university and divinity school, law and business office, shop and factory, busy street and Highland glen, they had come. Peggy liked their trim, clean-cut appearance, their ruddy faces, Scots' accent. There was the clear grit of the fighting breed in their every movement. Presently, under Allenby, they were going to fight their way on the last Crusade, up through Palestine to drive the Turk out of Jerusalem. The world's great business was war—war or slavery—war now or interminable war hereafter.

Hugh was more silent than usual. They soon returned to the house. Mr. and Mrs. Langham were out. The shaded room, giving upon the portico, was cool and pleasant. There was a pink spot on each of Peggy's cheeks, an eager light in her eyes. She leaned forward in her chair, facing him, twisting his ring on her finger.

"Hugh," she said. "Would it be of much consequence if you abandoned the Spanish visit?"

"Why, no, Peggy," he replied. "It occurred to me that it might be to my advantage to go there. A neutral country, that will come into line with the modern business world when the war is done, presents good prospects. I can easily abandon the project."

"You will think me very exacting, very changeable," she continued, "but I want to go away from here, to England, and then home. I cannot explain myself, so inexplicable a bundle of whimsies I am."

"There is no need to explain," he said. "It is the thing above all others that we have desired. You have spoken to your father and mother about it?"

"No, I wished to speak to you first," she said. "They will be delighted. I should like the arrangements made quickly. If it were possilbe I would go to-morrow, yes, to-day, and have it over. No, I have quite decided, I shall not change my mind," she answered the look in his face. There was a steamer leaving the next day. Preparations were quickly made. Many friends came to wish them farewell. As the ship was leaving, a friend of the Langhams who had accompanied them aboard, shook hands with Hugh.

"Congratulations!" he said. Dunstan puzzled long over the word and the way in which it was spoken.

They were not spared the horrors that have crimsoned the Mediterranean waters. The wreckage of ships, shell-shattered boats. Once they took from a tossing boat the few survivors of a murdered ship, half-crazed women with dead babies on their breasts, living children taken from the clasp of dead mothers. In the Bay of Biscay, they had, under strict orders, to pass a crowded boat, tossing in the great rollers, its frenzied occupants shrieking agonized appeal. The Hun follows such escaping boats in the hope of taking further toll from the pity of passing ships.

And night and day Peggy Langham lived with unconquerable fear more bitter than death. Pale, yet with the sign of love's sacrificial triumph in her eyes, she moved about the ship with Hugh, neither day or night would she remain below. He watched over her as she slept through the night in the deck chair, the darkened ship plunging through the ghostly sea, her hand in his. There were long hours of meditation, setting facts in orderly array, and there came to him knowledge and light. He understood the vastness of the sacrifice.

He left her at the London Hotel with her parents and for some hours was away.

"There is a ship leaving for home at the week-end," he said on his return. "I spoke to your father and mother, they suggested I should see you."

"Yes, let us go." she said.

"You can bear it, Peggy?" he asked.

"Yes, I think the fear has gone," she smiled.

"And, Peggy, I called at the Embassy and wired across that I was on my way home to enlist," he said.

"Yes, I knew you would," she answered.

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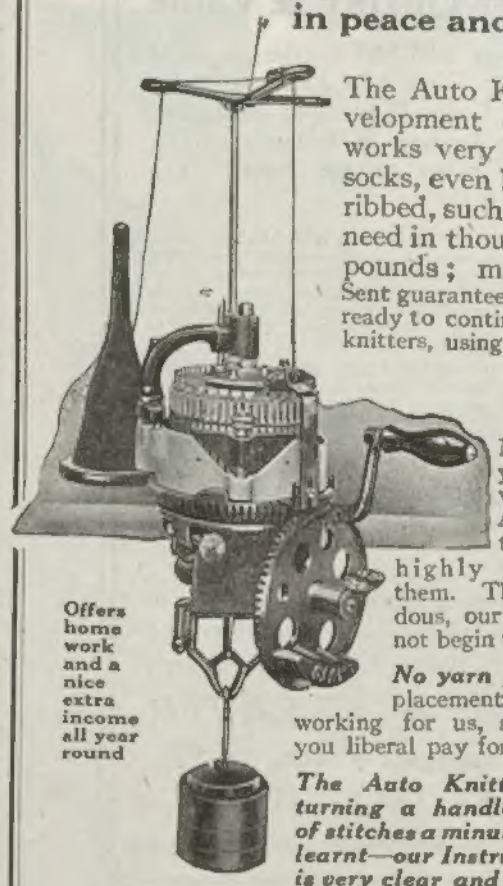

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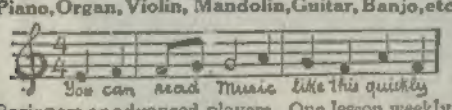

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The Khaki University

A Canadian Institution Now Adopted by Our Allies

ONE of the principal difficulties which will have to be faced at the close of the present war is that of bringing the men who are taking part in it once more into touch with the problems of civil and military life, and of paving the way for the resumption of those courses of intellectual improvement so rudely broken into by the exigencies of the present struggle.

Indeed, some thoughtful and far-seeing men have decided that it is not wise to wait until the war's ending to grapple with this difficulty, and under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., a Khaki University has been formed for the benefit of Canadian soldiers and it is planned that instruction along various lines be made available to those who desire to take advantage of it.

In order to get information as to the needs of the men, an officer was appointed to determine what would be their attitude towards an educational programme, directed especially to the object of fitting them for the new phases of life which must follow the demobilization period. Eighteen hundred and sixty men were interviewed. Of these, over thirteen hundred expressed a desire for, and willingness to participate in an educational programme. A large number of them wished for instruction in engineering; an almost equal number in agriculture; and many in subjects of the ordinary academic type, such as economics, history, theology, etc.

Classes were therefore formed, the first being at Witley Camp in England, and a faculty of forty teachers has been organized, headed by Dr. Clarence McKinnon. There is now a call for further organization in every camp in England and France, and the students already number several thousands.

When a definite programme came to be considered, it was found that the matter assumed a two-fold aspect: First, how to meet immediate needs, and secondly, how to deal with the period after demobilization.

In a report made to Lieut.-Col. Birks, the following suggestions were made as to provision for the immediate needs of the soldiers:

That an organized scheme of popular lectures of an educational character should be prepared, containing lectures on such subjects as the Campaigns of the War, The Nations at War, the British Empire, Agriculture, Scientific subjects, etc. These lectures might be helped out, and made still more interesting, by means of slides showing views of the different subjects. In cases where this has been already tried, the success attending such lectures has been phenomenal.

That the formation of a series of small study groups should be promoted. Already small study groups have been formed in many of the Y.M.C.A. huts and much good work has been done. A large body of material has been produced regarding the problems connected with social science and particularly of reconstruction. Among the subjects taken up by such groups are: biographical studies, literary subjects, political studies, reconstruction work, education and science.

That reading groups be formed in billets and tents. While the conditions favoring reading in the huts and tents are bad, they can be made more helpful by one man reading aloud to a small group. This may be made a means of spreading a knowledge of healthy literature.

The development of a definite Library System. Up to the present the library facilities offered in the huts have consisted very largely of old books sent in by friends, but too often these are of little value. Not more than twenty per cent. of such books are of any use and the facilities for obtaining others are lacking. It is now, however, suggested that a definite reading library be placed in the study rooms provided in the huts. This library will contain, as far as possible, a distinct set of books covering the topics prescribed for lectures, works on current history and topics of the day, an enclyclopaedia, the Home University Library and other books of similar character, with, of course, a sprinkling of novels, poetry and such lighter reading. There will also be placed in the reading rooms a number of current magazines, so that the men may have an opportunity of learning what is going on in the world around them.

With regard to the second phase of this work—the necessity for providing for the demobilization period and afterwards: it is felt that from the point or view of the soldier this will be a crisis in our history, and the necessity for preparing to meet the demands then made upon us is great. A definite educational programme, suited to the practical needs of the men, has therefore been prepared and already the work has begun. An agricultural course, which offers the equivalent of a full year's work in any of our Canadian agricultural schools, has been started and the following subjects are now being taught: Animal Husbandry, Field Husbandry, Dairying, Farm Mechanics, Operation of Tractors and Motors, and, where possible, elementary chemistry and physics. Courses are also offered in Engineering, Medical Instruction, Law, etc. while for the many boys of high school age, who would have attended college had not the war broken out, a Matriculation Course is provided, and efforts are being made to get the Universities of Canada to agree to the acceptance of such w, orkso that very little time will be lost by the student. A business college course is also in preparation where there will be opportunities for the study of arithmetic, business correspondence, stenography and typewriting, telegraphy, etc., etc. There are large numbers of men desirous of taking up such training and these classes are filling fass. An extension course and courses in physical training and theological education are also offered.

It is encouraging to note the large numbers of men who are attending the various classes and groups formed. The excitement associated with the beginnings of army service has passed away and the social and civil instincts are again asserting themselves. There are a large number of men who, during peace time, were members of the teaching profession, but who are now fighting in the ranks of our army. Many of these have willingly given their services and the military authorities have placed them at the disposal of the Khaki University. The scheme has received the endorsation of all the Canadian Universities and the unqualified approval of Sir Robert Borden, and it is estimated that the cost will not exceed the amount now paid by Canada for one day of the war. Surely this is a small price to pay in order that our men may come back into Canadian life, not hopelessly handicapped by the fact that they have given to the service of humanity the best years of their young manhood, but equipped and ready for a fresh start under the new conditions that the war must inevitably bring forth—with the knowledge and scientific training that will best fit them for the struggle before them.

Three years ago our boys marched forth to the fight wild with the spirit of adventure, and charged with enthusiasm. Through those three years, they have shown themselves possessed of courage, tenacity, resource and invention. The Canadian army is a school of character and manners. The life is wholesome and healthy and the spirit of a soldier is one that demands efficiency. Will these lads be content to come back into our civil life, unequipped with the educational and technical knowledge that will enable them to take their place on an equality with those who stayed behind?

Against such a necessity the Khaki University is a provision. It merits all the support that can be given to it, and no greater service can be rendered to Canada during the days of reconstruction than that the educational programme proposed should be carried out in a generous spirit. As Dr. Torey says in his report on the subject:

"A feeling of gratification would be created among the men in the army by the knowledge that the people at home were thinking and planning for their future in a practical way. This feeling would be reflected very strongly in the relations of the returned men to the public at home during the re-settlement period, a period which will very certainly be a trying one for Canada. It would help settle in a definite groove a number of men who to-day are in doubt as to their future, by giving them a start along the line of their future life before they return home.

"In a word, the University in Khaki might be made the starting point of a great forward movement, not only in agriculture and industry, but also in the spiritual, educational and political life of Canada."

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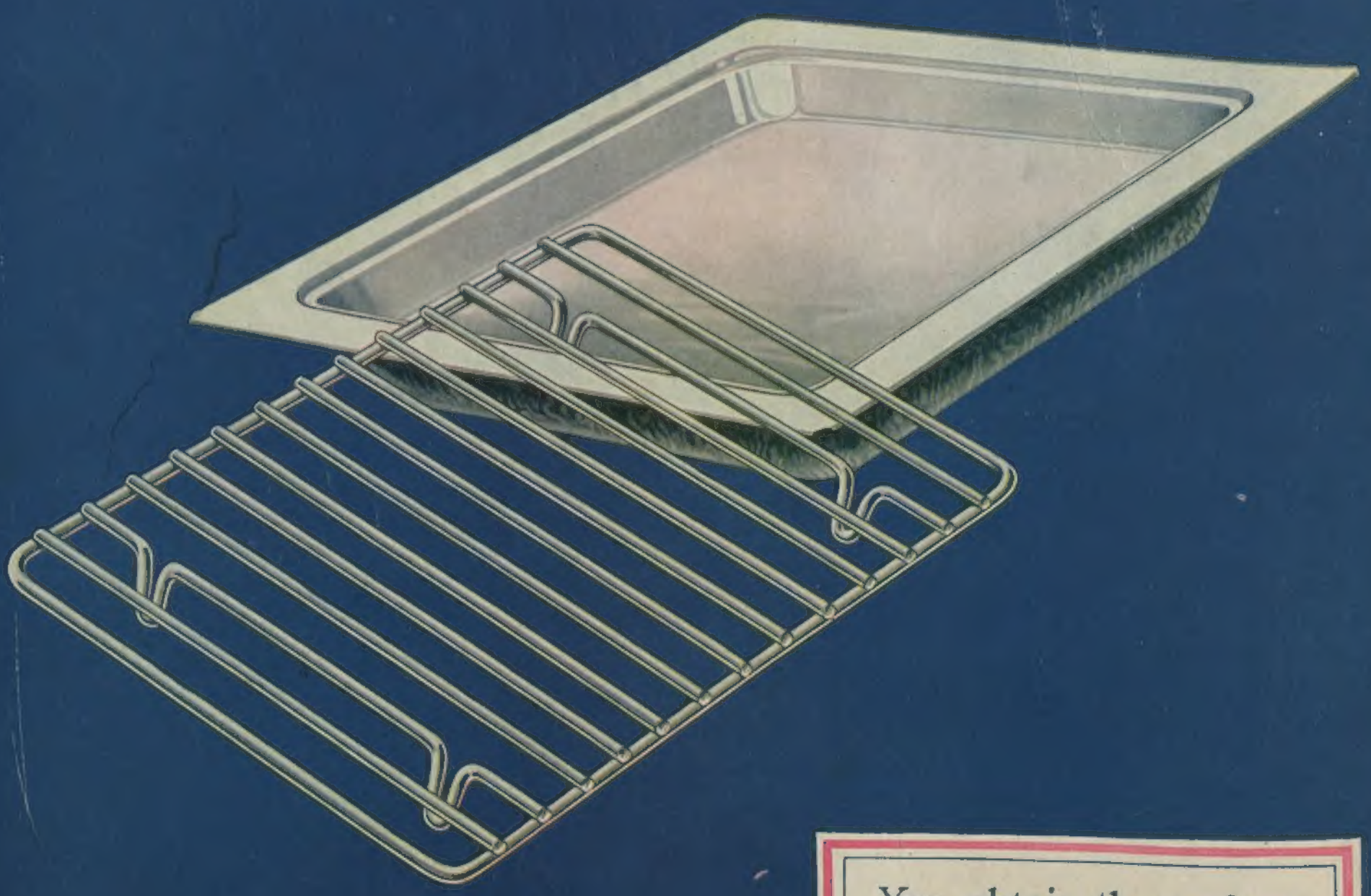

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